April 14, 1975

THE NEW YORKER

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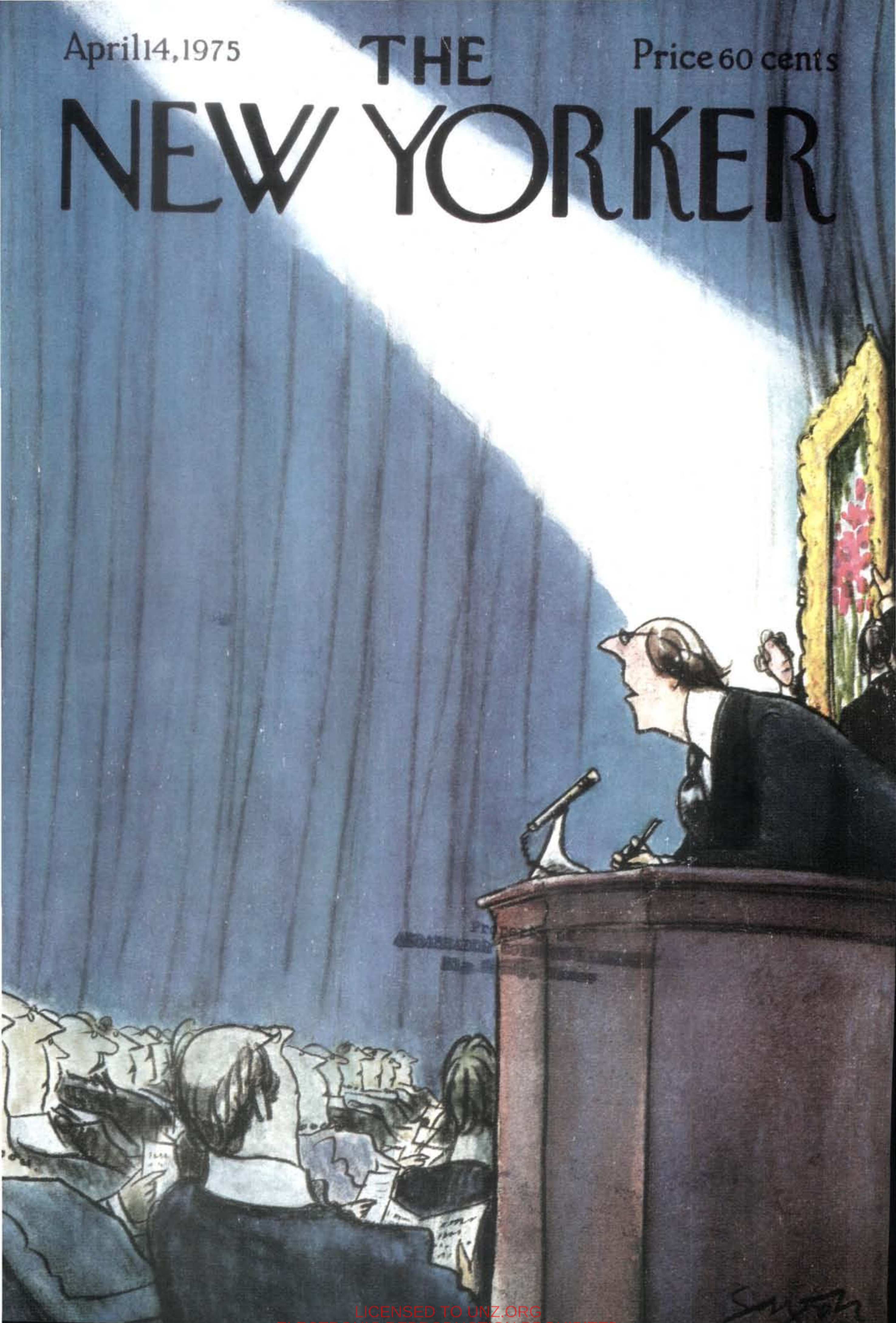

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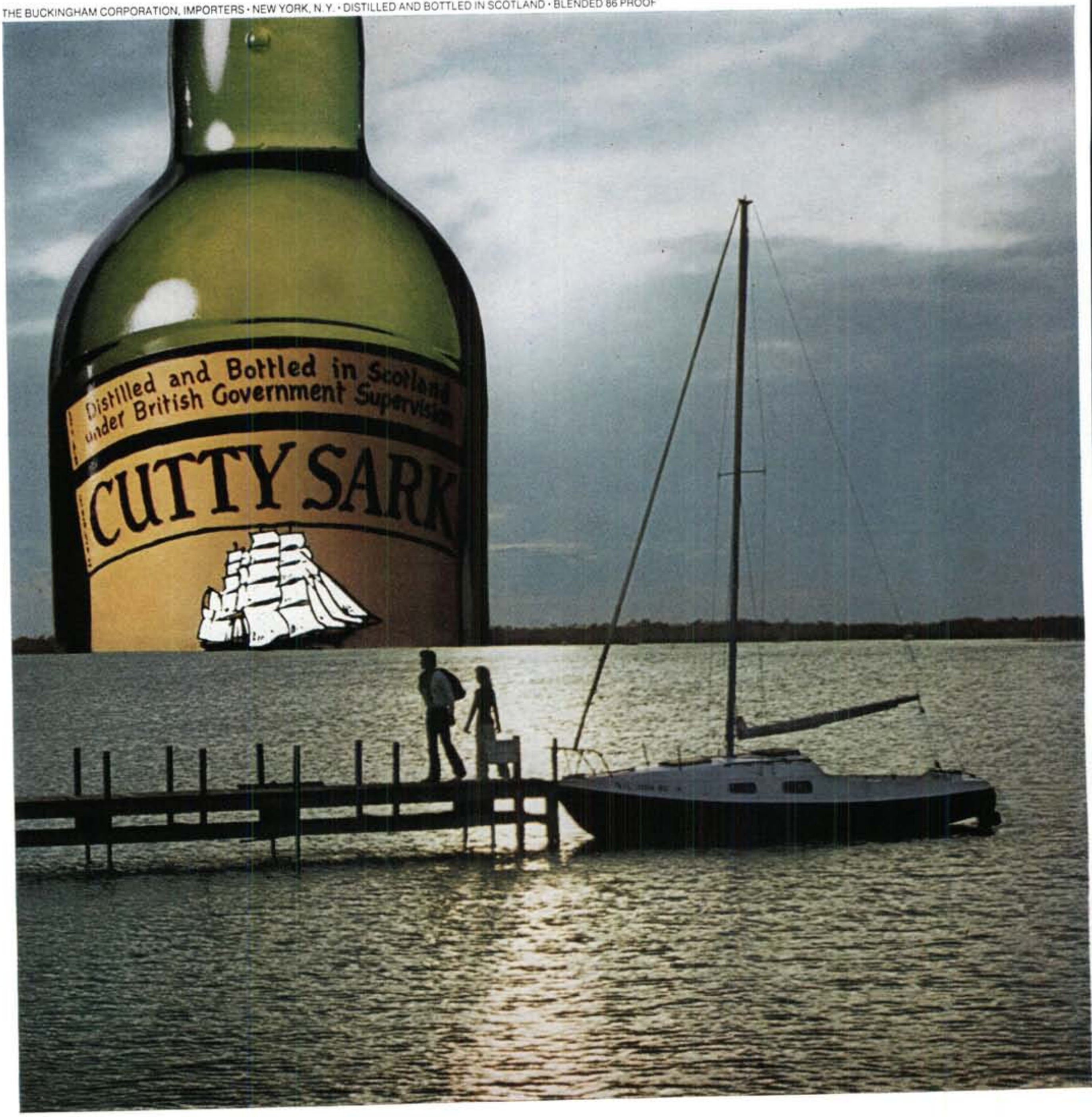
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Absurd Person Singular—Three neatly linked and extremely funny comedies by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn. With Larry Blyden, Carole Shelley, Fritz Weaver, Geraldine Page, Sandy Dennis, and Tony Roberts. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Action—A play by Sam Shepard, together with his "Killer's Head," a short monologue. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 6:15; Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, May 3.)

All God's Chillun Got Wings—O'Neill's first essay in family revelation, disguised as a play about a black man who falls obsessively in love with a white woman. With Trish Van Devere and Robert Christian, and directed by George C. Scott. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

All Over Town—A failed farce by Murray Schisgal. Eleven doors in a set are witty, but not witty enough. Directed by Dustin Hoffman. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Constant Wife—Ingrid Bergman in a four-week engagement of Maugham's comedy. Directed by John Gielgud. Previews Thursday through Saturday, April 10-12. Opens officially on Monday, April 14, and will run through Saturday, May 10. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dance with Me—A musical mingling of real life and fantasy at a subway stop in Manhattan. Written by and starring Greg Antonacci, aided by members of a young and lively group that calls itself the La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Diamond Studs—A country-and-Western version of a life of Jesse James; the life doesn't bear close examination but is great fun to listen to. In a cabaret setting. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Doll's House—Liv Ullmann and Sam Waterston in a clumsy production of the Ibsen treatise on women's liberation. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, April 20.)

Equity Library Theatre—Maxim Gorky's play THE ZYKOVS will be the seventh in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, April 9. Opens officially on Thursday, April 10, and will run through Sunday, April 20. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Equus—Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Anthony Hopkins and Peter Firth, directed by John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The First Breeze of Summer—The Negro Ensemble Company has opened its season with a wonderful production of Leslie Lee's interesting play about a crucial weekend in the lives of a fairly prosperous black family. Under Douglas Turner Ward's masterly direction, all the acting is good, and that of Frances Foster, Moses Gunn, a young man called Reyno, and Mr. W. himself especially so. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 27.)

Ghosts and **The Measures Taken**—The Ibsen play, translated by Rolf Fjelde: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30.... ¶ The Brecht play, translated by Eric Bentley: Sundays at 3 and 7:30. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350.)

Goodtime Charley—Joel Grey and Ann Reinking make this musical oddity about the Dauphin and Joan of Arc worth giving half your attention to. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

In Praise of Love—Rex Harrison, Julie Harris, and Martin Gabel all give exquisite lessons in the art of acting; their vehicle, by Terence Rattigan, is not an exquisite lesson in the art of playwriting but it will serve. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

James Joyce's Dubliners—A play by J. W. Riordan, taken from Joyce's early writings and Stanislaus Joyce's biography, "My Brother's Keeper." (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, May 3.)

Marcel Marceau—The French mime, with Pierre Verry, in a three-week engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, April 13.)

The Misanthrope—A strange rendering of Molière's great play, with Alec McCowen and

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DRAWINGS: *Robert Weber, Lee Lorenz, Joseph Mirachi, Al Ross, Edward Koren, Jack Ziegler, J. B. Handelsman, Mort Gerberg, Warren Miller, Burt Silverman, George Price, Barney Tobey, Stan Hunt, James Stevenson, William Hamilton, Edward Frascino, Dana Fradon*

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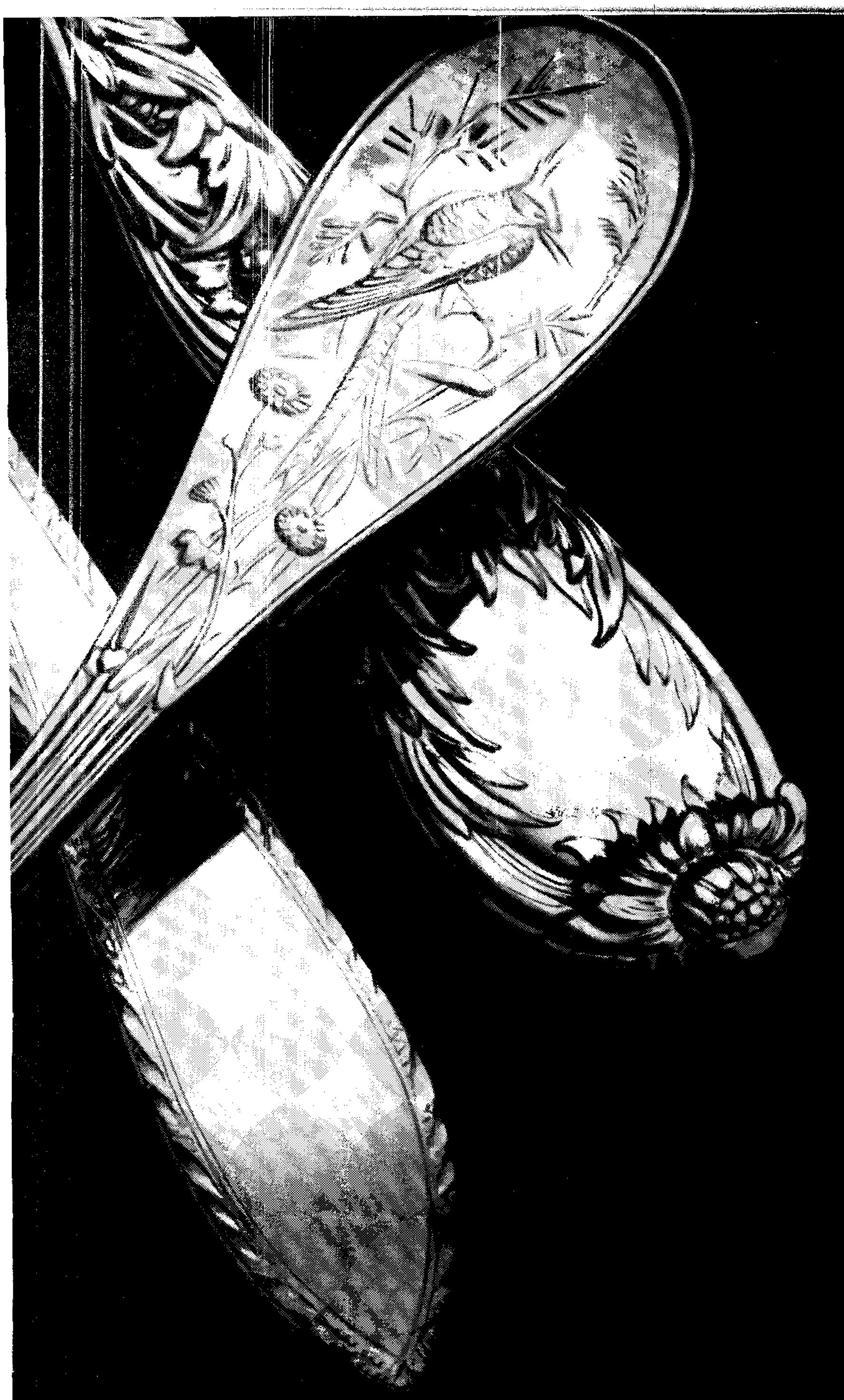

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NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Diana Rigg pretending to be Parisians of the nineteen-sixties. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

National Theatre of the Deaf—A one-week engagement of a double bill consisting of S. Ansky's "The Dybbuk" followed by an adaptation of James Stevenson's "Priscilla, Princess of Power." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Wednesday through Saturday, April 9-12, at 8, and Sunday, April 13, at 2, and 7:30.)

Philemon—A tenderhearted, overlong musical about a clown in Antioch, some two thousand years ago. By Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, who wrote "The Fantasticks." (Portfolio Studio, 341 W. 47th St. CI 6-6755. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Private Lives—Maggie Smith and John Standing in Noël Coward's well-nigh perfect comedy of fidelity and infidelity—the infidelity being a consequence of the fidelity. That's Coward for you. Directed by John Gielgud. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, April 26.)

P.S. Your Cat Is Dead!—A play by James Kirkwood, based on his novel of the same name. Keir Dullea and Tony Musante head a cast directed by Vivian Matalon. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Ritz—Terrence McNally's ingenious farce about the travails of a frightened heterosexual garbage collector in a homosexual bathhouse. Doesn't sound much like "Martin Chuzzlewit"? No, that's right, it doesn't. With Jack Weston and Rita Moreno. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Rocky Horror Show—A foolish parody of the good old vampire movies. Even brimming with human blood, Count Dracula would have blanched at it. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 586-7950. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Same Time, Next Year—A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Ellen Burstyn and Charles Grodin, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Shenandoah—Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is John Cullum, who sings his dull songs beautifully. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sherlock Holmes—A bright revival, under Frank Dunlop's direction, of the William Gillette classic. John Wood is the great, ice-cold ratiocinator. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sizwe Banzi Is Dead and **The Island**—John Kani and Winston Ntshona in two South African plays imported from London. Devised by Athol Fugard (who also directed) and by the Messrs. Kani and Ntshona. **SIZWE BANZI IS DEAD,** a blistering indictment of the inhuman treatment of blacks in South Africa. Tuesdays and Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.... ¶ In **THE ISLAND,** two black prisoners of the South African state outwit torture and death by means of brotherly affection and invincible courage. Wednesdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5:30. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164.)

The Wiz—An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Long Runs—**CANDIDE:** A triumphant version of the once-doomed Bernstein-Wilbur-Voltaire musical. Voltaire still comes out last, but it doesn't matter. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,225 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Wednesday and Thursday at 8; Friday and Saturday at 8 and 10; and Sunday at 8. Matinées Wednesday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 13.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **RAISIN:** A jaunty and heartwarming musical has been made out of Lorraine Hansberry's old-fashioned play about a black Chicago family on its way to white-middle-class mediocrity. Directed and choreographed by Donald McKayle. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—The animals and the clowns emerge two by two all evening long from this enormous Ark. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesdays through Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; Sundays at 1:15 and 5:30; and Tuesday, April 15, at 10 and 2:30. Because of basketball and hockey playoffs, the evening performance on Thursday, April 10, will be cancelled, and the evening performance on Friday, April 11, *may* be cancelled. Closes Monday, May 26.)

Kyogen, the National Comic Theatre of Japan—A company of ten in a program of three short plays. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Wednesday and Thursday, April 16-17, at 8.)

Oba Koso—A Yoruba folk opera (in Yoruba) by and with Duro Ladipo. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, April 17-18, at 8, and Saturday, April 19, at 2:30 and 8.)

Magic Show—The annual "Salute to Magic, put on by the Society of American Magicians. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Par Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, April 19, at 8:1 For tickets, call 541-7290.)

DANCE

José Limón Dance Company—Final performances—Wednesday, April 9, at 8: "Choreographic Offering," "The Emperor Jones," and "Missa Brevis."... ¶ Thursday, April 1 at 8: "Homenaje a Federico Garcia Lorca," "Phantasmagoria 1975," and "Missa Brevis. ... ¶ Friday, April 11, at 8: "Brandenbur Concerto," "Carlota," and "There Is Time."... ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 2: "Th Shakers," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Miss Brevis."... ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 8 "Choreographic Offering," "The Empero Jones," and "Missa Brevis." (Harkness Theatre, Broadway at 63rd St. 581-6000.)

Alvin Ailey City Center Dance Theatre—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, May 4—Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, April 15 16: "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," "Cry," "The Mooche" (première), and "Revelations."... ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings April 17-18: "Dance for Six," "Love Songs," "After Eden" (company première), an "Revelations."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Apr 19: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Roun My Shoulder," and "Revelations."... ¶ Saturday evening, April 19: "The Road of th Phoebe Snow," "Cry," "The Mooche," an "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55t St. 246-8989. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées a 2.)

National Folk Ensemble of Peru—A company o sixty dancers, singers, and musicians (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave at 69th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, April at 8:30.)

Manuel Alum Dance Company—"Sextettrahedron," "East—to Nijinsky," "Era," "Yemaya," and "Deadlines." (Brooklyn Academ of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-410 Thursday, April 17, at 7:30; Friday and Saturday, April 18-19, at 8; Sunday, April 20, a 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town

Rashied Ali—Studio 77 / Ali's Alley, 77 Green St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226 9042). Drums, leading a quartet, from ten t three. Thursdays through Sundays.

David Amram—St. James Infirmary, 22 Sevent Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343). Frenc horn, guitar, piano, and wooden flutes, wit a combo. Mondays at ten.

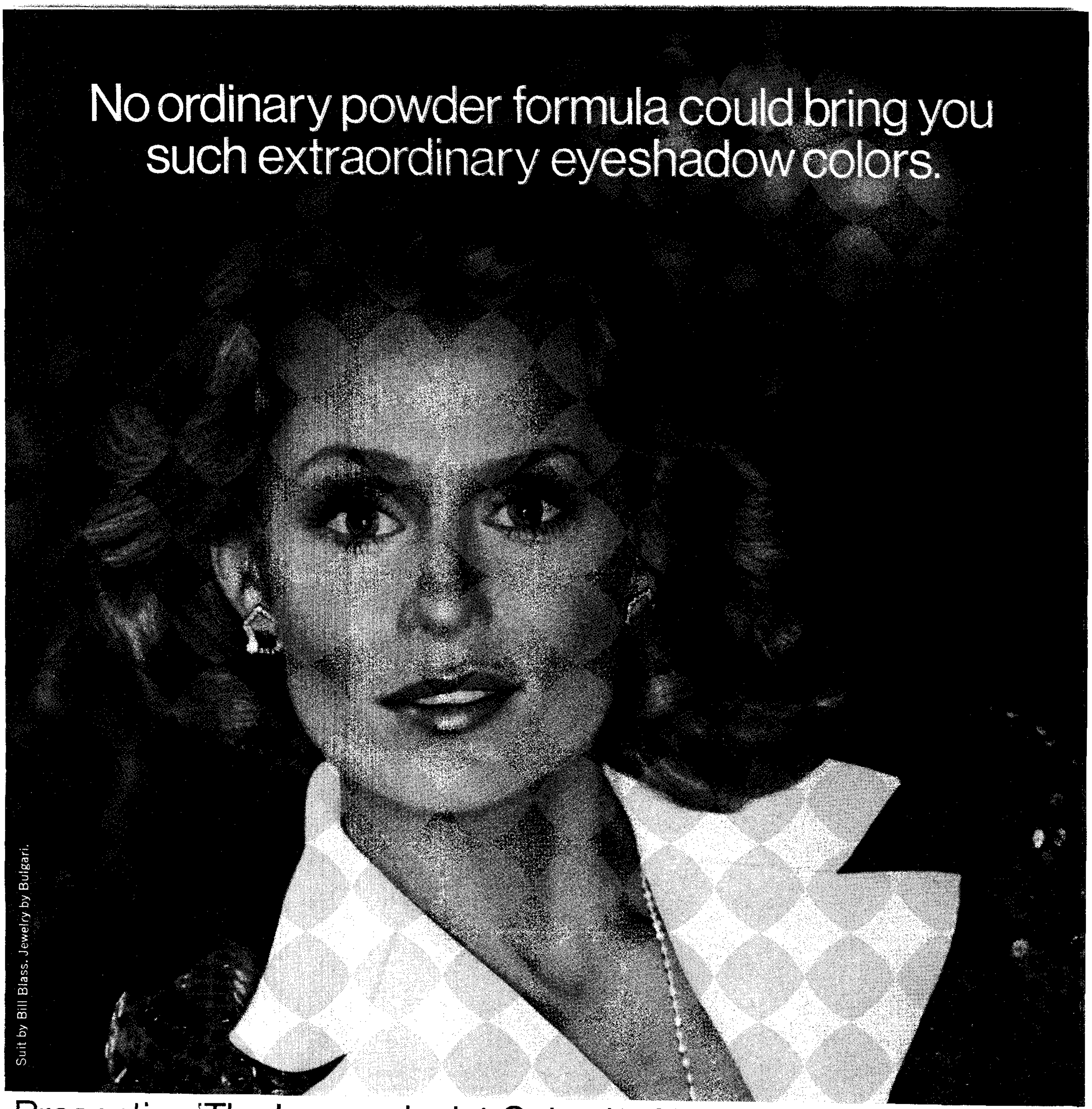
Chet Baker—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Trumpet, leading combo, Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine thirty to two.

Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers—Five Spo 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (730 9270). Drums, with the current messengers *From nine-thirty to two, through Sunday* April 13.

Jaki Byard—Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., jus east of Third Ave. (730-9270). Piano, leading the Music Complex Jazz Orchestra. Sundays, from five to nine.... ¶ Bradley's 70 University Pl. (228-6440). With bassis Major Holley, from nine-thirty on Sundays.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt Cyril Haynes (Mondays through Wednesdays), Dick Katz (Thursdays through Saturdays), Major Holley, Joe Muranyi, and Eddi Locke. Nine-thirty to three every night bu Sunday.

Jerry Garcia and Merl Saunders—Bottom Line 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Guitar and organ, respectively, leading their new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ULTIMA II
CHARLES REVSON

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

band, Legion of Mary; through Thursday, April 10, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Sonny Greer, Russell Procope, and Brooks Kerr—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three.

Tiny Grimes—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading a trio, from nine to one, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

Jim Hall—Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785). Guitar, with bassist Jack Six, through Saturday, April 12, from ten to two.

Roy Haynes—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, leading the Hip Ensemble, a quintet, Friday and Saturday, April 11-12, from ten to three.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Mondays at ten.

Morgana King—St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Jazz vocals, at dinner and supper, through Saturday, April 12.

Rahsaan Roland Kirk—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Reeds and many other instruments, leading a quartet. At ten, through Sunday, April 13.

Lee Konitz—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Alto saxophone, with bassist Lisle Atkinson and pianist Dick Katz. Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three.... ¶ Stryker's 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). From nine-thirty to two, Wednesdays and Thursdays.... ¶ St. James Infirmary, 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343). With drummer Beaver Harris, pianist Hod O'Brian, and bassist Cameron Brown, Friday through Sunday, April 11-13, from ten to three.

Dave Matthews—Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (730-9270). Piano, leading a twelve-piece band. Mondays, from nine-thirty to two.

Lloyd McNeill—Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566). Flute, with Cecil McBee, Dom Salvador, and Buddy Williams, Fridays and Saturdays, from ten-thirty.

Mabel Mercer—Mabel Mercer Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave., at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Songs. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight.

Charles Mingus—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Bass, leading a quintet. Beginning Tuesday, April 15, from ten.

Sy Oliver—Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090). Trumpet, leading his orchestra, from seven, nightly, except Sundays.

Sammy Price—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Boogie-woogie piano, leading a quartet; Saturday and Sunday, April 12-13, from nine to one.

Irene Reid—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Vocals, with a trio, from nine-forty-five to three, through Saturday, April 12.

Bobby Short—Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-forty-five.

Patti Smith—C.B.G.B., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). Rock-and-roll songs and poems, with a backup band; Thursdays through Sundays, from about eleven.

Sylvia Syms—Rick's Café Américain, in the Casablanca, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860). Vocals, backed by a combo. Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and midnight.

Cecil Taylor—Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (730-9270). Piano, with drummer Andrew Cyrille and saxophonist Jimmy Lyons, beginning Tuesday, April 15, from nine-thirty to two.

Wendy Waldman—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Singing and playing piano, guitar, and dulcimer. Beginning Friday, April 18, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo. Sundays, from nine until two.

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Dick Wellstood—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, from eight to one, except Sundays.

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(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Pianist Nat Jones works with a bassist Thursday through Saturday, April 10-12, at this Chelsea pub, which remains unmercifully cluttered with nautical artifacts. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty. English soul food: fish-and-chips, steak-and-kidney pie, and shepherd's pie.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—A pleasant, low-keyed little hideaway just off Sheridan Square, frequented on Monday nights by feverish devotees of Chicago jazz and Dixieland. The Monday-night band, known as the Grove Street Stompers, is composed of avocational musicians: they may just be tired businessmen when they begin, but by eleven-thirty or so, they have taken on the loose and limber and perspiring attributes of authentic jazzmen. The rest of the week—Tuesday through Saturday—is claimed by singer and pianist Mabel Godwin from nine to three. Closed Sundays.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A cozy place—white brick walls and a long, paned picture window with gauzy curtains—in which to munch pork chops, ribs, or collard greens and listen to some reliable, vigorously amplified music. Onetime Basie vocalist Irene Reid sings in a clear, authoritative voice in front of her fine rhythm-and-blues-disposed trio; through Saturday, April 12. On Monday and Tuesday, April 14-15, a quartet that features bassist Bob Cunningham and pianist Kenny Barron has the floor. Saxophonist Charles McPherson comes in with his quintet on Wednesday, April 16. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Jerry Garcia's latest fling is Legion of Mary, a band co-led by organist and energy source Merl Saunders. Garcia's last visit here was marked by fanatical chanting—"Jerry! Jerry! Jerry!"—long before the band appeared onstage, and by some rather bland, mainstream rock after it began to play. (Old Guard Garcia and Dead devotees would no doubt have had a better time watching them in the acid-period 1967 film, "Grateful Dead," by Robert Nelson, which was shown last week at the Whitney.) Garcia and company end this New York visit on Thursday, April 10. Friday through Sunday, April 11-13, actress and singer Melba Moore does some stylish soul opposite an outfit called Black Heat. Tuesday through Thursday, April 15-17, Luther Allison, Motown's answer to Muddy Waters, trades sets with a progressive disco-jazz quintet, Headhunters. Beginning Friday, April 18, singer Shawn Phillips, who plays all kinds of guitars, including a doubleneck electric, alternates with Wendy Waldman, a lively singer in her mid-twenties from California. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Closed Monday, April 14. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Walter Norris and George Mraz, the current pianist and bassist, respectively, with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band, play duets through Saturday, April 12, in this pleasant, dark-pine-walled Village sanctuary that frequently takes on the qualities of friendly chaos. Mike Abene and Mike Moore begin *their* piano-bass dialogues on Monday, April 14. Sundays, Jaki Byard, an accomplished pianist who plays in many styles, receives enthusiastically good-natured support from bassist Major Holley. Nine-thirty to two-thirty every night but Sunday, when the music runs from nine-thirty to one. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—In the **café carlyle,** Bobby Short demonstrates his unique, hard-hitting ways with classic popular songs Tuesdays through Saturdays. Helping out, as always, are bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan. Short and company go on at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one.... ¶ Muriel Roberts, an industrious and swinging pianist, has taken over in the **bemelmans bar,** which—fingers crossed—appears to have become a permanent music room. Mondays through Thursdays from nine to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one.

C.B.G.B., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The initial-ridden sign over this mid-sixties-seedy, neo-Bowery bar may signify country, blue grass, blues, but for all practical purposes (through Sunday, April 20), patrons should expect innocently raunchy rock and roll. Patti Smith, a poet, singer, actress, and composer, comes on as a female incarnation of Dylan, Lou Reed, Van Morrison (her version of "Gloria" should not be missed), and rock in general. Performing ahead of her is Television, a back-to-simplicity rock band that seems so untouched and unaffected by (and unaware of) Elton, Alice, and Eno, that it's as though it had been sequestered since 1966. Thursdays through Sundays; live music from about eleven.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Dick Wellstood, a fine pianist who took ragtime seriously (but not too seriously) long before its current trendiness, has checked in. He's here every night from eight to one, except on Sundays, when Dick Hyman, another pianistic whiz, takes charge. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band, which begins after nine, is made up of Ed Polcer, Vic Dickenson, Herbie Hall, Jim Andrews, Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club), and Cliff Leeman. Visiting musicians drop by on Tuesdays. Dill Jones plays a versatile and often rollicking piano nightly from five to nine. Closed Sundays.

Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (730-9270)—Art Blakey and the latest version of his twenty-year-old musical collective, the Jazz Messengers, perform through Sunday, April 13. Cecil Taylor, who hasn't played a New York club in five years—and it's been nearly fifteen since he was last at the Five Spot—arrives on Tuesday, April 15, with two members of his Unit, Andrew Cyrille and Jimmy Lyons. On Mondays: Dave Matthews' twelve-piece band, made up of studio musicians who range from their twenties to their forties. Music from nine-thirty to two. On Sunday from five to nine: the Music Complex Jazz Orchestra, also made up of studio musicians. It has trouble with intonation, time, and some slow readers, but it also has enthusiasm and several impressive soloists. The pianist Jaki Byard acts as the leader. Chinese food.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub. Twenty-three-year-old stride stylist and Ellingtonia fancier Brooks Kerr works with and learns from drummer Sonny Greer, who began his relationship with Ellington in 1919, and saxophonist Russell Procope, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, alto saxophonist Lee Konitz swaps ideas with pianist Dick Katz and bassist Lisle Atkinson. Vibraharpist Warren Chiasson soloes every night but Sunday from six to nine. The Sunday musicians (they play from four-thirty to eight-thirty) include pianist Al Haig, guitarist Jimmy Raney, and bassist John Beal. Snacks.

Jacques at the Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A cheerful bar on one of the corners where the Village meets N.Y.U.'s academic industrial park Pianist Lance Hayward plays nightly, excep Wednesdays, and is joined on Sundays by singer Jane Valentine. Jim Roberts is the Wednesday-night pianist. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Roy Eldridge is sixty-four, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there, even if it doesn't generally appear until midnight. His accompanists—

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Dick Katz or Cyril Haynes on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Major Holley on bass, Joe Muranyi on reeds, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky is in charge of a group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Mabel Mercer Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—A portrait of the artist at seventy-five, which Mabel Mercer has just gracefully turned. Everything is just right—the voice (despite its ups and downs), the phrasing, the wonderful songs, her regal good looks, and the newly christened room itself. Jimmy Lyon's accompaniment is calm and fatherly. She radiates—which is what she really does now—at ten and midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Actor Michael Moriarty is at the piano and in charge of a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. Closed Sundays. On Mondays from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of the Lorenzo Tios.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The management has thoughtfully installed two bicycle racks just outside this upper West Side hangout. One can keep tabs on one's bike from the sidewalk gallery, which has windows made of the same sort of plastic that separates taxi passengers from taxi-drivers. Some intricate, super-cool, and lazy rhythm and blues is offered up by bassist Gordon Edwards, guitarist Cornell Dupree, pianist Richard Tee, tenorman Charlie Brown, and drummer Chris Parker. The music is of the puristic, early- and mid-fifties variety—the basic and raw materials untarnished by sixties and seventies rock-and-roll inflections or soul mannerisms. Wednesday and Thursday, April 9-10, and Sunday through Thursday, April 13-17. Friday and Saturday, April 11-12, drummer Roy Haynes takes his young quintet through some tried, true, and still moving material. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

Music Room, 2871 Broadway, at 111th St. (866-2018)—This modest restaurant and bar, which presents classical and, sometimes, folk music nightly from seven to eleven, makes a pleasant, relaxed alternative to the rigidities of the concert hall. The decorations include a characteristically brooding, steely-eyed portrait of Beethoven, a guitar-shaped poster that enumerates the recording artists for a small blues label, and regimented rows of hanging plastic plants and a few preserved palms. The musicians are young, proficient, and usually responsive to requests. Soloists perform weekdays; chamber duos, trios, and quartets take over on Fridays and Saturdays.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—The most exotic night spot for blocks and blocks, with an enthusiastic clientele and a reverence for just about anything campy. Lesley Gore, known more than a decade ago for Top Forty raspy-voiced narratives of teen-age martyrdom, is currently making a comeback. A comedy troupe, Royal Canadienne Fromage, appears with her through Saturday, April 12. Margaret Whiting, a singer who keeps on coming back herself, begins a week's stint on Tuesday, April 15. Shows at nine and midnight. On Sundays, Mercedes Hall sings at nine and at eleven. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

Rick's Café Américain, in the Casablanca, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860)—Sylvia Syms is a nervy singer, and one is never sure what a night may bring. It doesn't matter: when she wars with herself, she is eloquent and instructive, and when she is of a piece she is magnificent. Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and midnight.

St. James Infirmary, 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343)—An infirmary in name only—the music is very much alive and kicking. Bassist Cecil McBee, pianist Dave Burrell, and drummer Beaver Harris collaborate and also back up singer Bill Willingham through Thursday, April 10. Friday through Sunday, April 11-13, Lee Konitz visits, to perform with Beaver Harris, pianist Hod O'Brian, and bassist Cameron Brown. On Mondays, David Amram and his cohorts move in to play "Tompkins Square Park Consciousness Expander," "Horn & Hardart Succotash Blues," and other Amram compositions. Music from about ten.

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Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Chet Baker—thin as a pole, his face all cheekbones and shadows—has lost none of the lilt and flow he displayed as a member of Gerry Mulligan's famous quartet. His cohorts sometimes forget what page they are on, but they keep him afloat Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to two. Lee Konitz, the alto saxophonist, and another old-time coolnik, is on hand Wednesdays and Thursdays. Friday and Saturday, April 11-12, are claimed by pianist Steve Elmer's quartet; guitarist Eddie Hazell heads up a trio on the following Friday and Saturday (April 18-19). Sundays, from nine to two, are given over to the guitar duo of Joe Puma and Chuck Wayne, who exchange more notes than there are begats. Snacks.

Studio 77/Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—The dark emptiness of nighttime SoHo streets belies the fashionable, steaming activity found in some of the neighborhood hangouts. This after-hours gallery-loft, though among the less congested, is one of the more animated. The source of the commotion is the bandstand, where drummer Rashied Ali and his quartet—James Vass, David Durrah, and Benny Wilson—play intense, rigorous, free-form jazz. Ali, the proprietor, spent several years playing with those saxophonists who were the vanguard of sixties jazz—Archie Shepp, Pharoah Sanders, and the late Albert Ayler and John Coltrane. Thursdays through Sundays from ten to three. Soul food and nonalcoholic beverages.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An airy, spacious restaurant with clear-varnished pine-panelled walls, a picture window filled with lush hanging plants, a black-marble-topped bar, and an acoustically perfect corner where the musicians are to be found. To the ears of many, Jim Hall is the best living jazz guitarist, playing with an inventiveness, wit, and subtlety that are sometimes brain-cracking. His accompanist, on bass, is the agile, commendable Jack Six. Wednesday through Saturday, April 9-12, from ten to two. Pianist Steve Elmer works with bassist Vinnie Burke on Wednesday and Thursday, April 16-17. On Sundays, from nine to one, Nina Sheldon delivers some compelling and colorful jazz sambas and variations on bop standards. She is assisted by bassist Mike Moore. Dinner.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—A lively though scarcely palatial evening haunt comprising two enclosed sidewalk galleries—affording views of the Bowery—and a large inner room with the obligatory exposed-brick walls and a black ceiling of hand-pressed tin. Nothing much happens until around ten-thirty, when, on Fridays and Saturdays, flutist Lloyd McNeill and his capable crew—the very fine Cecil McBee on bass, electric pianist Dom Salvador, and drummer Buddy Williams—begin to play lilting, rhythmic, Brazilian-flavored jazz. On Sundays and Tuesdays, a septet named the Russians Are Coming take the stand, and on Wednesdays and Thursdays, Greg Bobulinski's quartet performs, along with vocalist Joe Carroll. Dinner.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Smoky, stuffy, and cramped, this illustrious basement institution continues to present some of the best jazzmen in the world. Rahsaan Roland Kirk, a high-voltage reed section all by himself, leads his quartet through Sunday, April 13. On Tuesday, April 15, Charles Mingus starts inspiring his quintet. On Mondays, the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis big band ambles in, assembles itself, lets loose, and sometimes—but not often enough—blasts off. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York City truck route but not much else, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets: Chuck Fowler and Duke Cleamons trade ideas Mondays through Wednesdays, and pianist Jill McManus performs with bassist Wayne Dockery Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A wood-and-brick-walled retreat primarily patronized by Columbia students. The music that is keeping the students here and away from their studies these days is neither folk nor rock nor glitter. It is jazz—and somewhat old-fashioned jazz at that. Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter Franc Williams, Eddie Durham on trombone and electric guitar, pianist Ram Ramirez, and drummer Shelton Gary take the stand. Wednesdays and Thursdays, Tiny Grimes, a four-string tenor guitarist, plays bebopping blues with his bassist, Brian Torff, and his drummer, Ronnie Cole. Fridays (and Saturday, April 19) are turned over to five bop-oriented musicians. Boogie-woogie pianist Sammy Price is here with a quartet on Saturday and Sunday, April 12-13. Sunday night is his last night, and some guest musicians are scheduled to sit in. Music from nine to one.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the CAFÉ, pianist Steven Weltner plays Tuesdays through Fridays from five-thirty to eleven-thirty, and Saturdays from eight to midnight. Herb Winner is on duty Sundays from eight to midnight, and Mondays from five-thirty to eleven-thirty.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Singer Eileen Fulton is in operation in the PERSIAN ROOM at ten Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing to the Barry Levitt trio and the René Martel threesome from seven to one. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The PLAZA RESTAURANT provides dinner music by violinist George Cardini and pianist Jules Feuerstein. Their hours are seven-thirty to ten-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Mondays through Fridays, violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti play in the PALM COURT, from five to one. Saturdays from five to one, and Sundays from four to midnight, Sandu Marcu supplies violin music.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Lainie Kazan serves as décor and oriole on this sixty-fifth-floor height at dinner and supper. Dancing from seven-forty-five to two. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This spaceship moored high over midtown Manhattan is presenting Sy Oliver's dance orchestra from seven every night but Sunday.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The MAISONETTE, still a fair copy of a royal palace, amuses its house guests with dinner and supper visitations by jazz-singer Morgana King through Saturday, April 12. Monday, April 14, brings along French singer-pianist-composer Michel Legrand. Dancing to the music of the Charles Turecamo orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the KING COLE GRILLE, Eleanor Fell plays the harp from seven-thirty to eleven every night but Sunday.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Ben Vereen will be the dinner and supper fare in the EMPIRE ROOM through Saturday, April 12. On Tuesday, April 15, the team of singer Tony Martin and dancer Cyd Charisse will check in. The Empire Room Orchestra provides the dance music. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Abe Ajay—Carefully constructed relief works that are a combination of painted canvas panels and poured polyester resin. Through Saturday, April 19. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Peter Arno (1904-68)—Cartoons, magazine-cover designs, and book-jacket illustrations spanning a forty-year period. Through May 3. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

Charles Arnoldi—Wall pieces shaped out of sanded, oiled, or painted tree branches; first one-man show in New York. Through April 30. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Margit Beck—Abstract landscapes done from an aerial perspective. Through April 23. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Joseph Beuys—An environment composed of copper and iron rods arranged against a wall, an antique wooden sled, and two blackboards on which there are drawings. Through May 17. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Hyman Bloom—Abstracts and landscapes by a Boston artist. Through April 26. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Erich Brauer—Paintings and etchings by a member of the Vienna school of Fantastic Realism. Through May 10. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

John Button—Representational paintings of New York City rooftops. Through Thursday, April 17. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St.)

Bernard Chaet—Paintings of interiors with figures. Through Friday, April 18. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Philippe Chomienne—Abstract paintings. Through April 26. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

Rosemary Cove—Sculptures of the female figure, most of them small terra-cottas and bronzes but one of them a larger-than-life papier-mâché figure. Through April 26. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Arthur B. Davies (1862-1928)—A chronological retrospective, including oils, watercolors, and drawings. Through Saturday, April 12. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Peter Dechar—Large paintings of outsize pears. Through April 26. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Victor de Grailly (1804-89)—A loan show of paintings of American landscapes by a French painter who never visited here but based his work on other artists' engravings. Some of the engravings are also included. Through April 26. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Sonia Delaunay—Eight large tapestries with geometric designs, along with some gouaches and graphics by an artist now ninety. Through May 3. (Zarre, 20 E. 69th St.)

Lynne Drexler—Thickly painted abstract landscapes. Through April 26. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

John Duff—Fibre-glass sculptures, both floor and wall pieces, painted a rust brown. Through Thursday, April 17. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Red Grooms—Satirical gouaches, mainly centered on New York City sights like the shoppers at Bloomingdale's. Through Saturday, April 19. (Alexander, 26 E. 78th St.)

George Grosz (1893-1959)—A large selection of oils, watercolors, and ink drawings from the Berlin period, 1912-33. Through May 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Budd Hopkins—Hard-edge geometric paintings arranged in panels. Through April 30. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Wolf Kahn—Landscapes of New England in autumn, mostly. Through May 1. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Karl Knaths (1891-1971)—Paintings done between 1946 and 1971. Through Friday, April 11. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Bernard Lamotte—Paintings of the French countryside. Through Saturday, April 19. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

Barbara Lekberg—Figurative bronze sculptures, welded and cast. Through April 30. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Frances Manacher / Susan Hauer—Paintings. / Collages and small box constructions. Through April 26. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Robert Mann—Intricately painted scenes of rural life in Canada in the twenties; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, April 19. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

John R. Manning—Paintings and drawings, mostly of farm buildings, emphasizing shadows and substantial shapes. Through April 26. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Elsie Manville—Still-lifes and interiors. Through April 26. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Andre Minaux—Still-lifes. Through Saturday, April 12. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Wallace Putnam—Semi-abstract oil paintings, many with birds or animals. Through Saturday, April 19. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Paul Resika—Small landscapes in oil. Through May 3. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

Judith Rothschild—Relief paintings incorporating paper cutouts. Through Saturday, April 19. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

John Safer—Free-form sculptures in bronze, brass, and acrylic. Through April 26. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Reeve Schley III—Watercolors of New Mexico and New Jersey, plus a few portraits. Through April 26. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Antonio Segui—Dogs in landscapes and portraits of dogs. Through Saturday, April 19. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Steven Sloman—Black-and-white abstract paintings. Through Saturday, April 19. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

Julian Stanczak—Paintings in which color or shades of gray are organized in relation to a grid overlay. Through April 26. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Pat Steir—Abstract paintings with motifs of flowers, plus some drawings. Through Saturday, April 19. (Fourcade-Droll, 36 E. 75th St.)

John Storrs (1885-1956)—Sculptures and paintings by a Chicago-born artist who studied with Rodin and later worked in Cubist-derived styles. Through April 26. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Edvins Strautmanis / Lawrence Williams—Abstract Expressionist paintings. / Polyester-resin sculptures of feet. Through April 30. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Helen Thomas—Paintings of overlapping ellipses by a colorist. Through Saturday, April 12. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Anthony Toney—Semi-abstract paintings—landscapes and cityscapes predominating. Through April 26. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Charmion von Wiegand—Collages. Through May 3. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Ellen Wolff—Assemblages made of stainless steel combined with oil on canvas. Through Saturday, April 19. (Gallery 84, 1046 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

American Watercolor Society—The hundred-and-eighth annual of watercolors, gouaches, and pastels by artists from all parts of the United States, as well as a group of watercolors by contemporary Australian painters. Through April 20. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Group Shows—At **hirschl & adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: John Chumley (egg temperas and watercolors), Ken Davies (oils), and Michael Filmus (drawings done with charcoal and pastel, and pencil). Through Tuesday, April 15. . . . **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Thirty works, among them a Calder mobile, a Picasso tapestry, and an oil by Léger. Through May 17. . . . **wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit loan show of more than seventy still-lifes, including examples by Caravaggio, Monet, and Picasso. Through May 3. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Richard Anuszkiewicz—Paintings by an Optical artist. Through Saturday, April 19. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Batan—A lively group of paintings with a style suggesting the later Dubuffet but in warm colors—chartreuse, orange, aqua. Through Saturday, April 12. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

Max Beckmann (1884-1950)—A small retrospective of paintings Through May 3. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.). . . ¶ Twenty-three drawings, dated 1909-50, and three bronze sculptures. Through May 10. (Carus, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Susan Crile / Donald Evans—Aerial views by an artist who is primarily a colorist. / Stamps for imaginary countries. Through April 23. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

José de Creeft—Recent sculptures. Through April 26. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Roy De Forest—Four large paintings and a group of crayon and pastel drawings in a show of the artist's work running concurrently with one at the Whitney Museum. Through Friday, April 11. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Chuck Forsman—Realistic landscapes and interiors. Through Thursday, April 17. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Richard Francisco—Small wall constructions in mixed mediums. Through Saturday, April 19. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Maurice Freedman—Semi-abstract landscapes and seascapes. Through Saturday, April 12. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Howard Kanovitz—Photo-Realist paintings of interiors and street scenes. Through April 26. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St.)

Raymond Mintz—Works painted in County Kerry, Ireland, mostly. Through Saturday, April 19. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

Ed Moses—Abstract paintings. Through April 23. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

David Parrish—Photo-Realist paintings of motorbikes. Through April 26. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Michael Robbins—Drawings celebrating such

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

activities as motorcycling, surfing, and sky-diving; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, April 19. (Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Richard Stankiewicz—Recent welded-steel sculptures composed of rods and cylinders. Through Saturday, April 19. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.). . . ¶ Another recent piece, plus three earlier works. Through May 2. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Ernest Trova—Five large sculptures, plus models for outdoor pieces. Through May 3. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

P. Wilson—Abstract paintings on canvas and paper. Through April 26. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Arman—On view is a two-room apartment, complete with furniture and decorations, that was both conceived and destroyed by the artist. Also, films and photographs of the destruction taking place. Through Saturday, April 19. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway.)

Chester A. Augustine / Masami Kodama—Paintings and drawings. / Marble sculptures. Through Thursday, April 17. (Razor, 464 West Broadway.)

Lucien Day—Six-foot-tall watercolors of the Acropolis and other subjects. Through Thursday, April 17. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Porfirio Di Donna—Abstract drawings. Through Saturday, April 19. (Benedek, 145 Spring St.)

Robert Grosvenor—Sculptures made from wooden poles, and the preliminary drawings for them. Through April 30. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Jim Juthstrom—One large painting that covers an entire wall, plus smaller paintings and drawings. Through April 24. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Penny Kaplan—Welded-steel sculptures, inspired by the Japanese tea ceremony, which are cut out and placed flat on the floor; first solo show in New York. Through Wednesday, April 16. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St.)

Frank Litto—Carved wall pieces; first one-man show in New York. Through April 30. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Liliana Porter—Works that combine several elements—for instance, a silk-screened green pepper perched on a table that has been drawn on the wall. Through Saturday, April 19. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Gabriele Roos—Bands of color on acrylic canvases. Through April 24. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Michelle Stuart—Rocks, earth, and graphite applied to mounted paper. Through April 29. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St.)

William Tillyer—Abstract paintings of still-lifes; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, April 19. (Ariadne, 410 West Broadway.)

Richard Vaux / Garey Riester—Paintings in acrylic on layers of vinyl. / Large-scale Photo-Realist paintings of people of primitive cultures. Through Friday, April 18. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

Susan Lewis Williams—Drawings and small figure sculptures cast in sterling silver. Through Wednesday, April 16. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

James Wolfe—Abstract steel sculptures. Through Wednesday, April 16. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **aames,** 93 Prince St.: Paintings by John Grillo, Vincent Malta, and James Norman. Through Saturday, April 19. . . . **55 mercer street:** Paintings by Roger Laux Nelson, and sculptures by Frank Lincoln Viner and Jean Linder. Through April 23. . . . **o.k. harris,** 383 West Broadway: Paintings by John Kacere, Tony King, and Martin Hoffman, as well as graphs on paper by Karen Shaw. Through Saturday, April 19.

OTHER GALLERIES

March Avery—Paintings of animals, landscapes, and seascapes. Through April 27. (Waverly,

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103 Waverly Pl. Daily, except Wednesdays, noon to 5.)

Brower Hatcher—Colored-wire and steel sculptures. Through April 25. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Richard Hunt / Henry Moore—Bronze and welded-steel sculptures, all under twenty inches high. / Ten bronzes and three drawings. Through April 26. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Show—Works in mixed mediums by ten artists. Through May 15. (Walker Street Gallery, 46 Walker St., two blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Margaret Bourke-White (1904-71)—Prints from the late twenties and the early thirties by the noted photojournalist. Through April 30. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Lucien Clergue—Abstractions (one group printed on aluminum plates), some of the sea, sand, and plants. Through Friday, April 18. (French Institute/Alliance Française Gallery, 22 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 7.)

Larry Fink / John Messina—Party pictures. / Photographs taken at the East Louisiana State Hospital. Through April 29. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Benno Friedman / Minor White—Hand-colored landscapes and abstractions. / Photographs done from 1943 to the present. Through April 26. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Josef Koudelka—Photographs of Gypsies and country people taken during the last decade by a thirty-seven-year-old Czech photographer who left his country in 1968. Through May 11. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Les McCann—Black-and-white photographs of people, taken in Mexico, Jamaica, and other countries by the well-known jazz pianist; first one-man show in New York. Through Sunday, April 13. (Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St. Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **neikrug,** 224 E. 68th St.: Imogen Cunningham, Julia Margaret Cameron, Berenice Abbott, Dorothea Lange, Margaret Bourke-White, Inge Morath, Jill Krementz, and Sarah Moon are among the women photographers represented here. Through Friday, April 18. (Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.) . . . **soho photo,** 30 W. 13th St.: Photographs by Minor White, Paul Strand, and others. Through April 29. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 p.m. to 9 p.m.) . . . **witkin,** 243 E. 60th St.: A sixth-anniversary show. It includes work by Stieglitz, Steichen, Atget, Hine, Weston, Cunningham, Abbott, Lartigue, Brassai, Arbus, Friedlander, Tice, and Erwitt—about a hundred and twenty-five selections in all. Through Saturday, April 12. (Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Great Wave" is the name of a remarkable exhibition here of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Japanese woodcuts hung side by side with prints by the Impressionists on whom they exerted an influence. Through May 11. . . . ¶ Twenty-four bronze representations of Buddhist and Hindu deities, from India, Pakistan, and Northeast Asia, dating from the fourth century to the thirteenth. Through May 31. . . . ¶ "Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design," a show of costumes worn by such film stars as Mary Pickford, Katharine Hepburn, and Barbra Streisand. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Paintings, including eight large triptychs, by the contemporary British artist Francis Bacon. Through June 29. . . . ¶ A selection of paintings (by, among others, William Powell Frith and Edwin Henry Landseer) that were exhibited at the Royal Academy in London during the reign of Queen Victoria. Through April 29. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—*Furniture* by Michael Thonet, Hector Guimard, Gerrit Rietveld, and Frank Lloyd Wright. Through April 30. . . . ¶ Drawings, all done between 1920 and 1929, by Moholy-Nagy, Sheeler, Léger, and others. Through June 15. . . . ¶ An exhibit of prints in which works on similar themes by artists of different generations are juxtaposed. Among those represented are Munch, Sloan, and Hockney. Through June 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A Max Ernst retrospective of about three hundred paintings, collages, frottages, sculptures, and illustrated books, loaned from public and private collections in the United States and Europe. Through April 20. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings dating from 1964 to the present by Brice Marden. Through April 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Tuesday evenings, 6 to 10, with no admission charge; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—This year's biennial is limited to artists who have never had one-man shows in New York or been included in previous Whitney biennials or annuals. The final stage will close Tuesday, April 15, at 4. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and constructions by Roy De Forest. Through May 4. A complementary show (ending Friday) is at the Allan Frumkin Gallery, 41 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ Small, stuffed figures, personal artifacts, photographs, and collages arranged in boxes, glass cases, and window frames by a Los Angeles artist, Betye Saar, whose themes are contemporary religious, social, and political issues. Through April 20. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Tuesday evenings, 6 to 10, with no admission charge; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Sculptures from the sixties by Mark di Suvero, Claes Oldenburg, Donald Judd, and others. Through Wednesday, April 16. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings by, among others, Thomas Cole, Arthur B. Davies, and Albert Pinkham Ryder. Through June 29. . . . ¶ A small exhibit of contemporary Japanese ceramics (jars, bowls, plates, and bottles) on loan from a private collection. Through April 27. (Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Shadow figures from China, India, Malaysia, and Thailand, some arranged in groups behind a screen as they might appear in an actual performance. Also, three-dimensional Asian puppets. Through April 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—A loan show of jades, dating from 2000 B.C. through the Han Dynasty (220 A.D.). Through June 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—"The Secular Spirit" is the title of a loan exhibit of about three hundred objects made for everyday use between 1300 and 1550, ranging from household utensils to works of art. Through June 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 1 to 4:45.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A retrospective exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and other works by Hugo Weber (1918-71), a Swiss-American Abstract Expressionist. Through Sunday, April 13. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibition of traditional containers and wrappings for foods, drinks, spices, and gifts, made of wood, bamboo, straw, hemp, ceramic, paper, and fabric. . . . ¶ Twenty-eight Ukiyo-e woodcuts from a private collection. Both through April 20. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—More than thirty tapestries made from the designs of various contemporary artists. Through April 27. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A large exhibition of letters, musical scores, posters, photographs, and other memorabilia of the composer Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900). . . . ¶ Highlights from the museum's collection of illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, and autograph manuscripts (for example, a Thoreau notebook). Both through April 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—New York wood sculptures (decoys, cigar-store figures, boat models, for example), the earliest piece dated 1676 and the latest 1964. Through June 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Wall hangings, rugs, jewelry, and ceramic and wood sculptures made by artisans from Arkansas, Colorado, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Texas. Through Friday, April 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Photographs, journals, maps, and other items that illustrate the grim side of life (crime, sweatshops, sickness, tenements) in nineteenth-century New York City. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ An exhibit, including paintings, drawings, and costumes, celebrating great women of the New York stage. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Century-old dolls, new dolls, Easter eggs, and Victorian toys are part of "A Dolls' Easter." Through May 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A retrospective exhibition of paintings by Leon Golub. Through May 4. . . . ¶ Abstract Expressionist paintings by Sabina Teichman. Through April 20. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the season—Wednesday evening, April 9: "Falstaff," with Evelyn Lear, Benita Valente, Fedora Barbieri, Joann Grillo, Cornell MacNeil, Douglas Ahlstedt, and Thomas Stewart; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 10: "The Siege of Corinth," with Beverly Sills, Shirley Verrett, Harry Theyard, Justino Díaz, and Richard T. Gill; Thomas Schippers. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 11: "La Bohème," with Katia Ricciarelli, Rita Shane, José Carreras, William Walker, Giorgio Tozzi, Russell Christopher, Andrij Dobriansky, and Charles Anthony; Leif Segerstam. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 12: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Maralin Niska, William Lewis, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 12: "The Siege of Corinth," with Beverly Sills, Shirley Verrett, Harry Theyard, Justino Díaz, and Richard T. Gill; Thomas Schippers. . . . ¶ Monday evening, April 14: "La Bohème," with Katia Ricciarelli, Rita Shane, José Carreras, William Walker, Giorgio Tozzi, Russell Christopher, Andrij Dobriansky, and Charles Anthony; Leif Segerstam. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 15: "The Siege of Corinth," with Beverly Sills, Shirley Verrett, Harry Theyard, Justino Díaz, and Richard T. Gill; Thomas Schippers. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 16: "Falstaff," with Evelyn Lear, Benita Valente, Fedora Barbieri, Joann Grillo, Cornell MacNeil, Douglas Ahlstedt, and Thomas Stewart; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 17: "La Bohème," with Katia Ricciarelli, Rita Shane, José Carreras, William Walker, Giorgio Tozzi, Russell Christopher, Andrij Dobriansky, and Charles Anthony; Leif Segerstam. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 18: "Tosca," with Magda Olivero, James King, Ingvar Wixell, and Richard Best; Alberto Erede. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 19: "The Siege of Corinth," with Beverly Sills, Shirley Verrett, Harry Theyard, Justino Díaz, and Richard T. Gill; Thomas Schippers. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 19: "La Bohème," with Katia Ricciarelli, Rita Shane, José Carreras, William Walker, Giorgio Tozzi, Russell Christopher, Andrij Dobriansky, and Charles Anthony; Leif Segerstam. A nonsubscription performance. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, April 9, at 8: "Salome," with Maralin Niska, Frances Bible, Alan Crofoot, and William Justus; conducted by Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 10, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Olivia Stapp and Richard Kness, and "Pagliacci," with Patricia Craig and Robert Nagy; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Friday, April 11, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Patricia Wise, Spiro Malas, and William Justus; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 2: "Faust," with Glenys Fowles, Jeanne Piland, Melvyn Poll, and Robert Hale; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Patricia Craig, Arlene Randazzo, Gary Glaze, and Charles Roe; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 13, at 1: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Patricia Wise, Tullio Pane, Richard Stilwell, and Samuel Ramey; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 13, at 7: "Madame Butterfly," with Judith Anthony, Diane Curry, Gaetano Scano, and David Holloway; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 15, at 8: "Die Tote Stadt," with Nancy Shade, Diane Curry, Richard Kness, and Dominic Cossa; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 16, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Arlene Randazzo, William McDonald, and Charles Roe; Alexis Hauser. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 17, at 8: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Sandra Walker, Tullio Pane, and Richard Fredricks; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Friday, April 18, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Marianna Ciraulo and Richard Kness, and "Pagliacci," with Patricia Craig and Elliott Palay; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 19, at 2: "La Bohème," with Patricia Wells, Eleanor Bergquist, Tullio Pane, and Richard Fredricks; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 19, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Patricia Wise, Kathleen Hegierski, Gaetano Scano, and Adib Fazah; Giuseppe Morelli. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 27.)

ORCHESTRA AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center—Leonard Bernstein conducting on Thursday and Friday, April 10-11, at 8:30 (both with Justus Frantz, piano; Paul Sperry, tenor; and Bruce Fifer, bass-baritone). . . . ¶ James Conlon conducting on Saturday, April 12, at 8:30, and Tuesday, April 15, at 7:30 (both with Evelyn Lear, soprano). . . . ¶ Leonard Bernstein conducting on Thursday, April 17, at 8:30; Friday, April 18, at 2; and Saturday, April 19, at 8:30 (all with Mstislav Rostropovich, cello).

Pittsburgh Symphony—Donald Johanos conducting, with Isaac Stern, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 15, at 8.)

Juilliard Orchestra—Sixten Ehrling conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 11, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

Franz Liszt Orchestra of Budapest—Frigyes Sandor conducting, with Gyorgy Nador, piano, and others. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, April 13, at 2:15.)

Symphony of the New World—Everett Lee conducting a program of Viennese music, with Rita Streich, soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, April 13, at 3.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—At Alice Tully Hall, Frederic Waldman conducting—Sunday, April 13, at 8: With E. Power Biggs, Catharine Crozier, and Thomas Schippers, all organ. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 16, at 8:30: With Leonard Raver, organ; Judith Blegen, soprano; Yvonne Minton, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; John West, bass; and the Musica Aeterna Chorus.

Carnegie-Mellon University Kiltie Band—Philip

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Catelinet conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 11, at 8.)

NATONAL CHORALE—Martin Josman directing the last in a series of programs of American music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, April 11, at 8.)

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY CHORAL ARTS SOCIETY—E. Jon de Revere directing, with the choir from the Clifton, New Jersey, High School. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, April 11, at 8.)

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB AND RANDOLPH-MACON COLLEGE CHOIR—A joint concert, with Gregg Smith directing. (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. Sunday, April 13, at 2. For tickets, call 280-3621.)

BARNARD-COLUMBIA CHORUS AND COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY ORCHESTRA—A joint concert, with Gregg Smith directing. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Tuesday, April 15, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

ST. CECILIA CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA—David Randolph directing, with Betty Lane, soprano; Ann Yervanian, mezzo-soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; John Ostendorf, bass; and John Challener, organ. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 19, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

MISHA DICHTER—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 9, at 8.)

ANDRÉ WATTS—Piano, with Judith Blegen, soprano; Arthur Fiedler, conductor; Benny Goodman, clarinet; Sherrill Milnes, baritone; and Tony Randall, speaker. A benefit for the Music Division of the New York Public Library at Lincoln Center. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, April 9, at 8.)

NEW YORK BRASS QUINTET—Chamber music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, April 9, at 8.)

ANDRÉ MARCHAL—Organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 9, at 8:30.)

ROBERT SMITH—Harpsichord, in the second of two all-Couperin recitals. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 10, at 8.)

EVANGELINA COLÓN—Soprano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, April 10, at 8:30.)

JOHN BROWNING—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 12, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

JAIME LAREDO—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, April 12, at 8.)

KARL RICHTER—Organ, in an all-Bach program. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 12, at 8.)

ANTHONY NEWMAN—Harpsichord, in the third in a series of four all-Bach programs, this one with Edward Brewer, also harpsichord, and a string ensemble. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 13, at 2:30.)

REGER QUARTET—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 13, at 2:30.)

RENATA BABAK—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 13, at 7:30.)

AMATI QUARTET—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, April 14, at 8.)

MUSIC FROM MARLBORO—Lucy Chapman, violin; Bruno Giuranna, viola; Paul Tobias, cello; and Paul Dunkel, flute, in a Mozart-Beethoven program. The final concerts of the season. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, April 14, at 8. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, April 17, at 8.)

HAN DE VRIES—Oboe. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, April 15, at 8.)

BEAUX ARTS TRIO—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 18, at 8.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—André Watts, piano; Jaime Laredo, violin; Leslie Parnas, cello; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 18, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 20, at 5.)

IAN SHAPINSKY—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, April 19, at 5.)

MISCELLANY

METROPOLITAN OPERA NATIONAL FINALS—Nine singers chosen at the semifinals will appear in the final audition of the 1975 competition sponsored by the Metropolitan Opera National Council. (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. Sunday, April 13, at 2. Noted as a reminder only; all seats have been sold.) . . . **NOTE:** On Wednesday, April 16, at 12:10, the three or four final winners will give a concert at St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St., with the St. Thomas Choir. No tickets necessary.

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LUCIANO BERIO RETROSPECTIVE CONCERT—A program of his music, performed by Jeannette Walters, soprano; Alice Shields, mezzo-soprano; Douglas Perry, tenor; Nora Post, oboe; Marilyn Dubow, violin; Cheryl Seltzer, piano; Joel Sachs, acting as pianist and conductor; and the Lenox Quartet. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, April 16, at 8. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

INTERLUDES—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (*JU 2-4536*)—Wednesday, April 9, at 5:45: **TWYLA THARP DANCE COMPANY**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 16, at 5:45: **RONNY WHYTE AND TRAVIS HUDSON.**

DON RENO-BILL HARRELL AND THE TENNESSEE CUT-UPS—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium. Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Wednesday, April 9, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 598-3757.

BETTE MIDLER'S CLAMS-ON-THE-HALF-SHELL REVUE—With Lionel Hampton. (Minskoff Theatre, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Preview Saturday, April 12, at 8. Opens officially on Monday, April 14, and will run through Saturday, May 10. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30.)

JAKI BYARD QUARTET—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, April 13, at 3, 4, and 5. *No tickets necessary.*

EDDIE PALMIERI, GATO BARBIERI, AND AIRTO—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, April 13, at 8.

52ND STREET LEGACY—Stan Getz, Tiny Grimes, Percy Heath, Dick Hyman, Illinois Jacquet, Etta Jones, Joe Jones, Jimmy McPartland, Jackie Paris, Paul Quinichette, Slam Stewart, Billy Taylor, and others. (Town Hall. Tuesday, April 15, at 8.)

JOHN PRINE—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, April 18, at 8.

ROBIN TROWER—With Joe Vitale's Madmen. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, April 18, at 8 and 11:30. For information about tickets, call 757-9516.)

NEW YORK JAZZ REPERTORY COMPANY—A program entitled "Seventy-five Years of Jazz." (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 18, at 8.)

JOHN COLTRANE TRIBUTE—Andrew White conducting the Collective Black Artists Ensemble in a program of Coltrane music. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 19, at 8.)

NATIONAL JAZZ ENSEMBLE—Chuck Israels conducting, with Bob James. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Saturday, April 19, at 8. For information about tickets, call 741-5690.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

BASEBALL—At Shea Stadium—**METS:** Vs. Philadelphia, Thursday, April 10, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Chicago, Saturday, April 19, at 2:15. . . . **YANKEES:** Vs. Detroit, Friday and Saturday, April 11-12, at 2, and Sunday, April 13, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Boston, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 15-16, at 2.

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—National Basketball Association championship playoffs, Eastern Division: *Knicks vs. Houston.* (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, April 10, at 9.) . . . ¶ American Basketball Association championship playoffs, Eastern Division: Nets vs. St. Louis. (Nassau Coliseum. Wednesday, April 9, at 8:05, and, if necessary, Tuesday, April 15, and Friday, April 18, at 8:05.)

CREW—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, April 19.)

HOCKEY—National Hockey League Patrick Division playoffs—Rangers vs. Islanders. The second game at Nassau Coliseum, Thursday, April 10, at 8:05, and, if necessary, the third game at Madison Square Garden, Friday, April 11, at 9:05.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 31. The Ruthless, Wednesday, April 9; the Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 12; the Bed o' Roses Handicap, Wednesday, April 16; and the Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 19. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, May 27.

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, May 17. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15, *from* Thursday, April 17, through Saturday, Nov. 15.

FOR CHILDREN

MUSIC—By the **BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA:** David Amram conducting a "Bach to Gershwin" program. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, April 12, at 3.) . . . **LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN:** "Patience," Saturday and Sunday, April 12-13, at 4. . . . ¶ "The Mikado," Saturday, April 19, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES:** "Alice in Wonderland." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturday and Sunday, April 12-13, at 12:30 and 3:30.) . . . **CHILDREN'S REPERTORY GROUP:** Benefit performances of "How the Witch Grew Rich." (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. Saturday and Sunday, April 12-13, at 1 and 3. For information about tickets, call 838-4578.) . . . **MERI MINI PLAYERS:** "Looice," Saturday, April 12, at 12:30 and 2:30. . . . ¶ "Alice Through the Looking Glass," Sunday, April 13, at 2:30. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. On Sunday, April 13, at 6, a benefit performance of "Looice" will be given, along with excerpts from "Alice Through the Looking Glass." For tickets, call 697-0730.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The new show is called "Between the Planets." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department *number to* call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

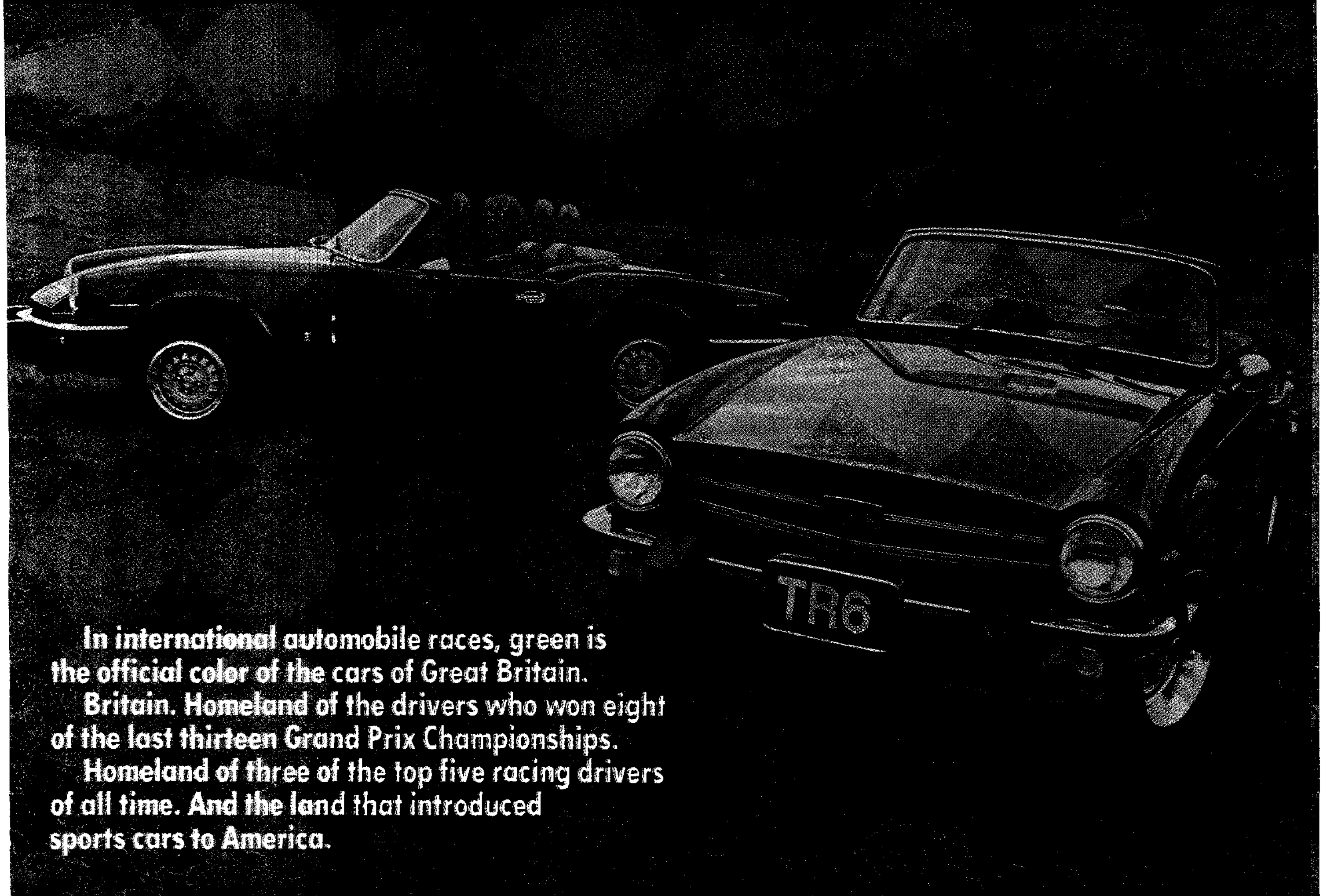
LANA TURNER—In an informal interview and discussion with the audience, following a showing of film clips from some of her motion pictures. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, April 13, at 8:15.)

POETRY READINGS—Madeline Defrees and Michael Dennis Browne reading from their own works. (Art Gallery, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, April 14, at 8.) . . . ¶ Diane Wakoski reading from her own works. (Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, April 15, at 7:30. Admission is free.)

FLEA MARKET—The New York Flea Market, at Sixth Ave. and 25th St., is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

AUCTIONS—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, April 10, at 2: Jewelry, from several owners. . . . ¶ Friday, April 11, at 10:15 and 2: African, Oceanic, and pre-Columbian art; from various owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 2: English furniture and decorations, from many sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 15, at 10:15 and 2: Americana books, maps, and prints; from several collectors. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 10. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 17, at 2: American paintings, drawings, and sculptures from the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries; from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 12.

FROM THE LAND OF BRITISH RACING GREEN



In international automobile races, green is the official color of the cars of Great Britain.

Britain. Homeland of the drivers who won eight of the last thirteen Grand Prix Championships.

Homeland of three of the top five racing drivers of all time. And the land that introduced sports cars to America.

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The successor to the TR2, TR3, and TR4, the TR6 is one of the last wind-in-the-hair open sports cars.

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The Spitfire is truly a piece of history, named after the fighter-plane that won the Battle of Britain.

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A 1500cc four-cylinder engine gives the car sparkling acceleration. And its cornering power is in the same league as the $5,400 Datsun Z series, the $6,900 Alfa Romeo GTV and the $12,000 Porsche 911.*

All of which helped Spitfires win the F Production National Championship in Sports Car Club of America competition for the past two years.

The classically British TR6 and the race-bred Spitfire 1500. In the British tradition of open sports cars.

TRIUMPH BRITISH LEYLAND

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*To be precise, .87g's, according to the 1973 Car & Driver road test.

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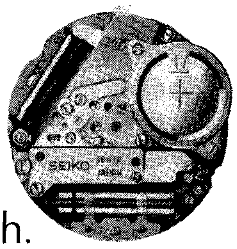

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Seiko Time Corporation, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Janis."

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through April 12: "Frankenstein," "The Bride of Frankenstein," and "Son of Frankenstein."
April 13-15: "Flying Down to Rio" and "The Gay Divorcée."
From April 16: "Penny Serenade" and "None but the Lonely Heart."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through April 15: "Freebie and the Bean" and "Badlands."
From April 16: "Emmanuelle" and another feature, to be announced.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Murder on the Orient Express."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 15: "Harry & Tonto."
From April 16: "Emmanuelle."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Great Waldo Pepper."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Prisoner of Second Avenue."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Towering Inferno."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"And Now My Love."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Rosebud."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Passenger."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Shampoo."

R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Amarcord."

R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Chinatown" and "The Conversation."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"King of Hearts."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Hearts and Minds."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Stavisky."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"A Woman Under the Influence."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through April 12: "The 7th Voyage of Sinbad."
From April 13: "Emmanuelle."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Yakuza."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Middle of the World."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Funny Lady."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 15: "The Stepford Wives."
From April 16: "The Front Page."

JULIET 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Stepford Wives."

JULIET 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Murder on the Orient Express."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Amarcord."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Lenny."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Funny Lady."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through April 15: "The Four Musketeers."
From April 16: "Capone."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Great Waldo Pepper."

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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			9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Chinatown" and "The Conversation."

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (Separate admissions; call 674-2560 for particulars.)
April 9: "Ulysses"/"The Joyless Street"/"Harold and Maude."
April 10: "Ulysses"/"Through and Through"/"Harold and Maude."
April 11: "Five Easy Pieces"/"Viva la Muerte!"/"Harold and Maude."
April 12: "Painters Painting"/"Five Easy Pieces"/"Viva la Muerte!"/"Orphans of the Storm."
April 13: "Painters Painting"/"Children of Paradise"/"America"/"Five Easy Pieces."
April 14: "The Threepenny Opera"/"I. F. Stone's Weekly"/"David Holzman's Diary."
April 15: "Dutchman"/"The Red and the Gold"/"The Threepenny Opera."
April 16: "Invasion of the Body Snatchers"/"Le Jour Se Lève"/"Savage Messiah."
April 17: "Invasion of the Body Snatchers"/"Salvation"/"Savage Messiah."

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Young Frankenstein."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Amarcord."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Lenny."

QUAD CINEMAS 1, 2, 3, and **4**, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through April 15 at one or another of the theatres: "Chinatown" and "The Conversation"/"Les Violons du Bal" and "Marry Me! Marry Me!"/"A Woman Under the Influence"/"Les Enfants Terribles."
From April 16: To be announced.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through April 10: "Fellini's Roma" and "The Clowns."
April 11-12: "8½" and "Juliet of the Spirits."
April 13: One performance, at noon, of "A Taste of Honey."
April 13-14: "La Strada" and "Nights of Cabiria."
April 15: "Variety Lights" and "I Vitelloni."
April 16: "Minnie and Moskowitz" and "Faces."
From April 17: "Rebel Without a Cause" and "If . . ."

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"The Godfather, Part II."

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Earthquake."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Sting" and "American Graffiti."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"At Long Last Love."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Tommy."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Young Frankenstein."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"A Brief Vacation."

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
April 9: "The Collector" and "Peeping Tom."
April 10: "Viridiana" and "Belle de Jour."
April 11: "Death in Venice" and "The Confessions of Felix Krull."
April 12: "A Streetcar Named Desire" and *"Baby Doll."*
April 13: "You Were Never Lovelier" and "You'll Never Get Rich."
April 14: "An American Tragedy" and "Crime and Punishment."
April 15: "The Passion of Anna" and "The Touch."
April 16: "Charade" and "Two for the Road."
April 17: "Je T'Aime, Je T'Aime" and "Les Créatures."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through April 12: "Emmanuelle."
From April 13: "Don't Cry with Your Mouth Full."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Rosebud."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Amarcord."

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Donkey Skin."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Murder on the Orient Express."

LOEWS 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through April 15: "California Split" and "The Odessa File."
From April 16: To be announced.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Young Frankenstein."

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"Chinatown" and "The Conversation."

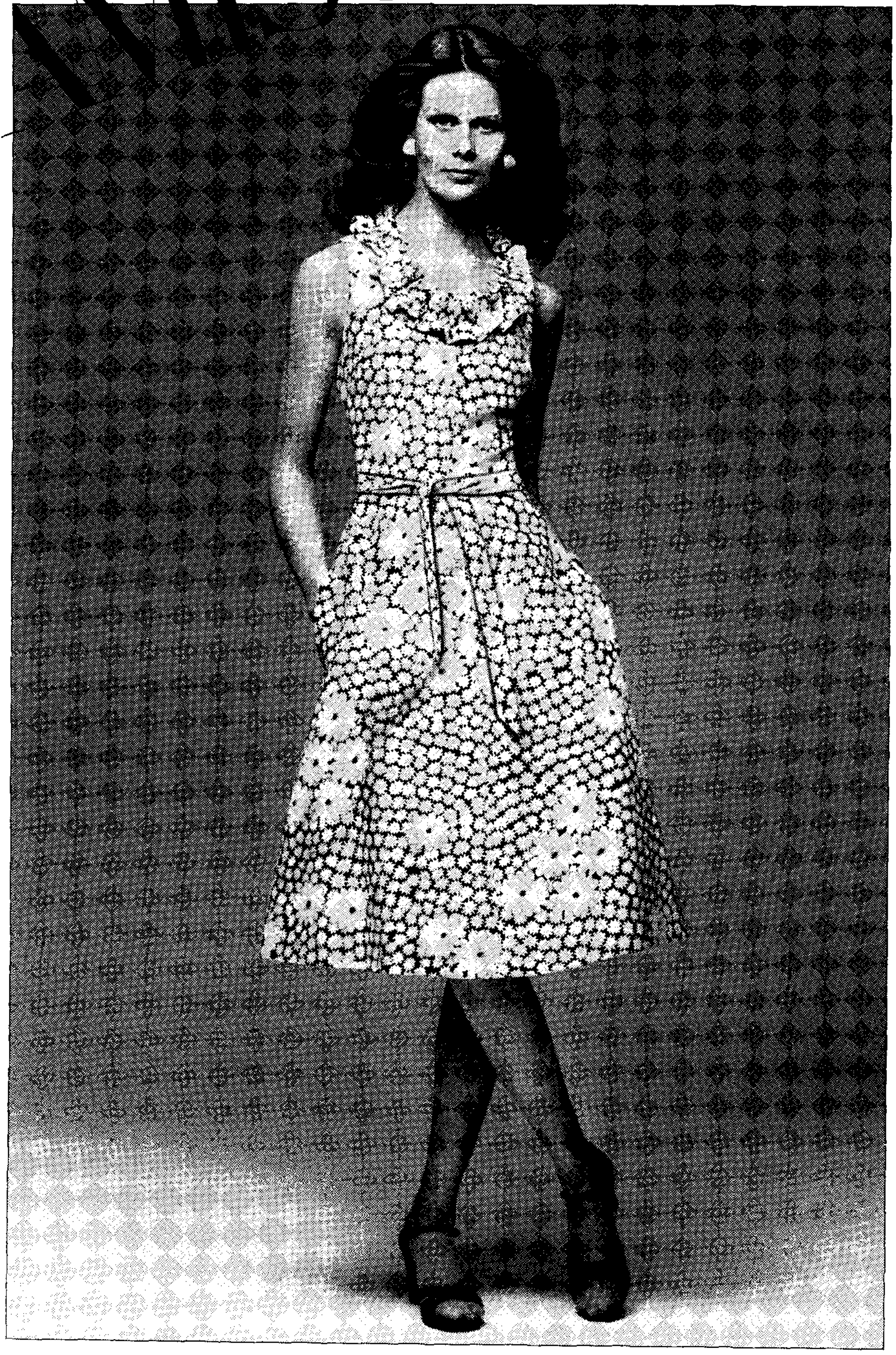
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"Lenny."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through April 15: "Harry & Tonto" and "Claudine."
From April 16: "The Front Page" and "The Black Windmill."

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—April 9 at 5:30: "War Comes to America" (1945), directed by Anatole Litvak, a documentary from the "Why We Fight" series. . . . ¶ April 10 at 5:30: "The Mysterious X" (1913), a Danish silent film, directed by Benjamin Christensen; no inter-titles. . . . ¶ April 10 at 8: "The Parson's Widow" (1920), a Danish silent film, directed by Carl Dreyer; Swedish inter-titles only. . . . ¶ April 11 at 2 and April 12 at noon: "Sous les Toits de Paris" (1930), in French, directed by René Clair; *no English subtitles.* . . . ¶ April 12 at 3: "Scotland Yard" (1930), directed by William K. Howard, with Edmund Lowe and Joan Bennett. . . . ¶ April 13 at 12:30: "Duck Soup" (1933), directed by Leo McCarey, with the Marx Brothers and Margaret Dumont. . . . ¶ April 13 at 3: "The Freshman" (1925), a silent film, directed by Sam Taylor and Fred Newmeyer, with Harold Lloyd. . . . ¶ April 14 at 2: "The Parson's Widow." . . . ¶ April 15 at 2 and April 16 at 5:30: "War Italian Style" (1966), directed by Luigi Scattini, with Buster Keaton and Martha Hyer. . . . ¶ April 17 at 5:30: "Forbidden Fruit" (1921), a silent film, directed by Cecil B. De Mille, with Agnes Ayres. . . . ¶ April 17 at 8: "Witchcraft Through the Ages" (1922), a Swedish silent film, directed by Benjamin Christensen; no English inter-

JAMISON.



A study in the unstudied look. Jamison's little bistro dress. A soupçon of ruffles on a field of black and white flowers. 100% cotton, sizes 6 to 16. About $64. Long version, about $78.
Jamison, a division of Nat Kaplan, Inc., 498 Seventh Avenue, New York.

titles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—April 10: "Girls About Town" (1931), directed by George Cukor, with Kay Francis and Joel McCrea. . . . ¶ April 11: "Love Is a Racket" (1932), directed by William A. Wellman, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Frances Dee. . . . ¶ April 12-13: "Sabrina" (1954), directed by Billy Wilder, with Humphrey Bogart, Audrey Hepburn, and William Holden. . . . ¶ April 17: "Central Airport" (1933), directed by William A. Wellman, with Richard Barthelmess and Sally Eilers. (Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 3:30 and 5:30. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 1 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—April 10-15: "Path of Cessation," directed by Robert Fulton, and "Images of Asian Music," directed by Peter Hutton. . . . ¶ Starting April 16: "Methadone: An American Way of Dealing," directed by Julia Reichert and Jim Klein, and "Susan: April to June," directed by Linda Jassim. Showings at noon (except Wednesdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Jacobs, Keaton, Jordan, Kubelka, Markopoulos, Morris, Frampton, Acconci, Nelson, Mass, Keery, Mekas, and others. Showings April 9-10 at 5, 7, and 9:30; April 11 at 6, 8, and 10; April 12 at 2:30, 6, 8, and 10; April 13 at 8; April 15 at 5, 7, and 9:30; April 16 at 5, 7, and 9; and April 17 at 6 and 7:30.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—The final programs in a ten-day festival of new films by new directors. April 11 at 6 and April 12 at 8:30: "A Private Enterprise" (England; Peter K. Smith). . . . ¶ April 11 at 8:30 and April 13 at 6: "Bar Salon" (Canada; André Forcier). . . . ¶ April 11 at 11 P.M. and April 14 at 6: "Wedding Trough" (Belgium; Thierry Zeno). . . . ¶ April 12 at 6 and April 15 at 8:30: A program of four short films by American directors. . . . ¶ April 12 at 11 P.M. and April 14 at 8:30: "Once Upon a Time in the East" (Canada; André Brassard). . . . ¶ April 13 at 8:30 and April 15 at 6: "Alma" (Brazil; Zelito Viana). (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. For information about tickets, call 765-5100, Ext 311.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore—Ellen Burstyn stars in this Martin Scorsese comedy, from an original script by Robert Getchell, about a thirty-five-year-old widow who sets out with her young son to make a new life. Full of funny malice and breakneck vitality, it's absorbing and intelligent even when the issues it raises get all fouled up. With Harvey Keitel, Kris Kristofferson, Valerie Curtin, Lelia Goldoni, Lane Bradbury, Diane Ladd, and, as the son, wire-drawn little Alfred Lutter, who has crack comedy timing. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/13/75.) (34th St. East.)

Amarcord—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (called Titta, played by Bruno Zanin), and it catches the sense of Italianate fun, the small-town self-importance that Fellini understands and loves. (9/23/74) (In Italian, with subtitles, at the Trans-Lux 85th St., 8th St. Playhouse, and Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ In dubbed English at the R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1.)

America (1924)—It would seem that D. W. Griffith didn't have the emotional involvement in the American Revolution that he had in the Civil War. This ambitious, elaborate epic is tame and stolid compared to "The Birth of a Nation." There are wonderful sequences, but it's a rather academic work—the sort of thing that always gets praised for its "authenticity." The cast includes Neil Hamilton and Carol Dempster (at less than par, even for her), and Lionel Barrymore as the villain. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 13.)

American Graffiti (1973)—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (8/13/73) (Guild.)

An American Tragedy (1931)—This version of the Dreiser novel, scripted by Samuel Hoffenstein and directed by Josef von Sternberg, is best in the scenes relating to the poor factory girl, Roberta (Sylvia Sidney), and her drowning; Sylvia Sidney is so appealing that the pathos of Roberta's situation is intensified. However, the film vulgarizes Dreiser's conception of Clyde Griffiths (the handsome, long-jawed, blond Phillips Holmes, who died young), and turns his drives and actions into tabloid commonplaces. Von Sternberg shows surprisingly little of the feeling for psychological complexity that he had brought to "The Blue Angel" the year before, and Dreiser furiously protested this picture (he sued Paramount). Although the film respects his framework, it seems indifferent to what it meant in the novel. What's left—a tragic romance—is still affecting. Frances Dee is the rich Sondra (the role Elizabeth Taylor played in a later version, "A Place in the Sun"), and the cast includes Irving Pichel. Lee Garmes is the cinematographer. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 14.)

And Now My Love—A winsome love story that believes firmly in the predetermination of love and—the gifts of Lelouch. The film includes one of those cinéastes' *hommages*—an unusual one, to a movie by Lelouch himself ("A Man and a Woman"). The man in the current movie (André Dussollier) is a poor but honest jailbird who turns to porno filmmaking, then to commercial filmmaking, then to a future of Lelouch-like, snow-white feature filmmaking about life, love, and death; this takes him to America, travelling first-class. The girl (Marthe Keller), rich but also honest, and very, very bored, inherits a fortune from her father (Charles Denner). She becomes a Socialist, gives away her fortune, throws on a simple mackintosh, casually tells her meek husband at the door of their colossally grand house to sell it, goes to the airport (in a chauffeur-driven car), and travels to America. She, too, goes first-class, in spite of her Socialism, because she and André Dussollier have been fated to meet all through the film: in a Lelouch movie, love and the director's sense of convenience conquer all. There is a nice side character (Charles Gérard), an older jailbird turned film producer, who has an interesting expertise in hens. Story and screenplay by Lelouch and Peter Uytterhoeven. In French. (4/7/75) (Fine Arts.)

At Long Last Love—Peter Bogdanovich's stillborn musical comedy, with Burt Reynolds as a bored millionaire playboy, Cybill Shepherd as a spoiled heiress, and sixteen Cole Porter songs. Performed as they are here, their antique smartness sounds smug, though "Find Me a Primitive Man," with Madeline Kahn nudging her thighs together, has some humor. (3/24/75) (Music Hall.)

Baby Doll (1956)—Tennessee Williams' droll and engrossing carnal comedy, set lowdown in Mississippi. The infantile erotic heroine (Carroll Baker) sucks her thumb and sleeps in a crib. Her middle-aged husband (Karl Malden) has agreed not to consummate the marriage until she is twenty; meanwhile her husband's enemy, a sharp Sicilian (Eli Wallach), lays expert hands on her. (His performance is also expert.) With Mildred Dunnock and a number of residents of Benoit, Mississippi, whom the director, Elia Kazan, employed as extras. There are some wobbly moments toward the end, but it's an entertaining picture. When it came out, it was condemned by the Catholic Legion of Decency, and *Time* said that it was "just possibly the dirtiest American-made motion picture that has ever been legally exhibited," with "Priapean detail that might well have embarrassed Boccaccio." It's not quite all that. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 12.)

Badlands (1973)—Set at the end of the fifties, Terrence Malick's début picture is about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girl friend (Sissy Spacek), who start a murderous spree in South Dakota. The young lovers are psychologically aberrant, and their moral vacuum spreads over the flat, dead landscape. Malick appears to be saying that mass-culture banality is killing our souls and making everybody affectless. An intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation—but so preconceived that there's nothing left to respond to. (3/18/74) (St. Marks Cinema; through April 15.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 10.)

The Black Windmill—An English gunrunning story, directed by the American Don Siegel from a screenplay by Leigh Vance. Michael Caine plays a stoic-looking English investigator whose son is kidnapped, bringing him and his separated wife (Janet Suzman) together again. Hunting the kidnappers and the gunrunners in France and England, he is himself pursued by forces of officialdom (Scotland Yard, M.I.5, the French police). The film is helped by a lot of inventive gadgetry nearly up to 007's. Good small-boy stuff. (6/3/74) (Olympia; starting April 16.)

The Bride of Frankenstein (1935)—James Whale, Universal's prewar master of horror pictures, made this Frankenstein sequel when the studio realized that killing off the Monster had been an act of commercial lunacy. Risking forgetfulness on the public's part, they blandly restored the destroyed money-spinner to life. The sequel is actually better than the original. Elsa Lanchester's hair is dressed in the manner of a rather distraught daughter of Pharaoh, and Ernest Thesiger is a wonderfully eccentric scientist. Universal objected at the time that Boris Karloff was becoming too human, with his crusty jokes and his addiction to smoking. That may be part of our time's pleasure in the piece. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through April 12.)

A Brief Vacation—Vittorio De Sica's final collaboration with the scriptwriter Cesare Zavattini was on this story of Clara (Florinda Bolkan), a Calabrian peasant who is a factory worker in Milan; resentful, beaten down to a morose stupor, she's also oppressed by her husband (Renato Salvatori), who uses her sexually as if she were a farm beast he owned. When she collapses and is sent to a sanatorium in northern Italy to be cured of tuberculosis, the schizoid picture leaves this working-class grimness behind; it's swoony romanticism from then on, almost like a dressy fantasy starring Elizabeth Taylor. Clara discovers art and spirituality, and she finds a frail, dewy-eyed lover (Daniel Quenaud) who drips nobility as only a narcissistic bad actor can. Sedately sentimental, with Adriana Asti playing a feverishly frisky, dying music-hall entertainer in the gallant-waif Piaf style. In Italian. (3/3/75) (Little Carnegie.)

California Split—Robert Altman's beautiful, smoky, funny film about gambling, with Elliott Gould as a retaliatory-minded joker and George Segal as a magazine writer with something clenched about him. The film seems to be being improvised. We catch at events and personalities by the ends of threads. The sound track of Joseph Walsh's first-rate screenplay is full of murmurs and densely packed with talk, recorded on eight tracks, often with eleven mikes going at once. This is Altman's best film since "McCabe & Mrs. Miller"—comic, loose-limbed, dangerous, with a kindly eye for the out-of-step. (8/19/74) (Loews 83rd St.; through April 15.)

Capone—With Ben Gazzara and Susan Blakely, directed by Steve Carver. (Loews Ciné; starting April 16.)

Charade (1963)—Widow Audrey Hepburn, looking chic and quite ungrieved and ravishingly pretty, is trying to get back a load of loot secreted by her late husband. Cary Grant helps, and love triumphs. Stanley Donen directed—it's suave, but not up to much. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 16.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 13.)

Chinatown—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. Jack Nicholson's performances get better and more lissome every time. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (7/1/74) (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Symphony.... ¶ Quad Cinema; through April 15.)

Claudine (1974)—A Harlem love story that would reflect a sophisticated, knowing exhaustion if it concerned whites, but maintains its stamina, good humor, and cheek because it is played, and mostly made, by blacks. A mother on welfare (Diahann Carroll), with six children, is loved by a garbage man called Roop, himself supporting three children. James Earl Jones plays the character with an endearing mixture of romance, cowardice, and natural sexiness about his beautiful but obstinate catch of a girl. Produced by Hannah Weinstein, directed by John Berry, written by Tina and Lester Pine. (4/29/74) (Olympia; through April 15.)

The Clowns (1971)—Fellini, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (Elgin; through April 10.)

The Collector (1965)—Terence Stamp captures Samantha Eggar and keeps her locked up in a cellar in England. Stanley Mann's banal script does no service to John Fowles' novel, but the William Wyler production has an inexorable, compulsive drive. A handsome, though too dignified, movie. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 9.)

The Confessions of Felix Krull (1957)—Thomas Mann's last novel (a debonair expansion of his early short story) is a lively account of a cherubic young confidence man who uses his natural endowments in a variety of heterosexual and homosexual liaisons. Fox-eyed Horst Buchholz plays the role as if born to it. Kurt Hoffmann shot the film in Germany, Paris, and Lisbon, and—like the book—it bounces along from affair to affair. Among Felix's admirers are Liselotte Pulver as Zaza, Ingrid Andree as Zouzou, Susi Nicoletti as Madame Houpfle (who tears off Felix's clothes, forces him to steal from her, and then cries, "Oh, how delightfully you debase me!"), and Walter Rilla as Lord Killmarnoch (who wants to adopt Felix). The fun isn't sustained, but the first part of the picture has considerable charm. Erika Mann appears in the bit part of an English governess. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 11.)

The Conversation (1974)—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. A terrifying depiction of a ransacked spirit. (4/15/74) (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Symphony.... ¶ Quad Cinema; through April 15.)

Les Créatures (1966)—Michel Piccoli plays a writer with a beautiful pregnant wife (Catherine Deneuve, looking inhumanly beautiful) who has lost the power of speech; Eva Dahlbeck is a hotelkeeper. Complicated, full of gamesmanship and subplots, and maybe only for those who like to play chess—if for them. Agnès Varda wrote and directed. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 17.)

Crime and Punishment (1935)—There's almost everything you can think of the matter with this Hollywood version, directed by Josef von Sternberg, but it has got the greatest Raskolnikov of any of the screen versions: Peter Lorre. He had only three roles that tapped his full talent—the child-murderer in "M," the hero in "The Face Behind the Mask," and this one. His Raskolnikov is a remarkably suggestive and witty performance. Stolid Edward Arnold is embarrassingly miscast as Inspector Porfiry; if Harry Baur, who did the role in the thirties French version, had played opposite Lorre, this film might have caught fire. As the pawnbroker, Mrs. Patrick Campbell adds some distinction, but not much can be said for the Madonna lighting given to Marian Marsh's placid Sonya, or for the standard Hollywood performances of Elizabeth Risdon as Raskolnikov's mother, Tala Birell as his sister, and Gene Lockhart, Robert Allen, and Douglass Dumbrille. There's nothing Russian about them but the long-winded names by which they address each other. Lucien Ballard did the cinematography, in the stylized von Sternberg manner. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 14.)

David Holzman's Diary (1969)—About a young filmmaker (L. M. Kit Carson) who films his own life. The film is often rather barren in its self-consciousness, like an autobiographical first novel by a writer who hasn't lived much. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 14.)

Death in Venice (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carrying-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 11.)

Donkey Skin—Jacques Demy's Cinderella story about Catherine Deneuve dressed up in a donkey skin and working as a skivvy, but we all know she's Chanel No. 5 and the only person whose finger the prince's ring will fit. Wallpaper film, with pretty music by Michel Legrand. In French. (Regency.)

Don't Cry with Your Mouth Full—With Annie Colé, directed by Pascal Thomas. In French. (Paris; starting April 13.)

Dutchman (1967)—Shirley Knight and Al Freeman, Jr., in a movie version of LeRoi Jones' play about a white girl maniac and her Negro victim. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 15.)

Earthquake—L.A. gets it. The picture is swill, but it isn't a cheat, like "Airport 1975," which is cut-rate swill. This one is an entertaining marathon of Grade-A destruction effects, with B-picture stock characters spinning through it. Among them are Ava Gardner, the grimly resolute Charlton Heston, and Geneviève Bujold, whose witty style gives the picture its only touch of class. Mark Robson directed. (12/2/74) (New Embassy.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (Elgin; April 11-12.)

Emmanuelle—With Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny, directed by Just Jaeckin. In French. X-rated. (Paris; through April 12.... ¶ Columbia II; starting April 13.... ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Gramercy; starting April 16.)

Les Enfants Terribles (1950; called "The Strange Ones" when it was first released in this country)—The director, Jean-Pierre Melville, expands Cocteau's novel about the shared disorder and confused narcissism of a brother and sister into a baroque tragicomedy in which the characters move, as compulsively as in a dream, toward self-destruction. With Nicole Stéphane, fiercely elegant as the dominating Elizabeth; Edouard Dermithe as Paul; Renée Cosima as Dargelos and Agatha; Jacques Bernard as Gérard. A film almost voluptuous in its evocation of temperament and atmosphere. Cocteau provides cryptic, emblematic narration. The music (Bach-Vivaldi) is one of the few effective film usages of great music. In French. (Quad Cinema; through April 15.)

Faces (1968)—John Cassavetes' view of the meaninglessness of life for the well-heeled middle-aged. His semi-documentary method is controversial, and what some find agonizingly true and beautiful others may find merely embarrassingly clumsy. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Elgin; April 16.)

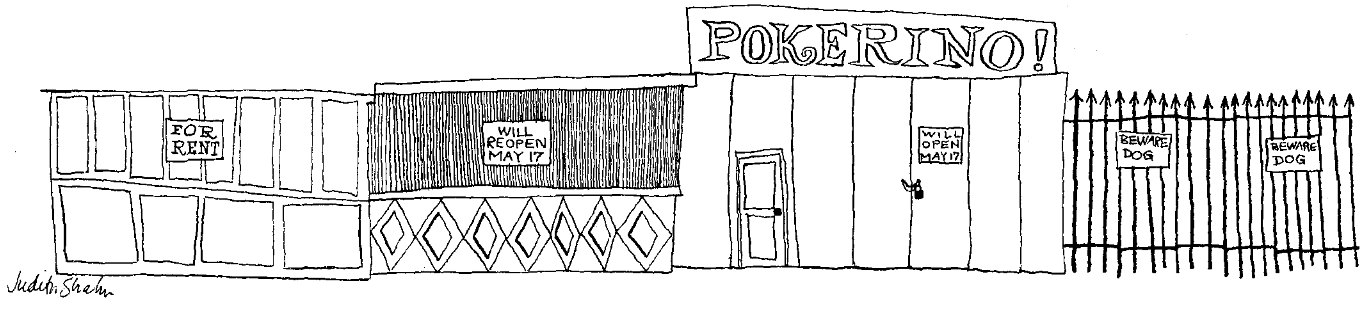
Fellini's Roma (1972)—This funeral ode to a poisoned city is often beautiful, but it's also fatuous and empty. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (Elgin; through April 10.)

Five Easy Pieces (1970)—Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to squander it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when time gives out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directed. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 11-13.)

Flying Down to Rio (1933)—The romantic leads in this R.K.O. musical were Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, and Raul Roulien, but it is famous for being the movie in which Ginger met Fred. (They were intended for comic relief.) The dances, including "The Carioca" and the airborne number that Ken Russell imitated in "The Boy Friend," were choreographed by Dave Gould; the songs, by Gus Kahn, Edward Eliscu, and Vincent Youmans, include "Orchids in the Moonlight" and "Music Makes Me." Thornton Freeland directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 13-15.)

The Four Musketeers—Richard Lester's cheerful solution of how to turn "The Three Musketeers," which ran four hours, into a manageable movie: he simply made two films of it. This is the second. Very likable, with Michael York as the extra musketeer, Roy Kinnear as the trudging dogsbody of the other three (Richard Chamberlain, Frank Finlay, Oliver Reed), Raquel Welch, and splendid comic performances by Faye Dunaway, caparisoned with ringlets, and, of all people, Charlton Heston (Cardinal Richelieu). Written by George MacDonald Fraser, author of the "Flashman" series. (3/31/75) (Loews Ciné; through April 15.)

Frankenstein (1931)—Probably the most famous of all horror films, and one of the best. It was not the first version of the Mary Shelley novel (there had been a "Frankenstein" as early as 1910), but this version, directed by James Whale, with Boris Karloff as the sad, lumbering Monster and Colin Clive as the high-strung, tormented Baron Frankenstein, caught the imagination of a large public—and has held it for four decades. With Mae Clarke, John Boles, Edward



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Van Sloan, and Dwight Frye as the Monster's first victim. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through April 12.)

Freebie and the Bean—James Caan and Alan Arkin swallow so many of their lines that it could be they're ashamed to say them. If they're not, they should be. There's a beating or a killing or, at least, a yelling scene every couple of minutes in this spoofy slapstick cop farce, directed by Richard Rush and written by Robert Kaufman. With Valerie Harper, Loretta Swit, Linda Marsh, Jack Kruschen, Mike Kellin, Alex Rocco, and Christopher Morley. (St. Marks Cinema; through April 15.)

The Front Page—Ben Hecht's and Charles MacArthur's rowdy dream of newspaper life, first produced on the stage in 1928, seems to be foolproof, and the structure still stands up in this new version, directed by Billy Wilder. But something singular and marvellous has been diminished to the sloppy ordinary. Wilder and his co-scenarist, I. A. L. Diamond, think that the way to make a dialogue comedy work for modern audiences is to convert the dialogue into noise; their version is a harsh, scrambling-for-laughs gag comedy. Walter Matthau, who gets a chance at a really classy American character—Walter Burns, the funny, mean, egomaniac editor—plays him like a whistle-stop Bear Bryant. Matthau, however, still gets his laughs. Jack Lemmon doesn't; his Hildy Johnson—the best reporter in Chicago—is like a mortuary assistant having a wild fling. There's only one freshly felt performance—Austin Pendleton as Earl Williams, the fuddled anarchist concealed in the famous rolltop desk; speaking softly but hurriedly, the words tumbling together in a slight and affecting stammer. Pendleton provides the only touch of innocence in this loud production. (1/27/75) (72nd Street East, and Olympia; starting April 16.)

Funny Lady—The moviemakers weren't just going to make a sequel to "Funny Girl"—they were going to kill us. (And they wanted to outdo "Cabaret," besides.) As Fanny Brice, Barbra Streisand is no longer human; she's like a bitchy female impersonator imitating Barbra Streisand. She's in beautiful voice, but her singing is too terrific; it's no longer singing, it's strident overdramatization that turns a song into a big number. The picture is overproduced and badly edited, with a forties-movie-heartbreak plot. A great deal of talent has been badly used, though James Caan has some good scenes as scrubby, anxious Billy Rose, and Streisand is charming in the wittily staged "I Found a Million Dollar Baby in a Five and Ten Cent Store." Ray Stark produced; Herbert Ross directed. The new songs are by Kander and Ebb. (3/17/75) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Orpheum.)

The Gay Divorcée (1934)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers appeared together in "Flying Down to Rio" in 1933, but this was their first co-starring film. The plot is trivial French farce, but the dances are among the wittiest and the most lyrical expressions of American romanticism on the screen. It may be accurate to say that no one who saw them do "The Continental" or watched the great, tense, seductive dance they perform to Cole Porter's "Night and Day" has ever quite forgotten "The Gay Divorcée"—even if he thinks he has. With Alice Brady, Edward Everett Horton, and Eric Blore; directed by Mark Sandrich. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 13-15.)

The Godfather, Part II—The daring of Part II is that it enlarges the scope and deepens the meaning of the first film. Visually, Part II is far more complexly beautiful than the first, just as it's thematically richer, more shadowed, fuller. The completed work, contrasting the early manhood of Vito (Robert De Niro) with the life of Michael, his inheritor (Al Pacino), is an epic vision of the corruption of America; this is a bicentennial picture that doesn't insult the intelligence. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola; the script is by Coppola and Mario Puzo. (12/23/74) (Victoria.)

The Great Waldo Pepper—One-hundred-per-cent-pure-plastic adolescent male fantasy. It's set in the twenties, with Robert Redford as a First World War aviator who spends some time barnstorming in the Midwest and then goes to Hollywood, where he lives out his dream of fighting the No. 1 Imperial German ace. William Goldman's coldhearted, clever script and the director George Roy Hill's fresh-painted storytelling almost amount to a style: total inauthenticity. (3/24/75) (Murray Hill, and 86th St. East.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 9-11.)

Harry & Tonto—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, whom he visits after the demolition of his one-room flat. He eventually decides they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. (8/26/74) (Gramercy, and Olympia; through April 15.)

Hearts and Minds—A documentary about the United States involvement in Vietnam, directed by Peter Davis. (Cinema I.)

If . . . (1969)—An odd epic on guerrilla warfare in an English boarding school, combining a cold and queasy view of youth with a romantic view of violence. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. With Malcolm McDowell. (Elgin; starting April 17.)

I. F. Stone's Weekly (1973)—Mr. Stone's tenacity in investigative reporting and in studying open government records has been our good fortune for many years. This is a wonderful documentary, by Jerry Bruck, Jr., about one of the great mavericks that American politics sometimes throws up. Narrated by Tom Wicker. (4/22/74) (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 14.)

Invasion of the Body Snatchers (1956)—A B-picture classic. This plain and inexpensive piece of science fiction employs few of the resources of the cinema (to put it mildly), but it has an idea that confirms everyone's suspicions. People are being turned into vegetables—and who can tell the difference? Kevin McCarthy and Dana Wynter, who try to cling to their animality and individuality, seem inexplicably backward to the rest of the townspeople. With Carolyn Jones, and Sam Peckinpah (who worked on the script) in a few bits. Directed by Don Siegel. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 16-17.)

Janis—A documentary about the late Janis Joplin, including concert appearances and interviews. (Art.)

Je T'Aime, Je T'Aime (1968)—The sorry thing about this dehumanized Alain Resnais film, which comes on with heavy self-depreciation as a science-fiction story, is that it has nothing much but gall, raising most of the big issues of the twentieth century and then dropping them with a clang. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 17.)

Le Jour Se Lève ("Daybreak;" 1939)—The director, Marcel Carné, and the writer, Jacques Prévert, collaborated on this justly famous film about a decent sort of man (Jean Gabin) who is forced to become a murderer by the masochistic trickery of the man he kills (Jules Berry). Perhaps the finest of the French poetic melodramas. With Arletty, and a good score by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 16.)

The Joyless Street (1925; shown in the United States under the title "The Street of Sorrow")—Set in Vienna, this erotic view of the breakdown of postwar society made the ravishing young Greta Garbo (in the flimsiest of evening gowns) internationally famous, although the star of the film is the great, strange Asta Nielsen, as a kept woman. G. W. Pabst directed this extraordinary, novel-like triumph of cinematography and design. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 9.)

Juliet of the Spirits (1965)—Federico Fellini looks at a mousy wife's fantasy life; her unconscious seems to be stuffed with leftover décor from M-G-M musicals. A peculiarly ungallant film. With Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Elgin; April 11-12.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (D. W. Griffith.)

Lenny—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for audiences who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but he's the wrong kind of actor to play Bruce. Hoffman is a nice boy; Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. The film, from a weak script by Julian Barry, accepts the facile, youth-audience-flattering view that Bruce's motivating force was to make people well, and, having swallowed that, can only defuse his humor. So when you listen to Hoffman doing Bruce's shticks you don't even feel like laughing. Valerie Perrine is touching as Honey, and Gary Morton has a fine bit as the type of comic who knew how to keep his public happy. (11/18/74) (U. A. East, Greenwich, and Thalia.)

Marry Me! Marry Me! (1969)—A slight but truly done film by Claude Berri, about a Jewish boy who gets shoved gently into rather the wrong marriage. The film is kindly and acute about compromise. In French. (Quad Cinema; through April 15.)

The Middle of the World—One of the best, most innovative films about the nature of passionate love to come out of Europe since "Scenes from a Marriage" and the pictures of Eric Rohmer. This is a film of tremendous simplicity with a complex intellectual underlay, directed by Alain Tanner and written by him with the English art critic and novelist John Berger. (They did "La Salamandre" together, and Tanner made "Charles Dead or Alive" and "Le Retour d'Afrique.") Set in Switzerland, the watershed divide between the Mediterranean and the North Sea. The hero (Philippe Léotard) is a married engineer who is being manipulated into becoming a local politician; the heroine (Olimpia Carlisi) is an Italian barmaid. Opposites meet, and the film is a record of the two characters' ability to change. Beautifully lucid and thoughtful, shot in long takes without cuts. And also very funny at times, and truly erotic. A trailbreaker. In French. (3/31/75) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Minnie and Moskowitz (1971)—John Cassavetes built this movie on a small conceit—a love affair between two people who are wildly unsuited to each other—and it doesn't work. The picture drivels on about the joys of spontaneity, while Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel remain embarrassingly wrong for each other. (Elgin; April 16.)

Murder on the Orient Express—This all-star version of an Agatha Christie antiquity is utterly inoffensive, and audiences appear to be so hungry for this sort of entertainment that maybe it hardly matters that it isn't very good. Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman are standouts in a cast that includes John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Wendy Hiller, Sean Connery, and Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/9/74) (Cinema Village, Juliet 2, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Nights of Cabiria (1957)—A series of episodes in the life of a dreamy, gullible little Roman streetwalker (Giulietta Masina). Fellini, and very good. In Italian. (Elgin; April 13-14.)

None but the Lonely Heart (1944)—Taken from Richard Llewellyn's novel; directed by Clifford Odets. The chap here is a tragic hero of the border line between London's gentility and London's low life. He is gifted with perfect pitch and a floundering wish for poetic self-expression. The cast includes Cary Grant, taking himself rather sombrely, Barry Fitzgerald (Irish, you may remember), and Ethel Barrymore. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting April 16.)

The Odessa File—With Jon Voight and Maximilian Schell, directed by Ronald Neame. (Loews 83rd St.; through April 15.)

Orphans of the Storm (1921)—It's almost unbelievable, but this D. W. Griffith spectacle set during the French Revolution was not a financial success. It's a marvellous, expensively produced mixture of melodrama and sentimentality, with duels, kidnappings, the storming of the Bastille, and Lillian Gish being saved from the guillotine. Those who saw it as children never forgot the sequence in which Lillian hears the voice of her long-lost blind sister, played by Dorothy Gish; Griffith sequences like this go beyond heart-wringing into some areas of theatrical sublimity. With the handsome young Joseph Schildkraut. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 12.)

Painters Painting (1973)—Painters talking, mostly, often combining the knowledgeable with the dopey. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 12-13.)

The Passenger—With Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Baronet.)

The Passion of Anna (1970)—Ingmar Bergman studies the ebb and flow of spirit in four people living on an island. The moral landscape is totally modern, with barely a modern object in sight. With Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Max von Sydow, and Erland Josephson. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 15.)

Peeping Tom (1960)—Michael Powell, of the Powell and Pressburger team that made "Black Narcissus" and "The Red Shoes," got up this thriller about a psychotic who kills women and photographs their last agonies. It was a controversial film at the time—and some considered it repellent. With Karl Boehm and Moira Shearer. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 9.)

Penny Serenade (1941)—Irene Dunne and Cary Grant, who had made audiences laugh in "The Awful Truth" and "My Favorite Wife," jerked tears this time. They play a childless couple who adopt an infant, learn to love it, as well as feed it and bathe it, and then lose it. The director, George Stevens, dragged his feet (the picture is over two hours long) and he wasn't very subtle, yet he respected the sentimental story and made it convincing to a wide audience; many people talk about this picture as if it had really been deeply moving. With Edgar Buchanan and Beulah Bondi; the screenplay is by Morrie Ryskind. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting April 16.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue—Jack Lemmon, as a New York advertising executive, gets fired, feels worthless, and has a nervous breakdown; Anne Bancroft is his devoted wife. Vaguely about urban despair, full of bad jokes. Melvin Frank has directed the movie version of Neil Simon's sitcom in his usual sagging, fifties style, but probably there isn't a filmmaker in the world who could substantially improve this picture except by throwing out the play altogether. (3/10/75) (Sutton.)

Rebel Without a Cause (1955)—James Dean as the classic misunderstood kid, in the generation-gap soap opera that had more emotional resonance for kids than many much better movies. With Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, and—remember?—Dennis Hopper. Nicholas Ray directed. (Elgin; starting April 17.)

The Red and the Gold (1960)—Directed by Stanislaw Lenartowicz. In Polish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 15.)

Rosebud—Thriller about the Middle East, with no great thrills and no thoughtfulness at all. It has an international cast of actors who speak English as though they were dolphins of high degree who had learnt the language from phonograph records. Five girl teenagers, four of them heirs to fortunes, are hijacked by an Arab terrorist under the orders of a loopy Muslim-converted Englishman called Sloat (Richard Attenborough). He is foiled by Peter O'Toole, using the cover of a job on *Newsweek* to disguise the fact that he is working for the C.I.A. Moral confusion abounds in the film; Otto Preminger, who directed, has a much finer intelligence than this. The fault lies mostly with the inane screenplay, which was adapted by Erik Lee Preminger, Otto's son, from a best-seller by Joan Hemingway, Ernest's granddaughter, and Paul Bonnecarrère. (4/7/75) (Plaza, and Paramount.)

Salvation (1971)—Directed by Edward Zebrowski. In Polish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 17.)

Savage Messiah (1972)—Another of Ken Russell's unstable satires on romantic artists: it's Henri Gaudier-Brzeska's turn this time. Russell makes prankish, venomous jokes about the Vorticists, the suffragettes, and sensual art lovers. As the hero, Scott Antony is like a young, even less talented Rock Hudson or Stewart Granger, but as his platonic lover, Sophie Gaudier-Brzeska, Dorothy Tutin is a brilliant shrew—comic, high-powered, and erotically nasty. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 16-17.)

The 7th Voyage of Sinbad (1958)—With Kerwin Mathews and Kathryn Grant, directed by Nathan Juran. (Columbia II; through April 12.)

Shampoo—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills

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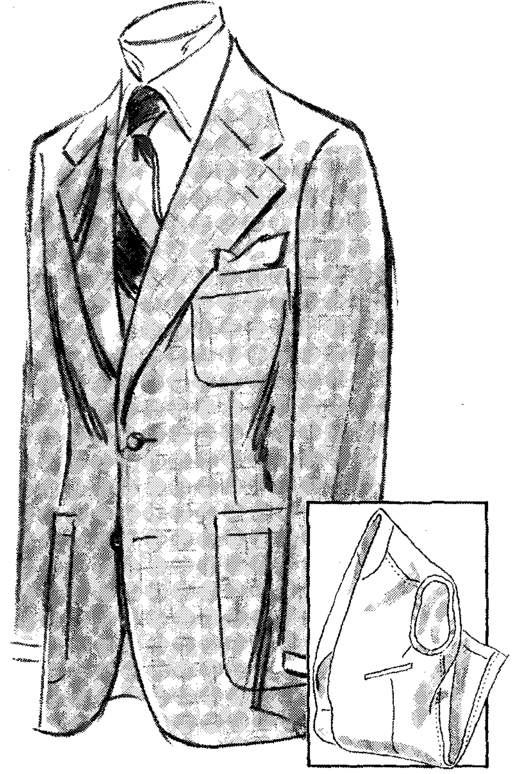

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hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. Exploited for gags, this yummy idea for a movie might have turned into no more than a saucy romp, but the way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The film opens on Election Eve, November 4, 1968, and ends the day after Nixon's and Agnew's victory; the people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. This sophisticated farce, directed by Hal Ashby from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who is also the producer), may be put down as frivolous just because it really isn't. It's a very uncompromising film, and it's going to cause dissension. (2/17/75) (Coronet.)

Son of Frankenstein (1939)—The third and last in the Boris Karloff series, but not directed by James Whale, who did "Frankenstein" and the somewhat whimsical "Bride of Frankenstein." The conception doesn't have the resonance of the first two films. Basil Rathbone plays the Baron, and Bela Lugosi is affecting as Ygor, the shepherd and grave robber who becomes the Monster's only friend. Karloff gets a few inventive scenes (the Monster's revulsion when he sees himself in a mirror, his agonized scream when he discovers that Ygor is dead), but Rowland V. Lee's stodgy direction crosses over from the creepy to the distasteful. The set designs contribute to the dreamy, unworldly mood, and actors such as Lionel Atwill, Edgar Norton, and Gustav von Seyffertitz give the production a certain amount of class. Emma Dunn and timid, terrified Josephine Hutchinson don't. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through April 12.)

Stavisky—Alain Resnais' death song for thirties elegance, featuring a silver Hispano-Suiza, an Art Deco diamond necklace, baskets of white hothouse flowers, and silvery-white skies. The film seems to be a reverie on façades and contrasts, in which the swindler-charmer Stavisky (Jean-Paul Belmondo), who hides his past, is paired with his friend Baron Raoul (Charles Boyer), whose character is enriched by his background. Resnais directs as if vitality would be a sin against art, and the characters are no more than emblems. He has a beautiful technique, but it's not an expressive technique. This is an icy, high-minded white-telephone movie. The script is by Jorge Semprun. In French. (1/20/75) (Cinema II.)

The Stepford Wives—The first women's-lib gothic—hardly the landmark the world has been waiting for. Besides, it's so tastefully tame that there's no suspense. Taken from an Ira Levin novel that might have been written by a computer, it's about the encroaching horror of suburban blandness; in this account, the responsibility for suburban women's becoming overgroomed deadheads, obsessed with waxed, antiseptic households, is placed totally on the men. Katharine Ross plays the young New Yorker who moves to Stepford and discovers that the wives have been robotized by their husbands. Written by William Goldman and directed by Bryan Forbes, the picture is literal in a way that seems a wasting disease. With Paula Prentiss, Nanette Newman, Peter Masterson, and Patrick O'Neal. *(2/24/75) (Juliet 1. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through April 15.)*

The Sting (1973)—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties: the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (12/31/73) (Guild.)

La Strada (1956)—Federico Fellini's spiritual fable sets a mood, and it remains in one's memory—even if one rejects the meaning of the fable. Giulietta Masina is the innocent waif, Anthony Quinn the brutal strong man, Richard Basehart the artist-clown. In Italian. (Elgin; April 13-14.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Some of the best dialogue ever written by an American, and two of the greatest performances ever put on film. Marlon Brando plays the brutal Stanley Kowalski, who shatters the system of illusions that Blanche DuBois (Vivien Leigh) lives by. Elia Kazan directed the Tennessee Williams play. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 12.)

A Taste of Honey (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's sad, delightful play about the coming of age of a funny, cocky, lonely girl in an English slum. With Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, Robert Stephens, Paul Danquah, and Murray Melvin. Directed by Tony Richardson. (Elgin; April 13, one performance, at noon.)

The Threepenny Opera (1931)—G. W. Pabst made this somewhat phlegmatic version of the Bertolt Brecht-Kurt Weill opera. With Lotte Lenya. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 14-15.)

Through and Through (1974)—Directed by Gregor Krolikiewicz. In Polish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 10.)

Tommy—The famous rock opera composed and sung by The Who, turned into a clamorous film by Ken Russell. Like many mindless satires, it fallaciously respects and exploits what it seeks to criticize. For instance, it pretends to be severe about the false idols of our era, but it is exceedingly religious about show biz and success. Lots of psychedelic shocks and comic-strip effects. Ann-Margret is appealing when she doesn't have to fling herself about. Roger Daltrey plays Tommy. (4/7/75) (Ziegfeld.)

The Touch (1971)—A Bergman film from a great period, like "Persona" and "The Passion of Anna." The story, by him, is about the incursion of a German-American Jew—played by Elliott Gould—into the lives of a calm Swedish couple, played by Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow. He has an affair with Bibi Andersson. The film is the best about kinds of love that Bergman has ever made—exact and very touching. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 15.)

The Towering Inferno—Disaster blockbuster, with each scene of someone horribly in flames presented as a feat for the audience's delectation. These incendiary deaths and the falls from high up in the hundred-and-thirty-eight-floor tallest skyscraper in the world are the film's only feats. Paul Newman and Steve McQueen mutter heroic sentiments, and Faye Dunaway manages to look goddessy-beautiful through it all. John Guillermin directed, Irwin Allen produced, Sterling Silliphant wrote the series of bloopers that make up the script. (12/30/74) (Trans-Lux East.)

Two for the Road (1967)—Glossy comedy by Stanley Donen about two lovers, though not about love, which isn't in his range. Frederic Raphael did the competent but unfelt screenplay, and the cast includes Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney. Finney looks as if he is in a role too tight for him. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 16.)

Ulysses (1967)—An act of homage to Joyce's novel that is reasonably successful in providing a surface map of the comings and goings in town and "Nighttown" but that lacks the sensuality of the novel's prose. Joyce gives us the drama within Stephen's consciousness; the Joseph Strick film stays on the outside, and so Leopold Bloom, who is easier to represent, takes over. With Maurice Roeves as Stephen, Milo O'Shea as Bloom, and Barbara Jefford as Molly. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 9-10.)

Variety Lights (1949)—The first film directed by Federico Fellini (working with Alberto Lattuada as co-director), this tawdry—yet fascinating—little backstage story about a shabby touring company has, in many sequences, the poetic originality that flowered and decayed in Fellini's later work. With Giulietta Masina, Peppino de Filippo, Carla del Poggio. In Italian. (Elgin; April 15.)

Les Violons du Bal—A romantic memoir by the French writer-director Michel Drach about his childhood during the Occupation and about the efforts of his gracious and beautiful mother to save the family—which is Jewish—from the Nazis. Drach re-creates the Nazi period in terms of what his vision was when he was a little boy, and his memory seems to burnish everything: everyone in the family is tender, cultivated, and exquisitely groomed. The film gets off to a fast start as Drach tries to arrange financing to make this autobiography; this first sequence is done in a playful, jump-cutting shorthand, but afterward everything is lyrical, glassy smooth, and innocuous. Drach has cast his wife, the lovely Marie-José Nat, as his mother, and his own son as the blithe little treasure he imagines he was. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (1/20/75) (Quad Cinema; through April 15.)

Viridiana (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 10.)

I Vitelloni (1953)—Fellini made this warm observation of overgrown Italian loafers. The warmth doesn't prevent his view from being accurately acid about these adolescents pushing thirty who sponge off their parents and (all but one) lack the stomach to quit their aimless provincial lives. Fellini, as usual, wonderfully touches melancholy with farce. In Italian. (Elgin; April 15.)

Viva la Muerte! (1971)—Directed by Fernando Arrabal. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 11-12.)

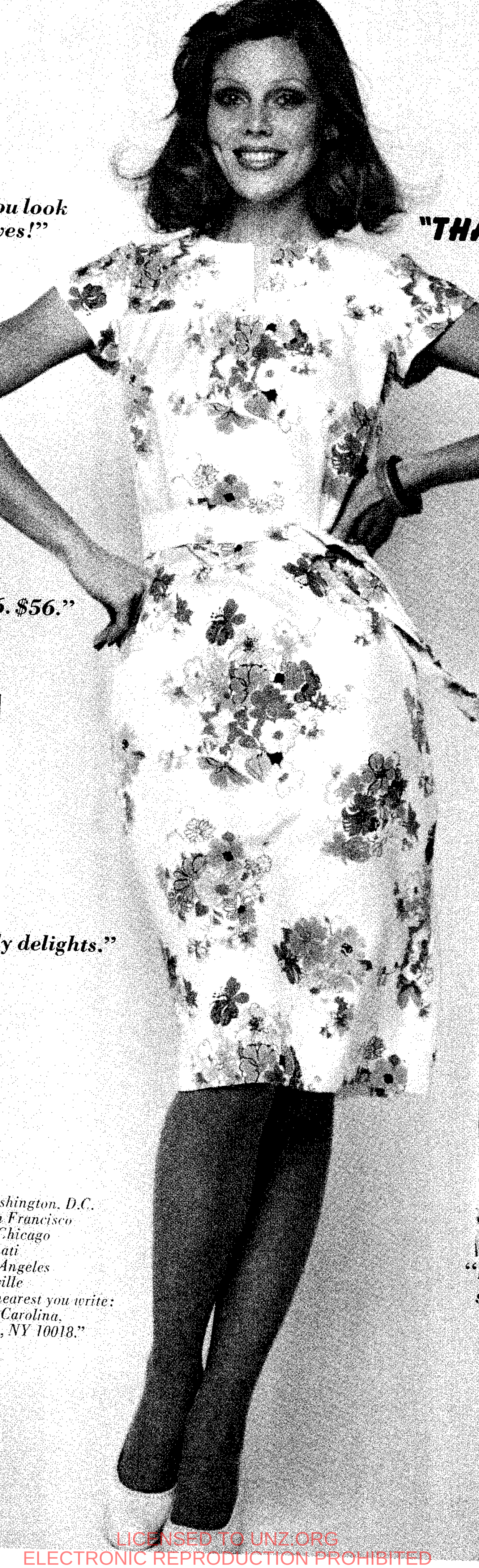
A Woman Under the Influence—The writer-director John Cassavetes is under the influence of R. D. Laing, and he presents an illustration of Laing's scapegoat theory of schizophrenia, with Gena Rowlands as the helpless victim of a bullying husband (Peter Falk) and a repressive society. Cassavetes swathes the Laingian romanticism in wet blankets; the scenes are often unshaped, and so rudderless that the meanings don't emerge. Rowlands externalizes schizophrenic dissolution: she fragments before our eyes. But her prodigious performance is enough for half a dozen tours de force, a whole row of Oscars—it's exhausting. Nothing she does is memorable, because she does so much. (12/9/74) (Columbia I. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through April 15.)

The Yakuza—An attempt to sell a romantic view of gangsterism in an exotic setting. The yakuza are Japanese mobsters, and one of the items in their "code" is that you can show penitence for an offense against the mob chieftain by slicing off your little finger and presenting it to him. Robert Mitchum plays an American private eye who goes to Japan to rescue an American girl kidnapped by yakuza; he enlists the aid of a "retired" yakuza, a master-teacher of swordsmanship (Takakura Ken), and they fight side by side, the gun and the sword. At the end, Mitchum realizes that he has offended the swordsman and commits his act of penitence. A swaggeringly meretricious fairytale, overloaded with exposition, and solemn when it means to be Orientally inscrutable. Richard Jordan, as Mitchum's bodyguard, gives the film its only fresh, unexpected moments; the director, Sydney Pollack, doesn't seem to understand how action-film mechanisms operate. (3/24/75) (Beekman.)

You'll Never Get Rich (1941)—Fred Astaire is pressed into the military at a wretched time for getting his girl, but the show he's doing still goes on, and he manages to nab Rita Hayworth as well. Cole Porter songs. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 13.)

Young Frankenstein—A farce-parody of Hollywood's mad-scientist movies. To go to when your rhythm is slowed down and you're too tired to think; you have to let this Mel Brooks comedy do everything for you, because that's the only way it works. If you accept the silly, zizzy obviousness, it can make you laugh helplessly. Gene Wilder is the old Baron's scientist-grandson, Peter Boyle is the new Monster, and Madeline Kahn is the scientist's fiancée, who becomes the Monster's bride. The picture is in black-and-white, which holds it visually close to the films it takes off from. It's Brooks's most sustained piece of moviemaking—the laughs never let up. (12/30/74) (Waverly, Festival, and New Yorker.)

You Were Never Lovelier (1942)—Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth—with Astaire pursuing her by the route of her matchmaking father, played by Adolphe Menjou. Quite endearing punk, with tunes including "You Were Never Lovelier" itself, "Dearly Beloved," and "I'm Old-Fashioned." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 13.)



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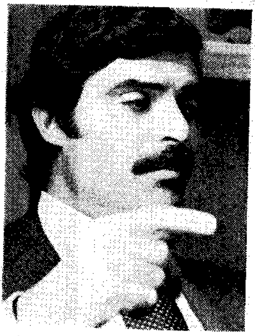

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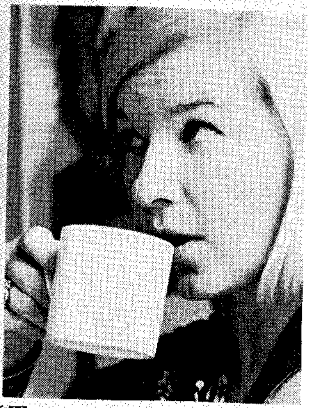

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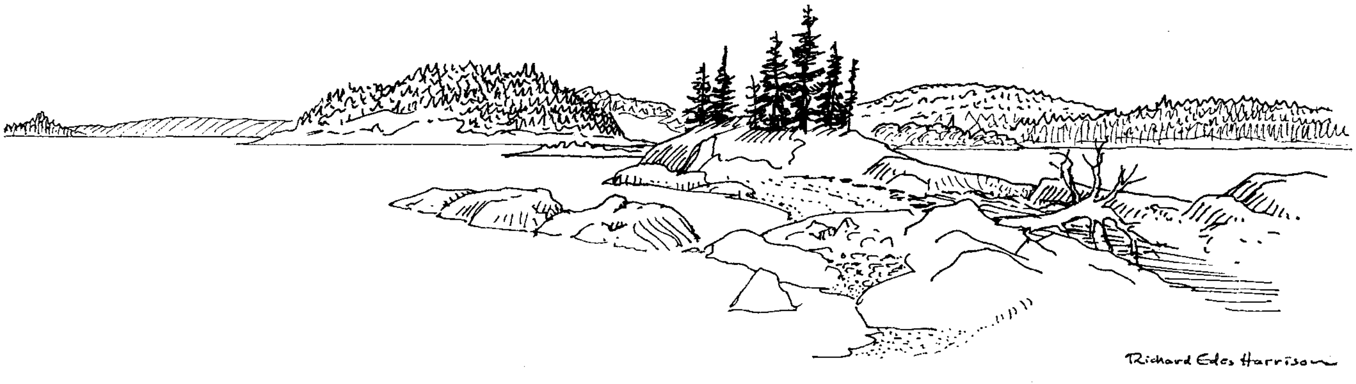
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE victory of the revolutionary forces in Vietnam has been something like a certainty for years now; indeed, to speak the awful whole truth about this matter, it has been something like a certainty for more than a quarter of a century, and all the efforts that the French and we ourselves have made to prevent it—the thirty years of forced evacuation, massacre, and carpet-bombing—have been a waste and a crime of measureless proportions. If this endeavor has had any redeeming features, they have yet to be discovered. Certainly none have appeared in recent days, as the war has moved toward its end. Events have unfolded more swiftly than thought could follow. At the heart of the South Vietnamese collapse there seems to have been a vacuum: the Saigon government. One moment, it was there, with its one million one hundred thousand men under arms and its gigantic Air Force—the third largest in the world—and the next moment it was gone. Reporters used words like "juggernaut" and "blitzkrieg," but observers on the scene had a different story to tell. "There is no war," one American eyewitness said. Speaking of the fall of Danang, a French eyewitness said, "There never was a last battle for Danang." And an American intelligence official said, "There's a complete lack of communication, a breakdown in the chain of command. Colonels aren't following orders. No one cares. It's become every man for himself. There's paralysis in the government [brought on] by worry and panic. And there's silence at the top." City after city was falling without a battle. The North Vietnamese invasion, swift as it was, could not keep pace with the South Vietnamese collapse. Cities fell; days later, the foe approached. So rapidly did the territory of South Vietnam change hands that many Vietnamese were convinced that President Thieu had made a deal with the Communists. Others maintained that the deal was between the Americans and the Russians. Few seemed to doubt that their fate had been bartered in one manner or another. If at the top there was silence, at the bottom there was something for which there is no adequate word—something described in news reports as "breakdown of law and order," "chaos," and "panic." The South Vietnamese troops were not only fleeing the enemy but attacking the civilian population and each other. As the Army disintegrated, directionless rage burst out on all sides. In Danang, a mob sacked the deserted United States Consulate. Lieutenant General Ngo Quang Truong, the commander of the troops in the area, removed himself to a "command post" on a boat offshore, and his soldiers proceeded to go on a rampage. They fired randomly and for no reason at passersby, including children. The bodies of their victims littered the streets. An American reporter on the scene wrote, "People are jogging crazily and pointlessly down the streets. Others are taking houses apart, piece by piece. A young man walks outside carrying a wooden door, wrenched from its hinges, atop his head. Another is carrying bits of broken glass in his hands." At the end, the soldiers went down to the beach, where some threw away their weapons and their uniforms and dived into the sea to swim out to waiting American ships, while others commandeered boats and then began firing at one another on the open water. Americans had long spoken a great deal about bloodbaths in Vietnam. Those who favored the war effort had spoken of a bloodbath that might be perpetrated by the Communists if they should take control of the South. Those who opposed the war effort had spoken of the bloodbath of war itself. But no one had foreseen this bloodbath: the massacre of civilians by the disintegrating South Vietnamese Army. Soon the scenes in Danang were repeated in cities through most of South Vietnam. In one city, the renegade soldiers were shooting at the owners of the restaurants where they ate. Something deeper than the collapse of an army's discipline—deeper, even, than the collapse of a body politic—was taking place. It was the disintegration of a society that had been pulverized by war and corrupted by foreign invaders for thirty years. A society that had lost all sense of self-respect and that despised


Richard Edes Harrison

itself for its subservience to one foreign master after another—a society that had been turned into a literal brothel for millions of soldiers from foreign countries—was tearing itself apart in a frenzy of self-destruction. Naturally, the soldiers' anger, insofar as it was not directed at themselves, was directed at the American oppressor/protector, rather than at the foe. On several occasions, South Vietnamese troops fired on American aircraft. And President Thieu summed up the general feeling when, as a visitor has reported, he said, "Many Vietnamese now have the feeling that they actually have been lured into all this and then abandoned." And so they had. For more than a decade, the United States had imposed an American fantasy on Vietnamese reality. Then we had left, and now the South Vietnamese government was fading like the mirage it had in fact always been.

Faced with the disappearance of the world that America had built up over the years, the American authorities had two ideas. One was to send in "spare parts" and similar supplies, and the other was to "rescue" South Vietnamese refugees from the North Vietnamese by transporting them to "safe" parts of the South. The spare-parts debate in the United States was attended by a great deal of military analysis of the kind that crops up whenever war is being waged anywhere. There was discussion of the strategic strengths and weaknesses of the South Vietnamese Army and the North Vietnamese Army. Command structures were compared. The decentralized structure of the South Vietnamese Air Force command was noted and deplored. The unified structure of the North Vietnamese Army command was noted and admired. The merits of a Russian anti-aircraft rocket—the SA-7—were weighed. The performance of both armies, and even of individual units, was predicted. But in the event there was "no war." The SA-7s never had to be fired. The units never met in combat. Instead, there was the sudden dissolution of the South Vietnamese side. It was not spare parts that had been missing. Even when all the parts are available, weapons cannot fire themselves. And no number of troops is of any use if the troops attack civilians and each other instead of attacking the foe. Rarely has there been a clearer illustration of the lesson, never grasped by the United States in Vietnam, that the foundations of power are political, not military. With the fall of Danang, the full irony of the spare-parts debate was driven home. In their flight southward, the South Vietnamese abandoned some three hundred aircraft and other American-made military equipment, altogether worth as much as a billion dollars. At a glance, it appeared that the North Vietnamese would be greatly aided by their capture of so many planes. But then it appeared that they might not. They would lack spare parts.

The rescue mission was announced in the early days of the collapse. Army Colonel Robert Burke, a Pentagon spokesman, said, "We have all kinds of contingency plans." In the minds of the Americans, the aim of the mission was to bring people to "safety." But, as has so often been true of American ideas for Vietnam, noble intentions led to horrific results. There were the boats. Thousands of refugees crowded onto barges that were to take them out to ships that, in turn, were to take them to points south. But the ships were slow in coming, and hundreds perished of thirst, starvation, and exposure. Often, children would fall overboard and their mothers would dive in after them, and both would drown. On the American ship Pioneer Commander, renegade South Vietnamese Marines murdered twenty-five refugees for no apparent reason. The rapings, robbings, and random brutality that had begun in Danang continued on the ships. Many civilians were thrown overboard by soldiers. By the time the boats arrived at Nha Trang and Cam Ranh Bay, down the coast, with their cargo of the suffering, the dying, and the dead, these cities, too, had come under attack by renegade South Vietnamese soldiers. Meanwhile, it was reported, the revolutionary authorities had restored order in Danang. The trip to "safety," as it was usually put in the newscasts, turned out to be a trip to danger, or to death.

A few planes were made available, too. An airlift from Danang that would carry as many as three hundred and fifty thousand people to "safety" had been announced, but the collapse proceeded too swiftly, and the airlift was abandoned. At the last minute, the president of an outfit called World Airways, Edward Daly, shortly to be known to newsmen as Ed, took it upon himself to fly into Danang in a Boeing 727 to evacuate refugees. But when he arrived his plane was mobbed—not by the expected "widows and children," as it was sometimes put, but by the Black Panthers, the remnants of a disintegrated unit of the South Vietnamese Army. Daly, the would-be savior of the Vietnamese, was soon throwing punches at soldiers and firing a pistol into the air. It was reported that as the plane took off, it ran over several people, and it was fired upon by berserk soldiers on the ground. Other soldiers clung to the jammed landing gear of the plane. Once the plane was aloft, several fell off. A reporter described the flight as "a flight out of hell," and it was, but it was also a flight into hell. And the flight itself was hell. A completely senseless movement of millions of people, encouraged and abetted by the United States, had started up all over South Vietnam. Some people were said to be fleeing the Communists, and others were said to be fleeing war. But wherever they went they found both. The United States was busy transferring people from one end of a sinking ship to the other, and it always seemed to choose the end where the danger was greater. These unfortunates were not the first Vietnamese to be doomed by American efforts to "save" them. But they may have been some of the last.

If the unreal world that had been created by the Americans was collapsing last week in South Vietnam, it was still standing in America. In the momentous days when the northernmost two-thirds of South Vietnam was falling to the Communists, Americans were mechanically continuing to do the things that Americans had done throughout the war. Some were opposing the war; some were supporting the war. The debate over spare parts raged. A debate over "phase-out" aid intensified. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, speaking as though America were still able to influence the situation, said we could not afford to "destroy an ally." To this, one was tempted to answer that it was the North Vietnamese, not the Americans, who were destroying our ally. But the truth was stranger still. Our ally was destroying itself. Many Americans were blaming one another for the fall of South Vietnam. But the one thing in South Vietnam that the United States was not responsible for was its fall. What the United States was responsible for was the death and devastation brought about by the futile prolongation of the war for some fifteen years.

At the White House, too, Americans were going on doing what they had been doing for years. They were sending ships; they were sending military observers; they were installing new telephone lines; they were sending military supplies. (A day or so after it became known that the South Vietnamese had abandoned hundreds of aircraft in their flight southward, an American C-5A arrived in Saigon and unloaded fourteen howitzers.) The South Vietnamese military machine had broken down, but the American support machine was grinding on, even though its reason for existing had disappeared. Where could the ships land? To whom could the telephone calls be made? Who would take delivery of the spare parts? The lines of communication and control stretched out from Washington as always, but now they connected with nothing. At times, the ships bobbed helplessly on the high seas, unable to find safe ports at which to land; the phones in Hué, Danang, and Cam Ranh Bay had gone dead; the supplies were being delivered to the North Vietnamese. The Administration policymakers were confronted with a situation that they could not fathom: there were no more "contingencies" for the United States in Vietnam. One project after another was stillborn, or recoiled upon itself. Ronald Nessen, the President's press secretary, announced that "diplomatic initiatives" were under way, and then he withdrew the announcement. The airlift was announced, and then it was abandoned. Even in their public statements, officials went on mouthing the old words, as though they were unaware that the world to which the words referred had dissolved. "I believe that if we support the people of South Vietnam, in the way that they deserve, that no enemy can ever defeat them," Army Chief of Staff Frederick Weyand said after the inspection tour he made for the White House.

In the United States, as in Saigon, there was silence at the top. The President was playing golf in Palm Springs. Correctly anticipating a question about Vietnam at an airport, he laughed playfully and broke into a run. When his press secretary was asked if it was proper for the President to play golf at a time of such great suffering for the Vietnamese, he answered, "Would it prevent anything from happening in Vietnam if he didn't play golf?" Meanwhile, the nation, seeing that its military efforts were futile, turned its attention to the projects for shifting civilians about, which now came to be known everywhere as "humanitarian" projects. A large part of the nation, including the Administration, repaired to this cause as though to safe high ground. At the close of the most inhuman war in our history, American officialdom was suddenly turning sentimental. In the midst of moral confusion, the "humanitarian" projects seemed to offer moral simplicity. In the midst of boundless shame, they seemed to offer reasons for pride. Could anyone fail to be moved by the plight of the refugees? But this was Vietnam. This was the war where the "good" intentions had consistently led to the grotesque consequences. Already corpses were piling up on the "rescue" ships, and soldiers were falling to their death off Ed Daly's plane. But Daly had one more idea. He would rescue orphans. Soon the government took up the idea. As one reporter observed, many children had lost their parents in the war or "had been separated" from their parents. Now Ed Daly and the government would fly those children to America. Suddenly, the news was filled with babies. These were not, at first, wounded babies or dead babies or babies falling into the South China Sea, like the ones we had been seeing all week; they were live, happy, well babies. Smiling prospective American parents were interviewed. "It's fantastic," one delighted American mother said. (As it happens, there is a shortage of children up for adoption in the United States at the moment.) Unable to do anything else in Vietnam, the United States was now making off with planeloads of Vietnamese babies. Somehow, a conviction seemed to have grown up that their lives were being saved. If the Vietnamese authorities did not allow them to go to America, one correspondent reported, then they would have a difficult time growing up in South Vietnam, "and perhaps will never grow up at all." Similarly, a reporter on Daly's flight from Danang who had seen an old woman try to get on the plane and fail had written that "life itself" had slipped out of her hands. However, there was no reason to think that orphans or old women would be endangered by a North Vietnamese takeover. Yet there were many Vietnamese—perhaps tens of thousands—who from having worked with us might well be in danger. We were "saving" people who didn't need saving, and we were leaving behind people who did. And then, in an accident that no one could have foreseen, an American Air Force plane carrying orphans crashed, and the "baby-lift," ill-conceived from the start, also turned to tragedy.

The Vietnam war was coming to a close, and at the end, by chance, there was only Ed Daly—compassionate millionaire, adventurer, and, according to a friend, "an outgoing good party guy who will gather up a planeload of friends and fly off to Europe for a weekend." On our television screens, there was Ed Daly in Danang waving his pistol and socking a South Vietnamese soldier in the jaw; there was Ed Daly getting fired at as his plane took off; there was Ed Daly in Saigon giving news conferences; there was Ed Daly stopping over in Tokyo with his babies. Despised by those on whom his compassion had fastened, attacked by the people he wanted to help, Ed Daly was rushing all over South Vietnam, as though he really were what to all of us at home he seemed to have become: the last American in Vietnam.

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The Great Span

Sonny, I am not an anvil on which you can beat out your impressions of life.
—*Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., to one of his young legal secretaries, who was plaguing him with questions like "Was J. P. Morgan smart?" "Was Andrew Carnegie intelligent?"*

FROM 1902 to 1932—the years when Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., sat on the Supreme Court of this country—the biggest thing that could happen to a bright young fellow at the Harvard Law School was to be asked to spend a postgraduate year as Holmes's legal secretary. Holmes took on one secretary a year, for a year. The secretaries were always Harvard men, because Holmes was a Harvard man (A.B. 1861, LL.B. 1866) and because—in the later years, at least—the man who selected the secretaries for Holmes was Harvard Law Professor Felix Frankfurter, who also had the job of scouting clerks for four other federal judges of great distinction: Louis D. Brandeis, of the Supreme Court, and three circuit judges, Julian Mack and the Hand brothers, Augustus and Learned. Many of Brandeis's clerks did all right in later life—Dean Acheson, for instance, and David Riesman, and Paul Freund, the illustrious Constitutional scholar at the Harvard Law School. All of Justice Holmes's secretaries went on to fame and/or fortune—there was an Attorney General, a president of U. S. Steel, the secretary general of the United Nations organizing conference in San Francisco, a head of the Federal Reserve Bank in New York, three Harvard law professors, an Under-Secretary of the Treasury, a British barrister, the drafter of the Securities Exchange Act. And so forth. The secretaries worked hard for Holmes and had little time for girls or parties. They made some money, but not very much. And for the rest of their lives they probably all looked back on the year with the old man who called them "sonny" and "idiot boy" as the most important thing that ever happened to them.

Ten of Holmes's bright young fellows are still alive, and recently, on the fortieth anniversary of his death, seven of them sat down to lunch together at Harvard. The youngest people at the table, by far, were the Dean of the Harvard Law School, the Law School's Librarian, the Curator of Manuscripts and Archives at the Law School—the hosts of the affair—and us. The oldest man in the room, by some years, was Professor Emeritus Austin Wakeman Scott, who has been teaching at the Law School since 1909, whose casebook on trusts, which he still revises annually, is more famous among lawyers than the Bible, and who, as Scotty, was one of the favorite law professors of all the Holmes secretaries present. They remember him dancing up and down in class after one of their answers and shouting with delight, "No, no, no! Just the opposite! *Just the opposite!*"

There is a Hindi word, *darshan*, which is taken these days to mean "sitting at the feet of a master." It really means "breathing the same air." All seven of the secretaries who turned up for the lunch—the oldest was eighty-three and the youngest sixty-eight—spoke of "the Justice" as if he were in the next room and they had just finished talking to him, or being bawled out by him. They all remembered exactly what he had said to them, how he had stood when he said it, his pink-and-white complexion, his suit, his tone of voice, his bristling white cavalry mustachios, and what he had had for breakfast that morning. The secretaries present were: Chauncey Belknap, a distinguished New York corporation lawyer; Laurence Curtis, former congressman from Massachusetts; Thomas Corcoran, the well-known Washington corporation lawyer and former New Dealer; H. Chapman Rose, tax lawyer, Under-Secretary of the Treasury under Eisenhower, and tax consultant for a few weeks last year to ex-President Nixon; Robert Wales, another prominent New York corporation lawyer; Alger Hiss, secretary general of the United Nations organizing conference and now a printing salesman in New York; and Alger's brother Donald Hiss, a celebrated tariff lawyer in Washington. The Hiss boys were the only brothers ever to serve as Holmes secretaries.

Dubonnet as well as sherry is now served before Harvard lunches, which shows that things do change, and as the great bell in the Memorial Church in Harvard Yard tolled high noon, the secretaries picked up glasses and tried to recognize each other. "Oh, for gosh sakes, Alger!" said Thomas Corcoran (Tommy the Cork). "You've lost all your hair. See me. All my hair is still here."

"Tom!"

"Chauncey!"

"Long time no see!"

"I can't get over it. He used to be much younger."

The secretaries were wearing three-piece blue suits, except for the kids—the secretaries in their sixties, who were wearing two-piece blue suits.

"You could talk about anything to Holmes," Professor Scott said to Alger Hiss. "Brandeis was much more austere. I once asked Holmes, when he was in his nineties, and apropos of what I do not know, 'Mr. Justice, how old a man do you conceive God the Father to be?' 'About seventy,' he said. 'Young enough to be vigorous but old enough to be wise.' "

"When I was with him," said Alger Hiss, "he was reading Thucydides in the original, and I asked him why. 'When I appear before *le Bon Dieu*,' he said, 'He may say to me, "Holmes, can you recite on Thucydides?" If I have to say, "No, Sire," think what a fool I'd feel.' "

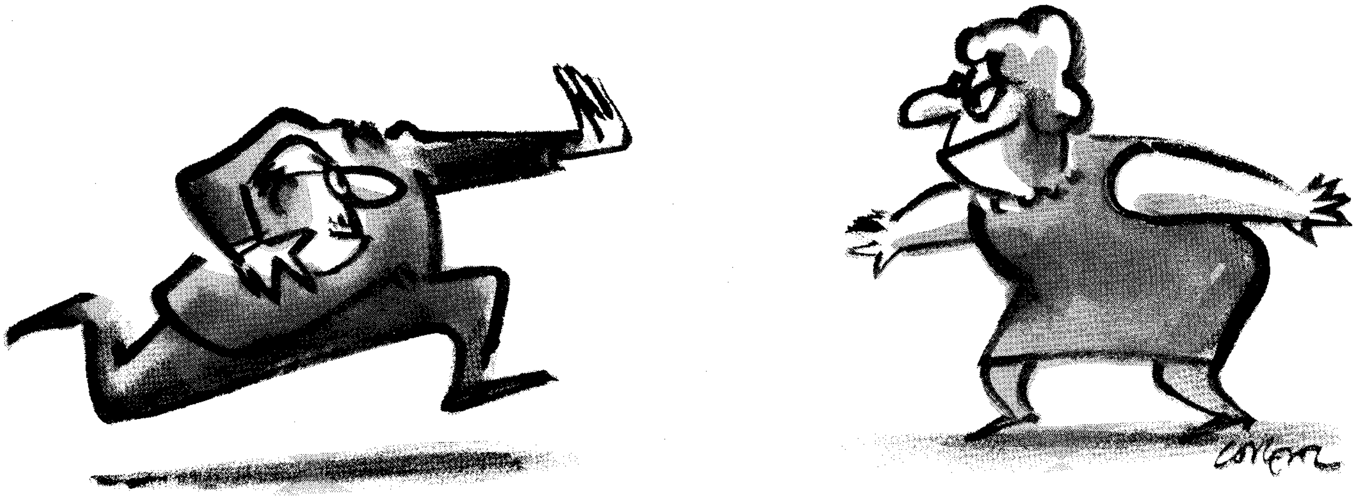
"I've always wondered," said the Professor, stuffing a pipe, "why lawyers pronounce Latin—which is our language, not Greek—so differently from everybody else. Neither of my parents spoke legal Latin. My father later learned to talk the way we did, but my mother never did. As a result, I was never able to speak as freely with her."

Luncheon was served. Turkey with cream sauce and asparagus and rice. We asked the secretaries if they had ever guessed they would be chosen by Holmes.

"Hell, no," said Chapman Rose.

"I've been trying to figure out for forty years why *I* got picked," said Donald Hiss.

"I used to make eighty thousand dollars a year as a stockbroker. Give us a little kiss."



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"The first I knew about it," said his brother Alger, "was when he wrote me telling me I had the job. The letter said, 'You realize at my age I must reserve the right to die or resign.' He had just turned eighty-eight."

"Oh," said Chauncey Belknap, who had clerked for Holmes when the Justice was only seventy-four, "he started putting that sentence in the letter when he was sixty."

Talk turned to the Civil War. Holmes was wounded three times in the war, and was left for dead at Ball's Bluff at the age of twenty. Lieutenant Holmes was shot in the breast at Ball's Bluff and lay on the south bank of the Potomac wondering if he had been shot in a lung. His father, the famous Dr. Holmes of Boston, had told him that a punctured lung was invariably fatal and an agonizing death, and had given his son a bottle of poison to carry with him into war for use in case of a lung wound. The Union forces were routed at Ball's Bluff and retreated north across the Potomac. Holmes watched the wounded being ferried across the river, and thought about being left behind, and moaned, "How will I get to the other side? How will I get to the other side?" His sergeant, who happened to be nearby, said, "What's the matter, Holmesy?" "I don't know where I'm going to go from here." "Well, Holmesy," said the sergeant cheerfully, "you don't have to worry about that. You believe in Jesus Christ and all that, don't you? You'll be all right."

The sergeant left him for dead. " 'I got so damn mad that I decided to live,' " said Donald Hiss, telling the story as Holmes had told it to him. " 'If somebody had told me that day that seventy-two years later I would be talking to a smart young lawyer from the Harvard Law School, I wouldn't have believed him, but, man, I am!' "

The stories poured out. Early in the war, Holmes, on horseback, was carrying a message down a lonely road in Virginia at dusk. A Confederate soldier rode up from the other direction, but it was too dark to make out his uniform, and Holmes didn't know what he was until, as they drew even, he heard the clicking of the other man's pistol, which failed to fire.

Two years later, Holmes's regiment, the Twentieth Massachusetts Volunteers, was camped on one side of a very big cornfield for several days. The rebels held the other side. The corn was just coming on, and officers on both sides rode out to pick roasting ears. The Northerners were ordered to attack. "Cap'n," said a man to Holmes, "I was just out picking corn, and I told the rebs nothing was going to happen for twenty-four hours. Can I give them a warning?" Holmes said yes. The man yelled, "*Run like the devil, Johnny Reb, 'cause hell's going to break loose in a minute!*"

Paul Freund, who was a guest at the secretaries' lunch, said that Holmes learned during the war that doubters were as brave as believers, that poor men without advantages were often better leaders of men than Harvard grads. "I don't think any of the anniversaries of the great battles went by without his remembering them," said Representative Curtis. "We all imbibed that tremendous sense of the continuity of history—that we were all part of one woven strip."

"Yes," said Alger Hiss. "The great span. I sat there as a young man listening to him tell me about how his grandmother had seen the British march into Boston as a little girl. The mirror in the Justice's sitting room had hung in his father's house on Beacon Hill—the house requisitioned by the British for their Boston headquarters during the Revolution. He would look at it and say, 'Sometimes I look in and think I see Lord Howe's bewigged face. Do you see it? Do you see it?' Every day with him was a lark."

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AFTER lunch, there was a short ceremony in the Treasure Room of the Law School Library. Professor Freund praised Professor Morris Cohen, the Law School Librarian, and Erika S. Chadbourn, Curator of Manuscripts and Archives, for their work in assembling a great retrospective exhibit of Holmesiana which the Law School is now presenting. Professor Freund said Holmes had had no belief in panaceas and very little in sudden ruin, and mentioned his jauntiness, his sense of duty, and his meticulous analysis of the cases before him. "He had a certain creative playfulness of spirit, which Erik Erikson says is one of the qualities of adulthood," said Freund, and he quoted two sayings of Holmes's: "The life of the law has not been logic: it has been experience," and "The rule of joy and the law of duty seem to me all one."

A recording was played of Holmes's only radio broadcast, made on his ninetieth birthday, in 1931, at the end of a program of tribute:

> In this symposium my part is only to sit in silence. To express one's feelings as the end draws near is too intimate a task. But I may mention one thought that comes to me as a listener-in. The riders in a race do not stop short when they reach the goal. There is a little finishing canter before coming to a standstill. There is time to hear the kind voice of friends and to say to one's self: "The work is done." But just as one says that, the answer comes: "The race is over, but the work never is done while the power to work remains." The canter that brings you to a standstill need not be only coming to rest. It cannot be, while you still live. For to live is to function. That is all there is in living.
>
> And so I end with a line from a Latin poet who uttered the message more than fifteen hundred years ago: "Death plucks my ear and says, 'Live—I am coming.' "

UTOPIA OF A TIRED MAN

He called it *Utopia*, a Greek word meaning *there is no such place.*
—*Quevedo.*

NO two hills are alike, but everywhere on earth plains are one and the same. I was making my way in such country, asking myself, not that it really mattered, if this were Oklahoma or Texas or the part of the Argentine that literary men called the pampa. Neither to right nor left did I see a fence. As on other occasions, I slowly repeated these lines by the poet Emilio Oribe:

At the heart of the endless
  awesome plain
and close by the border of Brazil,

which keep growing and ever expanding.

The road was uneven. Rain began to fall. Some two or three hundred yards off I saw light from a house, which was low and rectangular and surrounded by trees. The door was opened by a man so tall he almost gave me a fright. He was dressed in gray. I felt he was waiting for someone. There was no lock on the door.

We went into a long room with wooden walls, a table, and chairs. A lamp giving off a yellowish light hung from the ceiling. The table, for some reason, seemed strange to me. On it stood an hourglass, the first, outside of some steel engraving or other, I had ever laid eyes on. The man motioned me to one of the chairs.

I tried out various languages, and we did not understand each other. When at last he spoke, he did so in Latin. I dusted off what I remembered from my now distant school days, readying myself for conversation.

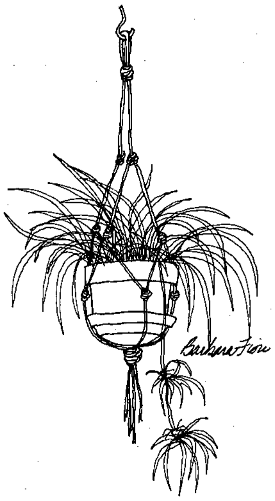
“By your clothes, I see you come from another century,” he said. “A diversity of tongues favored a diversity of peoples and even of wars. The world has fallen back on Latin. There are those who fear it may degenerate again into French, Lemosi, or Papiamento, but that is not an immediate risk. Be that as it may, neither the past nor the future interests me.”

I said nothing, and he added, “Wouldn't you like to eat with me? There's no one else in the house.”

Seeing that he noticed my uneasiness, I said yes. We went down a corridor, with doors on either hand, that led to a small kitchen in which everything was made of metal. We came back with our dinner on a tray—bowls of cornflakes, a bunch of grapes, an unfamiliar fruit whose taste reminded me of figs, and a big pitcher of water. If I remember correctly, there was no bread. My host's features were sharp, and there was something unusual about his eyes. I won't forget his pale, austere face, which I shall never see again. He made no gestures when he spoke. Having to converse in Latin inhibited me, but at last I said, “Doesn't my sudden appearance amaze you?”

“No,” he said. “We receive such visits from century to century. They don't last long. Tomorrow, at the latest, you'll be home again.”

The certainty in his voice was reassuring. I thought it proper to introduce myself. “I am Eudoro Acevedo. I was born in 1897, in the city of Buenos Aires. I am seventy years old. I am a professor of English and American literatures and a writer of imaginative tales.”



“I remember having read, not without pleasure, two works of an imaginative nature,” he said. “Travels of a Captain Lemuel Gulliver, which many people take to be true, and the ‘Summa Theologiae.’ But let's not speak of facts. Facts matter to no one anymore. They are mere points of departure for invention and reasoning. In our schools we are taught doubt and the art of forgetting—above all, the forgetting of what is personal and local. We live in time, which is successive, but we train ourselves to live *sub specie aeternitatis*. Of the past we retain a few names, which language tends to lose. We shun pointless details. We have neither dates nor history. Nor have we statistics. You said your name is Eudoro. I can't tell you my name, because I'm simply called Someone.”

“And what was your father's name?”

“He had none.”

ON one of the walls I saw a shelf. I opened a book at random; the letters were clean and undecipherable, and they were written by hand. Their angular lines reminded me of the runic alphabet, which, however, was only used for writing inscriptions. I reflected that these men of the future were not only taller but were more skilled. Instinctively, I looked at the man's long, fine fingers.

“Now you are going to see something you've never seen,” he said. He handed me a copy of Thomas More's “Utopia,” printed in Basel in the year 1518; leaves and pages were missing.

Somewhat foolishly, I answered, “It's a printed book. At home, I had over two thousand of them, though they were neither as old nor as valuable as this one.” I read the title aloud.

The man laughed. “No one can read two thousand books. In the four centuries I have lived, I haven't read more than fifteen. Besides, rereading, not reading, is what counts. Printing—which is now abolished, since it tended to multiply unnecessary texts to the point of dizziness—was one of man's worst evils.”

“In my strange past,” I said, “the superstition prevailed that every day, between evening and morning, certain acts occur which it is a shame to be ignorant of. The planet was populated by collective ghosts—England, Brazil, the Swiss Congo, and the Common Market. Almost no one knew anything of the history that preceded those platonic entities, but, of course, they knew every last detail of the most recent congress of pedagogues, or of imminent breakdowns in diplomatic relations, or of statements issued by vice-presidents, drawn up by the secretary of a secretary and containing all the carefully worded haziness appropriate to the genre. These things were read to be forgotten, for, only hours later, other trivialities would blot them out. Of all offices, that of politician was without doubt the most public. An ambassador or a Cabinet minister was a kind of cripple whom it was necessary to cart around in long, noisy vehicles, ringed by motorcyclists and military escorts and awaited by eager photographers. It seems that their feet have been cut off, my mother used to say. Pictures and the printed word were more real than the things they stood for. Only what was published had any reality. *Esse est percipi* (to be is to be photographed) was the beginning, middle, and end of our singular idea of the world. In that past of mine, people were naïve; they believed that certain merchandise was good because its own makers claimed so over and over again. Robberies were also frequent, though everyone knew

"Have one too many on me, pal."

that the possession of money brings no greater happiness or peace of mind."

"Money?" the man echoed. "No one any longer suffers poverty, which must have been unbearable, or wealth, which must have been the most uncomfortable form of vulgarity. Everyone has a calling."

"Like the rabbis," I said.

He appeared not to understand and went on. "Nor are there cities anymore. To judge by the ruins of Bahía Blanca, which I once explored, not much has been lost. There are no personal possessions now, there are no inheritances. At the age of a hundred, when a man matures, he is ready to come face to face with himself and his loneliness. By then he will have fathered a child."

"One child?" I asked.

"Yes. Only one. There is no reason to carry on the human race. Some people think man is an organ of the godhead for universal consciousness, but nobody knows for sure whether such a godhead exists. The advantages and disadvantages of gradual or simultaneous suicide by every man and woman on earth are, I believe, now being argued. But let's get back to what we were saying."

I agreed.

"Having reached a hundred, the individual no longer stands in need of love or friendship. Evils and involuntary death are no threat to him. He practices one of the arts or philosophy or mathematics or he plays a game of solitary chess. When he wants to, he kills himself. Man is master of his life. He is also master of his death."

"Is that a quotation?" I asked.

"Of course. Quotations are all we have now. Language is a system of quotations."

"And the great adventure of my time—space travel?" I asked.

"It's centuries ago now that those travels were given up. They were certainly to be admired." With a smile, he added, "Besides, all travel is spatial. To go from one planet to another is like going to the farm across the way. When you entered this room, you were carrying out a voyage through space."

"That's right," I said. "And one also used to speak of chemical substances and animals."

The man now turned his back to me and looked outside. Beyond the windows, the plain was white with silent snow and moonlight.

I got up my courage to ask, "Are there still museums and libraries?"

"No. We try to forget the past, except for the writing of elegies. There are no commemorations or anniversaries or effigies of dead men now. Each of us must himself produce the arts and sciences he needs."

"Then everyone must be his own Bernard Shaw, his own Brahms, his own Turner."

The names meant nothing to him, and he went on. "I built this house, which looks like all others. I carved this furniture and these utensils. I worked the fields, which will pass on to others whose faces I have never seen. May I show you a few things?"

I followed him into an adjoining room. He lit a lamp like the first one; it, too, hung from the ceiling. In a corner I saw a harp with few strings. On the walls were rectangular canvases in which yellow tones predominated. The work did not seem that of the same hand.

"This is what I do," he said.

I examined the canvases, stopping before the smallest one, which represented, or suggested, a sunset and which encompassed something infinite.

"If you like it, you can have it as a keepsake of a future friend," he said matter-of-factly.

Just then a knock was heard.

Three or four tall men and a woman entered the house. One would have said that they were brothers and sisters or that time had made them alike. My host spoke to the woman first.

"I knew you wouldn't fail to come tonight. Have you seen Nils?"

"Off and on. He's as devoted to his painting as ever."

"Let's hope with more success than his father."

The dismantling began. Manuscripts, pictures, furnishings, utensils—we left nothing in the house. The woman worked alongside the men. I was ashamed of my weakness, which scarcely allowed me to be of any help. No one shut the door and we went out, loaded with things. I noticed that the house had a saddle roof.

After a fifteen-minute walk, we turned left. In the distance I made out a kind of tower, crowned with a cupola.

"It's the crematory," someone said. "Inside it is the lethal chamber. It's said to have been invented by a philanthropist named, I think, Gustav Adolf Hitler."

The caretaker, whose stature by now did not astonish me, opened the gate to us. My host exchanged a few words with him. Before stepping into the enclosure, he waved goodbye.

"It looks like more snow," the woman said.

IN my study on Mexico Street, in Buenos Aires, I have the canvas that someone will paint, thousands of years from now, with substances today scattered over the whole planet.

—JORGE LUIS BORGES

(*Translated, from the Spanish, by Norman Thomas di Giovanni.*)

BLUEBELL MEADOW

WHEN she came home in the evening from reading in the park that was a sort of an island, the sergeant was waiting to ask her questions about the bullets. He had two of them in the cupped palm of his right hand, holding the hand low down, secretively. His left elbow was on the edge of the white-scrubbed kitchen table. The golden stripes on his blue-black sleeve were as bright as the evening sunshine on the old town outside. He was polite, almost apologetic, at first. He said, "I hate to bother yourself and your aunt and uncle. But it would be better for everybody's sake if you told me where you got these things. People aren't supposed to have them. Least of all girls in a convent school."

There were six of them. The evening Lofty gave them to her, she had looked at them for a whole hour, sitting at that table, half reading a book. Her uncle and aunt were out at the cinema. She spread the bullets on the table and moved them about, making designs and shapes and patterns with them, joining them by imaginary lines, playing with them as if they were draughts or dominoes or precious stones. It just wasn't possible that such harmless mute pieces of metal could be used to kill people. Then she had wearied of them, had put them away in an old earthenware jug on the mantelpiece, and after a while she had forgotten all about them. As she wrote to me from Detroit thirty years later, they were the oddest gifts, God knew, for a boy to give to a girl.

THIS is how the park was a sort of an island. The river came out of deep water, lined and overhung by tall beeches, and round a right-angled bend to burst over a waterfall and a salmon leap. On the right bank, and above the fall, a sluice gate regulated the flow of a millrace. A hundred yards downstream, the millrace was carried by aqueduct over a rough mountain stream that came down to join the river. Between river and race and mountain stream was a triangular park of five or six acres, with seats by the watersides and swings for children. Her favorite seat was under a tall conifer and close to the corner where the mountain stream met the river. Because bluebells grew in the woods on the far side of the millrace, the place was called Bluebell Meadow.

When the river was not in flood, a peninsula of gravel and bright sand guided the mountain stream right out into the heart of the current. Children played on the sand, digging holes, building castles, sending flat pebbles skimming and dancing like wagtails upstream over the smooth water. One day, Lofty was suddenly among the children—just as if he had come out of the river, which is exactly what he had done. His long black waders still dripped water. The fishing rod he held in his left hand, while he expertly skimmed pebbles with the right, dipped and twiddled above him like an aerial. The canvas bag on his back was sodden and heavy, and had grass, to keep the fish fresh, sticking out of the mouth of it. One of the small boys was doing rifle drill with the shaft of his net. She had never spoken to Lofty, but she knew who he was.

When she tired of reading, she could look at the river and dream, going sailing with the water. Or simply close her eyes. Or lean back and look up into the tall conifer, its branches always restless, and making sounds and going away from her like a complicated sort of spiral stairway. She had been told that it was the easiest tree in the world to climb, but no tree is all that easy if you're wearing a leg splint. She was looking up into the tree, and wondering, when Lofty sat beside her. His waders were now dry and rubbery to smell. The rod, the net, and the bag were laid on the grass, the heads of two sad trout protruding—still-life that had been alive this morning. Her uncle, who kept greyhounds, argued that fishing is much more cruel than coursing—somewhere in the happy river were trout that were hooked and got away, hooks now festering in their lovely speckled bodies. She thought a lot about things like that.

Lofty sat for five minutes, almost, before he said, "I asked Alec Quigley to tell you I was asking for you."

"He told me."

"What did you say?"

"Did he not tell you?"

"He said you said nothing, but I didn't believe him."

"Why not?"

"You had to say something."

"If I said anything, Alec Quigley would tell the whole town."

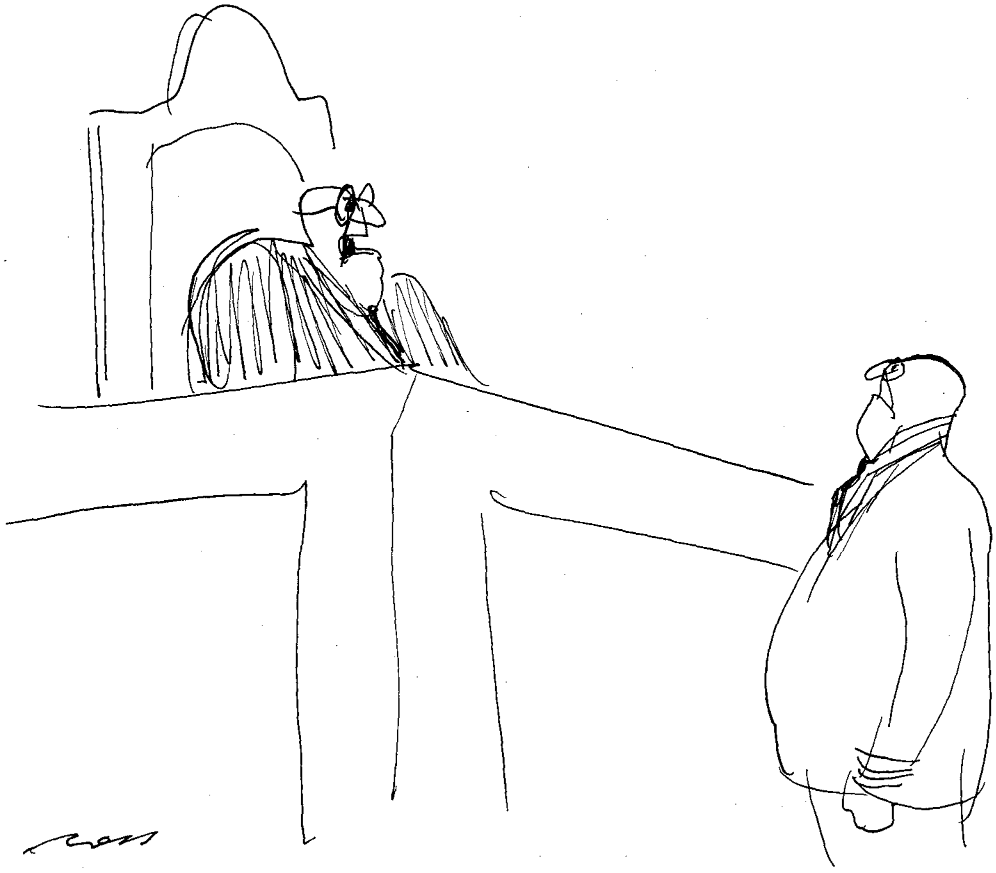
"I daresay he would."

"He's the greatest gossip and clashbag from hell to Omagh."

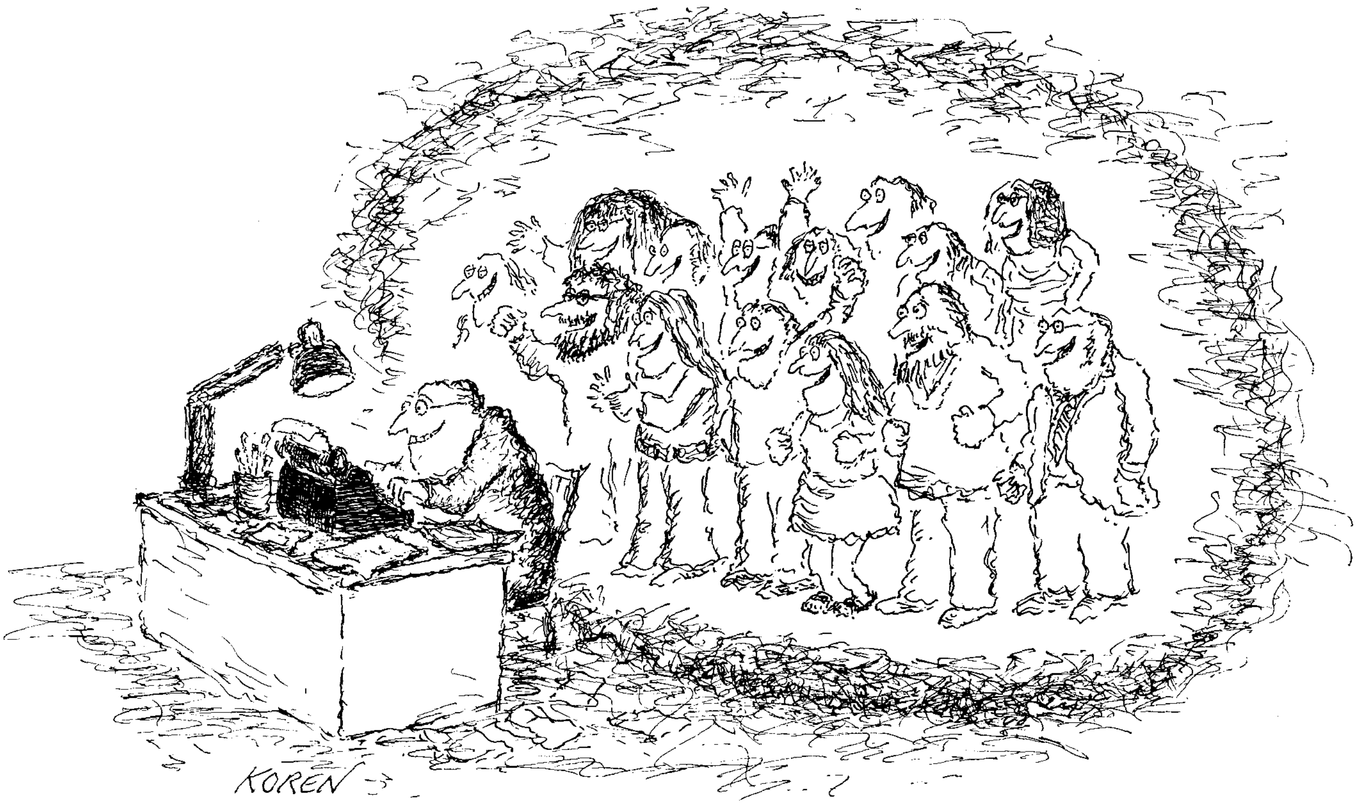
"I didn't know."

"You could have picked a more discreet ambassador."

The words impressed him. He said, "It's a big name for Alec Quigley. I



"I'll tell you why you can't plead not guilty. Because you have guilt written all over your face!"



"A brilliant achievement . . . Unflinching . . . Writing at its most illuminating . . . Gripping . . . Explosive . . . Long overdue . . . True vision . . . Plain speech . . . Proclaims the failure of our civilization as a whole."

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never thought of him as an ambassador."

"What, then? A go-between? A matchmaker? A gooseberry?"

They were both laughing. Lofty was a blond, tall, freckled fellow, with a pleasant laugh. He asked her would she like a trout.

"I'd love one."

"I can roll it in grass for you and get a bit of newspaper in McCaslan's shop up at the waterfall."

"Who will I tell my aunt and uncle gave me the trout?"

"Tell them nothing. Tell them you whistled and a trout jumped out at you."

He left his bag and rod where they were, and walked from the apex of the triangular park to the shop at the angle by the waterfall. He came back with a sheet of black parcelling paper and wrapped up the trout very gently. He had long, delicate hands, so freckled that they were almost totally brown. The trout, bloody mouth gaping, looked sadly up at the two of them. Lofty said, "I'd like to go out with you."

"I'm often out. Here."

So he laughed and handed her the trout, and went on upstream toward the falls, casting from the bank at first, then wading knee-deep across a shallow bar of gravel, and walking on across a green hill toward the deeps above the falls. She liked his long stride, and the rod dipping and twiddling above him, and the laden bag—even though she knew it was full of dead, gaping trout. She knew he was a popular fellow in the town. Yet she didn't tell her aunt and uncle who exactly it was had made her a gift of the trout. She said it was an elderly man and she wasn't quite sure of his name, but she described him so that they'd guess he was a well-known fisherman, a jeweller by trade and highly respected in the town. Not that Lofty and his people were unrespectable.

ONE Sunday in the previous June, in an excursion train to Bundoran by the western sea, she had overheard Lofty's mother telling funny stories. As a rule, Protestants didn't go west to Bundoran but went north to Portrush. The sea was sectarian. What were the wild waves saying? At Portrush: "Slewter, slaughter, holy water, harry the papishes every one, drive them under and bate them asunder, the Protestant boys will carry the drum." Or at Bundoran: "On St. Patrick's Day, jolly and gay, we'll kick all the Protestants out of the way, and if that won't do, we'll cut them in two, and send them to hell with their red-white-and-blue."

Nursery rhymes.

She sat facing her aunt in the train, and her uncle sat beside her. They were quiet, looking at all the long beauty of Lough Erne, which has an island, wooded or pastoral, for every day in the year. Her aunt, a timid little woman, said now and again, "Glory be to God for all his goodness."

Her uncle said just once, "You should see Lake Superior. No end to it. As far as the human eye can see."

Then they were all quiet, overhearing Lofty's mother, who had no prejudices about the religion of the ocean and who, with three other people, sat across the corridor from them. She had a good-natured, carrying voice, and really was fun to listen to. She was saying, "I'm a Protestant myself, Missus dear, and I mean no disrespect to confession, but you must have heard about the young fellow who went to the priest to tell him his sins and told him a story that had more women in it than King Solomon had in the Bible, and the goings on were terrible, and the priest says to him, 'Young man, are you married?'

And the young fellow says back to him, dead serious and all, 'Naw, Father, but I was twice in Fintona.' "

The train dived through a tunnel of tall trees. The lake vanished. Sunlight flashing through leaves made her close her eyes. Everybody on the train, even her aunt, seemed to be laughing. A man was saying, "Fintona always had a bit of a name for wild women."

Lofty's mother said, "I was born there myself, but I never noticed that it was all that good. Nobody ever told me."

SHE opens her eyes, and the sunlight flickers down on her through the spiralling branches of the great conifer. Lofty is on the very tip of the peninsula of sand and gravel, demonstrating fly casting to half a dozen children who are tailor-squatting around his feet. She is aware that he's showing off to impress her, and the thought makes her warm and pleased, ready to laugh at anything. But to pretend that she's unimpressed she leans back and looks up into the tree, in which the sunlight is really alive, creeping round the great bole—spots of light leaping like birds from one branch to another. She thinks of the ombu tree that grows on the pampas of South America. Its trunk can be anything up to a hundred feet thick. The wood is so soft that when cut it rots like an overripe melon and is useless as firewood. The leaves are large, glossy, and deep green, like laurel leaves—and also bitter. But they give shade from the bare sun to man and beast, and men mark their way on the endless plains by remembering this or that ombu tree. She has read about ombu trees. Her own tree is for sure not one of them. She sits up straight when her book is lifted from her lap. Lofty is sitting by her side. The children are pointing and laughing. He must have crept up on hands and knees, pretending to be a wild animal—a wolf, a prowling tiger. He's very good at capers of that sort. His rod and net lie by the side of the burn.

It was April the first time he sat beside her. It is now mid-June. Her school will close soon for the holidays, and she will no longer be compelled to wear the uniform—black stockings, pleated skirt of navy-blue serge, blue gansey, blue necktie with saffron stripes, blue blazer with school crest in saffron on breast pocket, blue beret, black flat-heeled shoes. Even Juliet, and she was very young, didn't have to wear a school uniform. If she had, Romeo wouldn't have looked at her.

Not that they are star-crossed lovers, or Lofty any Romeo. They haven't even crossed the millrace to walk in the bluebell woods, as couples of all ages customarily do. She isn't shy of walking slowly because of the leg splint, but she knows that Lofty hasn't asked her because he thinks she might be. That makes her feel for him as she might feel for a witless younger brother who was awkward. And a bit wild: for a lot of Lofty's talk doesn't go with the world of school uniforms that are mostly Mother of God blue. What the saffron is for, except variety of a sort, she can't guess. Lofty's rattling, restless talk would lift Mother Teresa out of her frozen black rigidity.

Lofty, with great good humor, fingers the saffron stripes and says that, in spite of everything, she's a wee bit of an Orangewoman. They hold hands regularly. Lofty can read palms—a variant reading every time. They have kissed occasionally, when the children who are always there have been distracted by a water hen or rat or leaping fish or a broken branch or an iceberg of froth from the falls.

"Don't look now," he says one day, "but if you swivel round slowly you'll see my three sisters in action."

Beyond the millrace and against the fresh green of woods she can see the flash of colored frocks, the glint of brass buttons and pipe-clayed belts. In those days, it was only the wild ones who went with the soldiers.

"They're hell for soldiers," he says. "Between the three of them, they'd take on the Germans."

Lofty himself reads a lot of military books—campaigns and generals, Napoleon and Ludendorff, all the way from Blenheim to the Dardanelles. When he doodles, as he often does on the writing pad she always carries with her—to make notes on her reading, to transcribe favorite poems—he doodles uniforms, with every detail exact. Yet he listens to her when she reads poetry, or the splendid prose of a volume of selected English essays from Caxton to Belloc.

"They're advancing on us," he says. "They have us surrounded, enfiladed, debouched, and *circumnavigated*."

"We'll tell Maryanne that you're with another," the three sisters chorus.

The three British soldiers who are with the sisters are one of them from Sligo, one from Wexford, and one actually from Lancashire in England. They all talk and laugh a lot, and she likes them. The Lancashire lad climbs right up to the top of the conifer and pretends to see everything that's going on in the town and tells them about it—he has a lurid imagination. Then they go away toward the waterfall, still laughing, calling back about telling Maryanne.

She asks him who Maryanne is.

Lofty, who clearly likes his sisters, is

REBECCA, 14

Squat, slant-eyed, speaking in phrase-book phrases, the messenger
says he is your brother, and settles down on his heels
to wait, muffled in flat, supple skin, rope over his shoulder. You
wait, play, turn, forget. Years,

years. The messenger is both like the penguin
who sits on the nest of pebbles and the one
who brings home pebbles to the nest's edge in his beak,
one at a time, and also like the one
who is lying there, warm, who is going to break out soon:

becoming yourself: the messenger is growing
strong, tough feet for land,
and strong wings for the water, and long
butter-yellow feather eyebrows for looks. And will speak,
calmly, words you already know: 'thread,' 'island,'

'must': Now, slowly, just while you lie on your cot there, half-
dozing, not reading, watching the trees,
a summer, and a summer—writing long pages, tearing them up—

lying there under the close August window, while at your back
the water-lit, dotted lines of home start coloring in.

—JEAN VALENTINE

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not in the least embarrassed by the suggestion that he has another woman. "Oh, Maryanne's nobody, or nobody much."

"She has a name. She must be somebody."

She's not really jealous, just curious.

"Maryanne's a girl I met one day on the road beyond McCaslan's shop."

"You met nobody on the road?"

"She was wheeling a pram."

"She's married to Mr. Nobody?"

"It wasn't her pram. She's the nursemaid in Mooney's, the fancy-bread bakery. There was a lovely smell of fresh bread."

"Had you a good appetite, apple jelly, jam tart?"

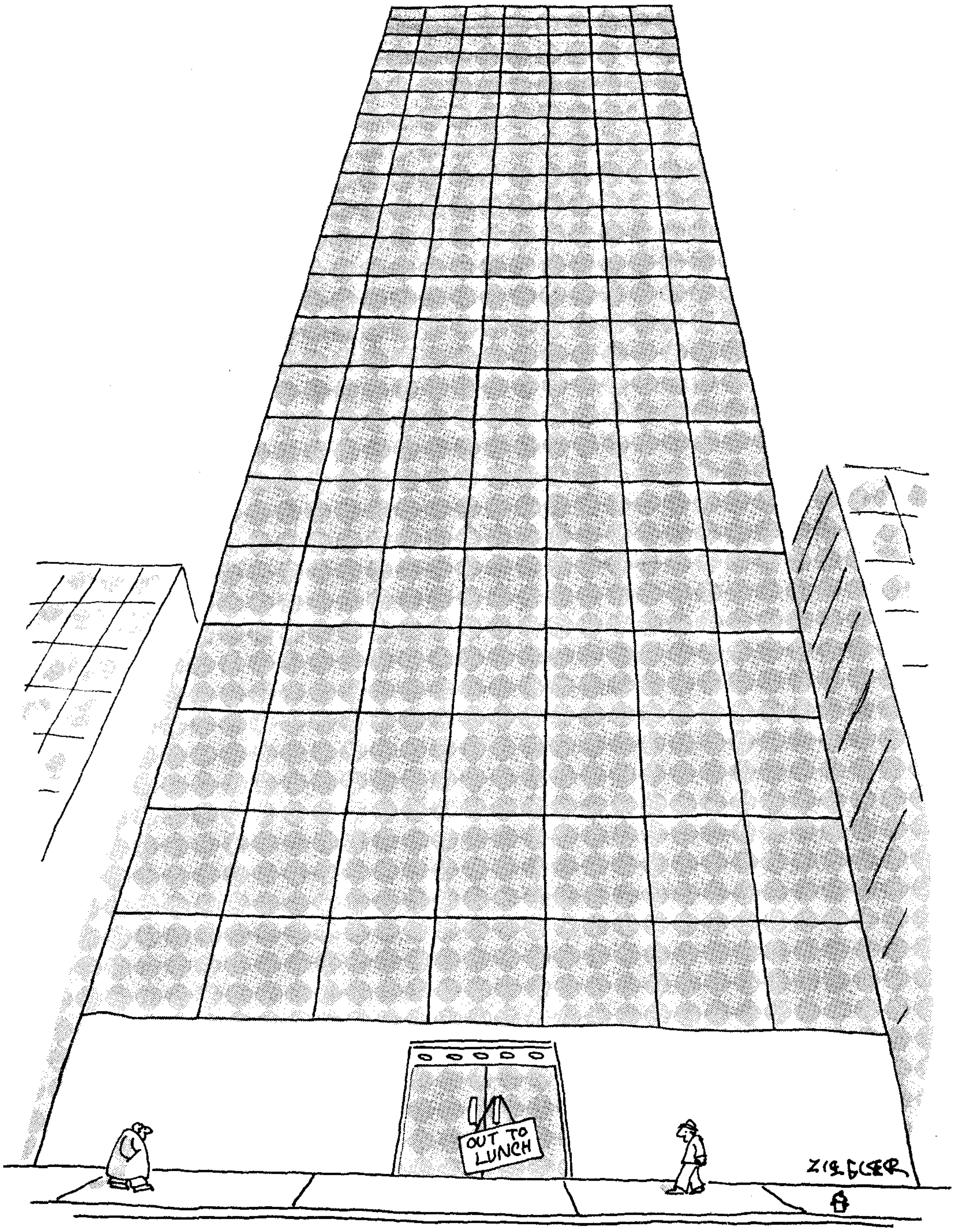
That is a rhyme to which children, Protestant and Catholic, skip rope on the streets, but since the rest of it is "Tell me the name of your sweetheart," she doesn't finish it and finds herself, to her annoyance, blushing. Lofty doesn't seem to notice.

"There were twins in the pram. I pushed it for her up the hill to the main road. Then she said, 'I bet you wouldn't do that for me if it was in the town, on the courthouse hill, where everybody could see you.' I said, 'Why not?' And she said, 'Christian Brothers boys are very stuck-up—I've met some that would do anything you'd let them if they had a girl in the woods or in the dark but that wouldn't be seen talking to her on the street.' I didn't tell her I was a Presbyterian and went to the academy."

"Why not?"

"She mightn't like a Presbyterian pushing her pram."

They laugh at that, until the playing children turn and look and laugh with them. Cheerful voices call from beyond the millrace, where soldiers and sisters are withdrawing to the woods.



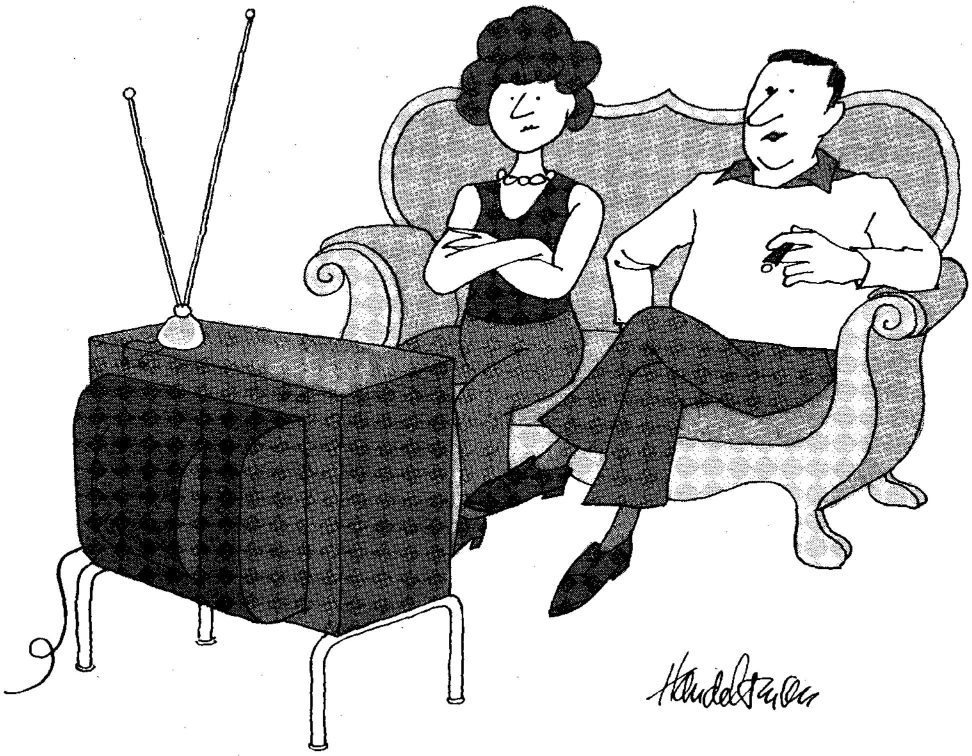
SHE had listened to Lofty's mother again as the train returned from Bundoran that evening and the great romantic flat-topped mountains diminished into the distance. This time, the storyteller faced her aunt and sat beside her uncle, who had been talking about jerry-building in a new housing estate. Lofty's mother agreed with him. She had a shopping bag of sugar to smuggle back into the Six Counties, where it cost more. The sugar was tastefully disguised under a top dressing of dulse. With content and triumph, Lofty's mother sang a parody popular at the time: "South of the border, down Bundoran way, that's where we get the Free State sugar to sweeten our tay."

She was great fun. She had bright-blue eyes and a brown hat with a flaring feather, and a brown crinkly face. She said, "Those houses are everything you say and worse. Fancy fronts and ready to fall. When you flush the lavatory in them, the noise is heard all over the town."

Passersby in the corridor stop to join the fun. The smuggled sugar is safely across the border.

Her uncle is a tall, broad-shouldered man with a good gray suit, a wide-brimmed hat, two gold teeth, and a drawl. Years ago, he was in the building trade in the United States and knows a lot about jerry-building. He gets on very well with Lofty's mother.

IT was well on toward the end of August when the black man sat on the bench beside her. She was looking sideways toward the bridge over the millrace, and laughing because two rough young fellows were running like hares before Mr. McCaslan's boxer dog. Mr. McCaslan was also water



"That's the life. A beautiful house, two lovely children, a loyal dog, and a laugh track."

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bailiff and park keeper. The rough fellows had been using, brutally, one of the swings meant for small children—so brutally that the iron stays that supported it were rising out of the ground. Mr. McCaslan had mentioned the matter to them. They had been offensive and even threatening to the old rheumatic man, so he hobbled back to his shop and sent the boxer dog down as his deputy. The pair took off as if all hell were behind them. It was funny, because the dog didn't bark or growl or show hostility, didn't even run fast—just loped along with a certain air of quiet determination and wouldn't (as far as she knew) savage anybody. But he was a big dog, even for a boxer, and the retreat of the miscreants was faster than the Keystone Cops. She laughed so much that the book fell on the grass. The black man picked it up and sat down beside her. She thought of him as a black man not because he was a Negro but because her uncle had told her that he was a member of the Black Preceptory, which was a special branch of the Orange Order. She had seen him walking last Twelfth of July in the big parade in memory of the Battle of the Boyne. He had worn the black sash, with shining metallic esoteric insignia attached, as had the other men who marched beside him. The contingent that followed wore blue sashes and were supposed to be teetotallers, but her uncle said that that was not always so. One of the blue men, a red-faced, red-headed fellow, was teetering, and might have fallen if he hadn't been holding on to one of the poles that supported a banner.

The drums drummed, the banners bellied in the breeze, the pipes and fifes and brass and accordions played:

> It is old but it is beautiful
> And its colors they are fine.
> It was worn at Derry, Aughrim,
> Enniskillen, and the Boyne.
> My father wore it in his youth,
> In bygone days of yore,
> And on the Twelfth I'll always wear
> The sash my father wore.

The name of the black man who sat beside her was Samuel McClintock, and he was a butcher. It was said about him for laughs that if the market ran out of meat the town could live for a week on McClintock's apron: blue, with white stripes. That August day and in the public park, he naturally wasn't wearing the apron. He had a black mustache, a heavy blue chin, a checked cloth cap, thick-soled boots, thick woollen stockings, and whipcord knee breeches. He said, "The dog gave those ruffians the run."

The way he said it took the fun out of it. She said, "Yes, Mr. McClintock."

She wished him elsewhere. She half looked at her book. She was too well reared to pick it up from her lap and ostentatiously go on reading. The river was in a brown fresh that day, the peninsula of sand and gravel not to be seen, nor Lofty, nor the children. The black man said, "Plenty water in the river today."

She agreed with him. It was a public park in a free-and-easy town, and everyone had a right to sit where he pleased. Yet this was her own seat under the tall tree—almost exclusively hers, except when Lofty was there. The black man said, "The Scotchies have a saying that the salmon's her ain when there's water but she's oors when it's oot." He explained, "That means that often they're easier to catch when the water's low."

He filled his pipe and lit it. The smell of tobacco was welcome. It might have been her imagination, but until he pulled and puffed and sent the tobacco smell out around them she had thought that the resinous air under the tree was polluted by the odors of the butcher's shop. He said that the salmon were a sight to see leaping the falls when they went running upstream. She said that she had often watched them.

"I'm told you're very friendly with a well-known young fisherman of my persuasion."

"Who, for instance?"

"You know well. That's what I want to talk to you about. It's a serious matter."

"Being friendly with a fisherman?"

"Don't play the smarty with me, young lassie. Even if you do go to the convent secondary school. Young people now get more education than's good for them. Lofty at the academy and you at the convent have no call to be chumming it up before the whole town."

"Why not?"

But it occurred to her that they hadn't been chumming it up or anything else before the whole town. What eyes could have spied on them on this enchanted island?

"His uncle's a tyler, that's why."

"I never knew he had an uncle."

"His mother's brother is a tyler and very strict."

"What's a tyler?"

"I shouldn't repeat it, lassie. But I will, to impress on you how serious it is. A tyler he is and a strict one. Wasn't it him spoke up to have Lofty let into the B-Specials?"

"Don't ask me. I never knew he was a B-Special."

But one day for a joke, she remembered, he had given her that handful of bullets.

“The nuns wouldn't tell you this at school, but the B-Specials were set up by Sir Basil Brooke to hold Ulster against the Pope and the Republic of Ireland.”

The nuns for sure hadn't told her anything of the sort—Mother Teresa, who was very strong on purity and being a lady and not sitting like a man, with your legs crossed, had never once mentioned the defensive heroisms of the B-Specials, who, out in country places, went about at night with guns and in black uniforms, holding up Catholic neighbors and asking them their names and addresses—which they knew very well to begin with. The Lofty she knew in daylight by this laughing river didn't seem to be cut out for such nocturnal capers.

“If his uncle knew that the two of you, and you a Catholic girl, were carrying on, there'd be hell upon earth.”

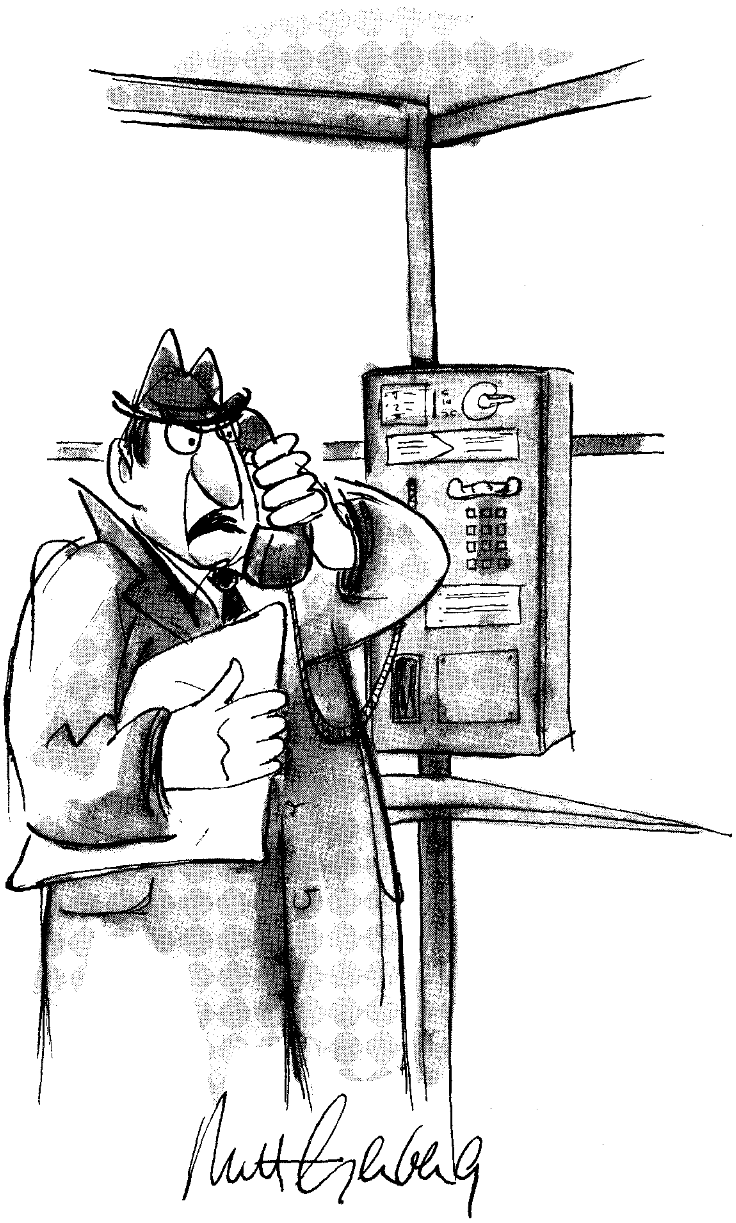
“But we're not carrying on.”

“Speak with respect, young lassie. A tyler, although I shouldn't tell you the secret, is a big man in the Orange Order at detecting intruders. His obligation is this: ‘I do solemnly declare that I will be faithful to the duties of my office, and I will not admit any person into the Lodge without having first found him to be in possession of the financial password or without the sanction of the Worshipful Master of the Lodge.’ ”

Then, after a pause, he said with gravity, “And I'm the Worshipful Master.”

He was the only one of the kind she had ever met or ever was to meet, and she did her best, although it was all very strange there by the river and the rough stream and under the big tree, to appear impressed, yet all she could think of saying was “But I'm not interfering with his tyling.”

Then she was angry and close to tears, although it was also funny.



“What do you mean, get the hell off your *line?* You *get the hell off* my *line!”*

“For all I care he can tile the roofs and floors and walls of every house in this town.”

The big man hadn't moved much since he sat down, had never raised his voice. But now he shouted, “Lassie, I'll make you care. The B-Specials are sworn to uphold Protestant liberty and beat down the Fenians and the I.R.A.”

“I'm not a Fenian nor an I.R.A.”

“You're a Roman Catholic, aren't you? And there isn't any other sort. Sir Basil Brooke says that Roman Catholics are ninety-nine per cent disloyal and that he wouldn't have one of them about the house.”

“Sir Who's-It?”

“No cheek, lassie. Didn't he sit up a tree at Colebrooke all night long with a gun waiting for the I.R.A. to attack his house? Didn't he found the B-Specials to help the police to defend the throne and the Protestant religion?”

What was it to her if Sir Somebody-or-Other spent all his life up a tree at Colebrooke or anywhere else? The Lancashire soldier had climbed her tree and been as comic as a monkey up a stick. The black man calmed himself. “Your own clergy are dead set against mixed marriages,” he said.

“We weren't thinking of marriage.”

“What of, then? Silliness and nonsense. The young have no wit. What would Mother Teresa say if she heard you were keeping company with a Protestant?”

“Who would tell her?”

“I might. For your own good and for Lofty.”

He knocked the ash out of his pipe and put it away. The pleasant tobacco smell faded. She smelled blood and dirt and heard screams, and knew, with a comical feeling of kindness, that she had been wrongly blaming him for bringing with him the stench of the shambles. There was a piggery at the far end of the field beyond the river and the wind was blowing from that direction.

“That's the piggery,” she said. “It's a disgrace.”

“Time and again I've said that on the Town Council. You must have read what I said in the papers. It's a sin, shame, and scandal to have a piggery beside a beauty spot. Not that I've anything against pigs, in my business, in their own place.”

He stood up and patted her on the shoulder. He was really just a big, rough, friendly man. “You don't want him put out of the Specials or the Lodge itself,” he said.

“Why should he be?”

“These are deep matters. But they tell me you read a lot. You've the name for being one of the cleverest students in this town, Protestant or Catholic. So I'll talk to you, all for the best, as if you were a grownup and one of my own. It is possible but very difficult for a convert to be accepted as a member of the Orange Order."

He was as good as standing at attention. He was looking over her head toward the waterfall.

"A convert would have to be of several years' standing, and his background would have to be carefully screened. His admission would have to be authorized by the Grand Lodge. They'd have to go that high—like Rome for the Catholics. No convert can get into the Black Preceptory if either of his parents is still living, in case the Roman Catholic Church might exert pressure on a parent."

He was reciting. Like the singsong way in which, in school, the children learned the catechism.

"A convert who was even a Protestant clergyman was blacked out, because one of his parents was still living, and there is automatic expulsion for dishonoring the institution by marrying a Roman Catholic."

The great tree creaked its branches above them. The brown water tumbled on toward the town.

"You see what I mean, lassie?"

She supposed she saw. In a way, she was grateful. He was trying to help. He shook her hand as if they were friends forever. He went off toward the waterfall, so that, without turning around, she could not see him walking away and he could not, thank God, see her laughing. For, sweet heart of Jesus, fount of love and mercy, to thee we come thy blessings to implore, but it was comic to think of him marching up the convent grounds (he should wear his black sash and have a fife and drum before him), with the holy white statues to left and right and a Lourdes grotto as high as Mt. Errigal, to relate all about the love life of Lofty and herself to Mother Teresa, who had a mouth like a rattrap and a mind to match. A Worshipful Master and a Most Worshipful Reverend Mother, and never, or seldom, the twain shall meet. She was an odd sort of a girl. She sat around a lot and had read too many books. It was funny, also, to think of his daughter, Gladys—a fine, good-natured brunette with a swinging stride, a bosom like a Viking prow, and a dozen boyfriends of all creeds and classes. Nothing sectarian about Gladys, who was one of his own kind and the daughter of a Worshipful Master. Somebody should tell the tyler to keep an eye on her. But she was too clever to be caught—too fast on her feet, too fast on her feet.

As she walked slowly past the Orange Hall on the way home, she thought that she would have a lot to tell to lazy, freckled, lovable Lofty. The Orange Hall was a two-story brownstone building at a crossroads on the edge of the town. High on its wall, a medallion image of William of Orange on an impossibly white horse rode forever across the Boyne. The two old cannons on the green outside had been captured from the Germans in the Kaiser war. In there, Lofty's lodge met, and it was a popular joke that no man could become a member until he rode a buck goat backways up the stairs. Sometimes, in the evenings, bands played thunderously in there, practicing for the day in July when they marched out, banners flying. It was crazy to think that a man on a white horse, riding across a river more than two hundred years ago, could now ride between herself and Lofty. Or, for that matter—although Mother Teresa would have a fit if she thought that a pupil of hers could think of such things—another man on a chair or something being carried shoulder-high in the city of Rome.

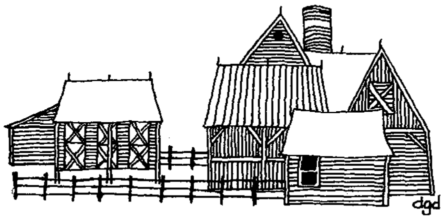
All this she meant to mention to Lofty the next time he came to the seat under the tree. But all she could get around to saying was "Lofty, what's a tyler?"

He had no rod and net and was dressed, not for fishing, in a new navy-blue suit. The children called to him from the gravel, but he paid no attention to them. At first, he pretended not to hear her, so she asked him again. He said that a tyler was a man who laid tiles.

That was the end of that. Then it was winter. One whole week, the park was flooded. She couldn't exactly remember when it was that Lofty had given her the bullets.

IT was also crazy to think that Lofty's laughing mother could have a brother who went about spying on people and nosing them out. What eyes had spied on Lofty and herself on the enchanted island? What nosy neighbor had told somebody who told somebody who told the sergeant that she had bullets in the earthenware jug?

"If you don't tell me," the sergeant said, "it will be awkward for all concerned. What would Mother Teresa think if she knew you had live bullets in an earthenware jug?"



It wasn't possible to control the giggles. What, in the holy name of God, would Mother Teresa think if the sergeant and the Worshipful Master descended on her simultaneously? What would she say? How would she look? Keeping live bullets in a jug must be one of the few things that she had not warned her girls against.

"You'll have to come down to the barracks with me. I'll walk ahead and you follow, just in case the people are passing remarks. They might think I'm arresting you."

"What *are* you doing?"

"Och, I'd just like you to make a statement. It's not a crime to have bullets. Not for a young lady like you, who wouldn't be likely to be using them. But we have a duty to find out where they came from. My son Reggie speaks highly of you—Reggie the footballer, you know."

She knew. It was a town joke that the sergeant couldn't speak to anybody for ten minutes without mentioning Reggie, who parted his hair up the middle, wore loud scarves, and played football very well. It was clear that the sergeant thought that to be thought well of by Reggie was a special distinction.

Old low white houses line the hill that goes up from the brook and the co-operative creamery to the center of the town. The sergeant plods on twenty yards ahead of her. The town is very quiet. His black leather belt creaks and strains to hold him together. The butt of his pistol, his black baton case shine.

Back to the wall in the dayroom, Lofty sits, pale and nervous, on a creaking cane chair. She has never noticed before that he has a stutter. Another sergeant sits behind a desk and makes notes. Two young constables are laughing in the background. The black man comes in and says, "I warned the two of them."

Her own sergeant says, "There wasn't much harm in it."

"Not for the girl," says the man behind the desk. "But for him a breach of discipline."

Lofty has surely never stuttered when he talked to her by the meeting of the waters.

"Did you tell them I gave you the bullets?"

"Dear God, it wasn't a crime to give me bullets."

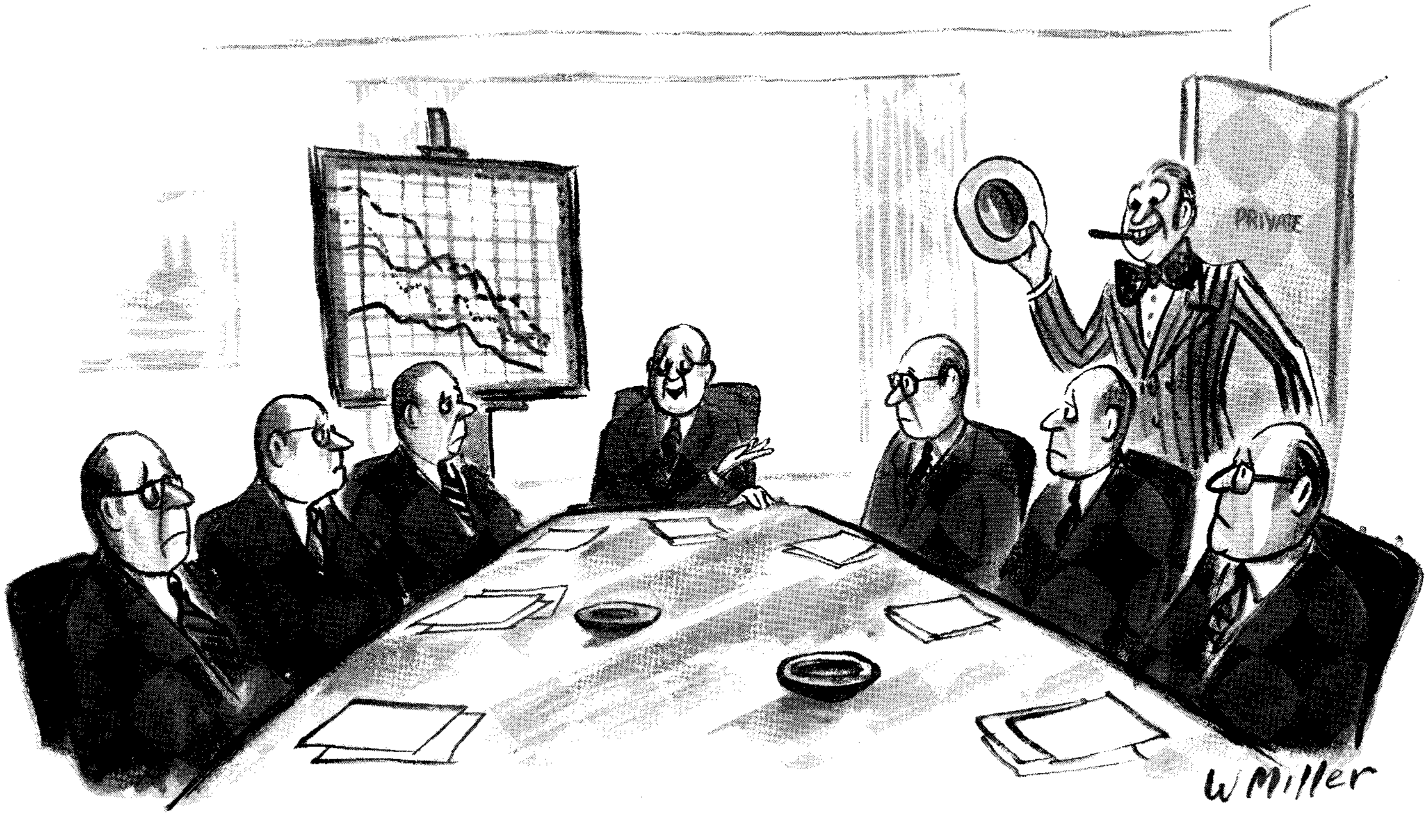
"Did you tell them?"

"I did not."

"They said you did."

"So."

Her own sergeant looks ashamed and



"But before we continue let's pause for a few moments of madcap wit and zany one-liners."

• •

rubs his mustache. The other sergeant says, "Case closed."

Then her uncle walks in, and so hopping mad that he seems to have a mouthful of gold teeth. He talks for a long time, and they listen respectfully, because he's a famous man for keeping running dogs that he feeds on brandy and beef. He says over and over again, "You make a helluva fuss about a few bullets."

"A breach of discipline," says the man behind the desk. A helluva fuss.

"Damn nonsense!" says her uncle.

And repeats it many times as they walk home together.

"But, all the same, they'll put him out of the Specials," he says. "And I daresay he shouldn't have been fooling around, giving away government issue."

Over the supper table, he remembers the time he had been a policeman in Detroit: "Some Negro trouble then, and this rookie policeman from Oklahoma was on patrol with a trained man. The rookie has no gun. So they're rushed by twenty black men, and the first rock thrown clobbers the trained man unconscious. But the Oklahoma guy, he stoops down, takes the pistol out of the other man's holster, and shoots six times and kills six black men—one, two, three, four, five, six. He didn't waste a bullet."

"Sacred Heart have mercy," says her aunt.

"What did the other black men do, Uncle?"

"They took off for home, and small blame to them. He was a cool one, that rookie, and a damned good shot. Here, in this place, they make a helluva fuss over a few bullets. I told them so."

LOFTY came never again to the tall tree. They met a few times on the street and spoke a few words. She left the town after a while, and went to work in London. Once, home on holidays, she met Lofty, and he asked her to go to the pictures, and she meant to but never did. The Hitler war came on. She married an American, and went to live in, of all places, Detroit. Her uncle and aunt and the sergeant and the Worshipful Master and the tyler and, I suppose, Lofty's mother and old McCaslan and his dog died.

Remembering her, I walked, the last time I was in the town, to revisit Bluebell Meadow. The bridge over the millrace was broken down to one plank. Rank grass grew a foot high over most of the island. The rest of it was a wide track of sand and gravel, where the river in fierce flood had taken everything before it. The children's swings and all the seats were gone, smashed some time before by reluctant young soldiers from the North of England cities doing their national service. Repair work had been planned, but then the bombings and murders began.

No laughing Lancashire boy in British uniform will ever again climb the tall tree. For one thing, the tree is gone. For another, the soldiers go about in bands, guns at the ready, in trucks and armored cars. There are burned-out buildings in the main streets, and barricades and checkpoints at the ends of the town. As a woman said to me, "Nowadays, we have gates to the town." Still, other towns are worse. Strabane, which was on the border and easy to bomb, is a burned-out wreck—and Newry, where the people badly needed shops and factories, and not ruins. And Derry is like Dresden on the day after.

When I wrote to her about this, she said, among other things, that she had never found out the name of that tall conifer. —BENEDICT KIELY

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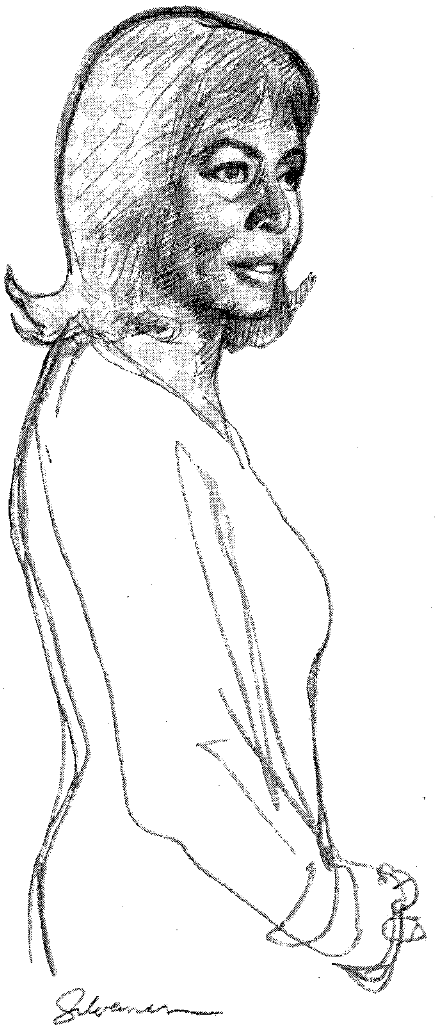
Winners, to be judged by three-dimensional artists of national reputation, will be announced by July 22.—*Arts Bulletin, published by the Connecticut Commission on the Arts.*

One of the judges is positively pudgy.

PROFILES

DOING SOMETHING

IN the history of operatic performance, there have always been certain female singers who have been at least as famous for their physical glamour as for their voices. A list would include Geraldine Farrar, Mary Garden, Maria Jeritza, Grace Moore, Risë Stevens, and many others. For these singers, the projection of a not particularly history-making voice was helped by physical beauty and acting ability. Along with Beverly Sills, there is one other singer today who possesses the glamour of these past singers and has, in addition, a voice that would win international acclaim even for a less beautiful person and a less accomplished actress. Shirley Verrett, who appears at the Metropolitan Opera this week in the company's first production of Rossini's "The Siege of Corinth," is the first dramatic coloratura mezzo-soprano to fall into this category. She is also black. Not only is Miss Verrett beautiful to look at but she is equally at home in the contralto roles of Delilah and Orfeo; the mezzo range of Carmen, Amneris, and Azucena; the coloratura-mezzo range of Neocle in "The Siege of Corinth," Adalgisa in "Norma," and Leonora in Donizetti's "La Favorita;" the dramatic-soprano role of Cassandra in Berlioz' "Les Troyens" and the dramatic-mezzo role of Dido in the same opera; the coloratura role of Queen Elizabeth in Donizetti's "Maria Stuarda;" the taxing dramatic-soprano role of Lady Macbeth in Verdi's "Macbeth;" and, finally, the role of Norma herself. She has managed to span two vocal repertoires and to create a remarkable number of distinct personalities, both vocally and dramatically—never more convincingly than when she sang both Cassandra and Dido in Berlioz' two-part, five-hour "Les Troyens" at its New York première at the Metropolitan on October 22, 1973. It was a feat of endurance as well as of histrionic talent which had never been achieved before, and it is not likely to be repeated.



Shirley Verrett

On that occasion, Miss Verrett's voice alone created two separate personalities—the stentorian prophetess Cassandra in "The Capture of Troy" and the feminine Queen of Carthage in "The Trojans at Carthage." Added to this was an unforgettable stage presence, tigerlike and intense in its movements as Cassandra, yielding and sorrowful in its appearance as Dido. Both the voice and the bodily movements created two entirely different characters—indeed, characters belonging to two entirely different repertoires. But perhaps the most impressive thing of all about this dual performance was that Miss Verrett was originally scheduled to sing only Cassandra. She had about a week's notice from the Met's general manager, Schuyler Chapin, that the admirable Austrian mezzo Christa Ludwig, who was cast as Dido, had fallen ill and would not be able to sing. Miss Verrett had never before sung Cassandra, though she had prepared the role carefully for this performance. She had sung Dido once, over Italian radio—with a score in her hands. The situation required her to do a lot of quick boning up on Dido, and the singing of both roles necessitated her being onstage for about four hours, in two stretches. The evening was a triumph, both for Miss Verrett and for the new management of the opera house, which had a lot riding on this première. "Les Troyens" was really its first elaborate new production, and it had to be successful. As for Miss Verrett, overnight she became a celebrated singer in New York. A few evenings later, in a recital at Carnegie Hall, she was given a frenzied reception. It was obvious that here was a singer who could sing practically everything, and critics were ecstatic. At the Met's June Festival the following summer, she went on to sing the difficult role of Judith in Bartók's "Bluebeard's Castle," but her triumph in the huge Berlioz work remained a landmark in American operatic history.

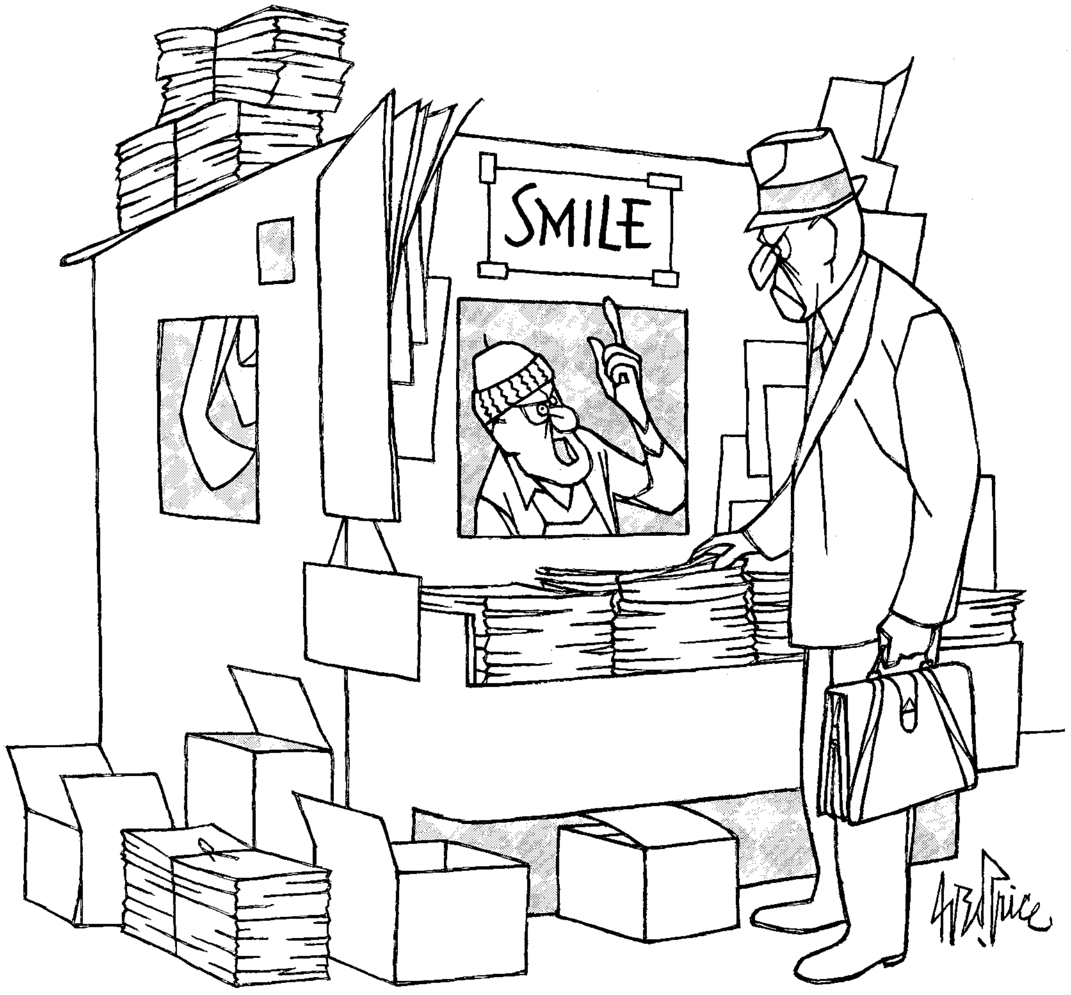
All this was the more remarkable in that Miss Verrett had been emerging very slowly into the consciousness of New York operagoers. Although she is an American, most of her previous successes had been earned abroad—at London's Covent Garden, Milan's La Scala, and Europe's other first-rank opera houses. She had, it is true, made a Metropolitan début in 1968, as Carmen, and had followed it with a few Ebolis in Verdi's "Don Carlo," but the début had been made in the ridiculous Jean-Louis Barrault production that was the major scandal of the Rudolf Bing administration—a production she had hated on sight. Since she was not comfortable in it, she did not impress the critics particularly. Her memory is simply of an unpleasant experience. "I was unhappy at the Met," she recalled recently. "I was younger and a little more belligerent in those days. I got the impression that they were only interested in putting bodies on the stage, without regard to the human beings inside them. And that annoyed me. They didn't take the trouble to find out what Shirley Verrett was all about. So I decided that the best thing for me was to sing somewhere else, and if there was a change from the Bing regime, I'd come back. I suppose I could have gotten along with Mr. Bing, but I was very outspoken. People don't like that. In this life, one can be honest with oneself but one can do it in a different way, without being as aggressive as I was. Mr. Bing thought in 1968 that since he was offering me eight performances of Azucena I ought to be grateful. But I was very uptight, and we really didn't get along. He would offer me things and I would simply say, 'No, I don't want to do it.' In 1966, Mr. Bing had offered me Carmen, but I didn't want it. The main reason I finally made my début in it in 1968 was that a friend on the Met's board advised me to. The season before, they had wanted Grace Bumbry to do Carmen first, and I was to appear second. I didn't want that. I never feel that I have to compete with another singer. That's kid stuff. I thought, I have what I have to offer; let Bumbry do the whole season; I'll come in later. I wanted to come to the Metropolitan through the front door. The atmosphere of the regime was anti-human, anti-artist, anti-art when I arrived on the scene. From the standpoint of warmth, the Chapin regime is entirely different. I feel when I go to the Metropolitan Opera House today that it is my home house. I belong there."

MISS VERRETT had sung her first Carmen long before her Metropolitan début—in 1962, at the Spoleto Festival, under the personal direction of Gian Carlo Menotti and the baton of Thomas Schippers. The following year, she sang the role with the Bolshoi Opera, in Moscow, and then returned briefly to New York to sing it with the New York City Opera. In 1966, already one of the most sought-after of Carmens, and also a star on Italian radio, she made her Covent Garden début in the rather thankless role of Ulrica in "Un Ballo in Maschera." But in spite of all this opera singing Miss Verrett had not made up her mind that she was really an opera singer. She preferred recitals, and wanted to follow in the footsteps of such famous black concert artists as Roland Hayes and Dorothy Maynor. She did not change her mind about this until she was thirty-four years old. Then, in May, 1967, she appeared as Queen Elizabeth in Donizetti's "Maria Stuarda" at the Teatro Comunale, in Florence. That was the turning point. The enthusiasm of the audience and her mastery of the vocal fireworks involved n the role caused her to consider for the first time a full-time career as an operatic diva. From then on, she pursued it with diligence, and her fame rose continuously.

In December, 1967, she returned to America to sing Queen Elizabeth again—this time with the American Opera Society, in Carnegie Hall. After that, she went back to London to sing her first Eboli. It was at this point that Mr. Bing induced her, against her better judgment, to make her Met début. She left the Metropolitan after one season, repeated her interpretation of Queen Elizabeth at the Teatro San Carlo, in Naples, in 1969, and in January, 1970, made her La Scala début as Delilah. That same month, she sang her first Azucena in Verdi's "Il Trovatore" at Covent Garden. She had by then become so popular at Covent Garden that for a time she was shuttling back and forth between London and Milan. Again she came back to the United States, but only for a concert performance with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy. In April, she sang Eboli at La Scala, and shortly afterward took the role to the Vienna Opera, where she was a sensation. In 1971, she went to Dallas to sing Leonora in "La Favorita," a role that she is particularly fond of and one that she has suggested to the Metropolitan. In 1972, she sang her first Orfeo at Covent Garden, made her Paris Opéra début as Azucena, and gave her first Covent Garden performance of Carmen. During the 1972-73 season, she made her début at the San Francisco Opera as Sélika in Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine"—a production that was mounted expressly for her. Finally, she returned to the Metropolitan for her remarkable dual role in Berlioz' "Les Troyens."

SHIRLEY VERRETT's immediate future is as bright as her past. This week, at Beverly Sills' Metropolitan début in "The Siege of Corinth," she is singing the warrior Neocle to Miss Sills' Pamira, and she is to open the Metropolitan season this fall in the same opera. She will follow that with her first comic role—Rosina in "The Barber of Seville." In December, she is scheduled to open the La Scala season singing Lady Macbeth, under the direction of Giorgio Strehler and the baton of Claudio Abbado, and for next year she is under contract to sing the long and difficult role of Norma at Covent Garden.

As the variety of these roles suggests, Miss Verrett's voice is a remarkable one. Its range is enormous. She is one of those spectacular mezzos (Marilyn Horne is another) who not only tackle the mezzo-soprano range with the utmost ease but have an upper extension into the soprano area, with unusual agility in coloratura and high notes around C, D, and E. Since she falls



"Whatsamatter, Mac? Can't you read?"

INVENTING THE TOUCAN

You sail placidly down the Orinoco in a white dress.
You cross your legs and accept a drink from a stranger.
But then your mother and father, dragging the dead mule
Out of the shade, begin waving and calling.

You swim over and kneel beside the animal.
Speaking softly, you do not disturb the toucan,
Who dreams, on the branch just above you,
That his stripes have grown younger.

Your mother and father kneel behind you
And flutter their hands weakly as if in prayer, until
It seems you too are clutching a limb with huge claws,
As the skin over each knuckle hardens.

You grip deeply, until there is no future but this.
You think of your rented house trailer,
Of the smoke that is rising bashfully
Out of all the chimneys at once in Boise, Idaho.

But you suspect something.
The jungle is too green.
The mule's lips are becoming a little too intimate.
And these two aren't your real parents.

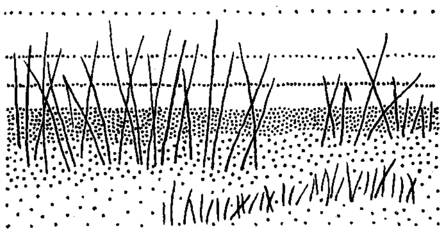
—LARRY LEVIS

• •

into no single category, she once said, she has thought of referring to herself simply as "Shirley Verrett, singer." Certainly there are few roles for the female voice that she cannot approach with complete confidence. She is, if anything, a supersinger, of a type that is rare indeed. Her fees are correspondingly high, and she is in demand in virtually every opera house in the world. But she dislikes travel ("I don't like packing and unpacking—or hotels, either, except for a couple in San Francisco and one in Seattle"), so there is a possibility that she will remain one of the stalwarts of the Metropolitan Opera.

Physically, Miss Verrett (the accent, by the way, is on the second syllable) is a tall, striking woman, with a fine-boned face and a magnificent, slim-hipped figure—unlike that of the usual steatopygic opera singer. Her personality is as imperious as that of any diva of two generations ago. She is every bit the *grande dame* of her profession, and is considered stubborn and willful by many of her colleagues. She is a proud woman, remarkably independent of coaches and conductors, sure of herself, and quite unconcerned about what others may say of her singing. "I make up my own mind," she said recently to an interviewer. "I see people come backstage and say it was really great, and perhaps it was for them. I let that stand. There are a lot of singers who live on what the fans tell them, and don't seem to know for themselves whether it was a good performance or a lousy one. I am the first to know whether I sing well or not, because I have begun to think about what my voice sounds like. When I sing, I know before a note comes out whether it's going to be right or wrong. And if it sounds beautiful to you, that's fine. I'm glad if it does. I hope that my performances never go below a certain level. But *I* know if it's really good or bad, and if I don't know by this time I'm in bad shape. I suppose I sound very know-it-all. I'm not. I'm just very honest with myself. I think you have to know yourself pretty well. For the last six years, I have been working by myself, except for a little coaching in Italy in the kind of Italian opera I was working on. But vocally I work by myself, and I have made great progress."

Miss Verrett is also vitally concerned with the process of operatic production. She likes to be consulted beforehand about the conductor, the designer, and the cast. She dislikes productions in which she is the star. She prefers working with singers who are her equals. "It's really not much of a triumph when you come home from a performance and realize that you were the best thing in it because everybody else was so horrible," she says. "When you get to play against people who are in the same class as you, then you can be satisfied." Ideally, Miss Verrett would like to be in control of every aspect of every performance she sings in. Since this is not possible as opera is set up at present, she tries to get as close to control as she can. She has a preference for what is known as the *stagione* method of operatic production—in which the cast of a given opera is rehearsed for several weeks and then presents the opera several times, with no changes of personnel. This is the method used at Covent Garden, and partly for that reason she is much attached to that house. At the Metropolitan, with its far heavier schedule of opera, *stagione* can be achieved only from time to time. In any event, her feeling about *stagione* is entirely understandable. It results in better opera. The members of the cast learn to play against each other, and by the second or third performance a sort of intimacy appears that is never found in opera produced with very little rehearsal and with frequent substitution of one singer for another. She feels that Schuyler Chapin is dedicated to keeping casts intact, and that is one of the reasons she feels happy at the Met nowadays.



SHE lives with her present husband—a shy, soft-spoken Brooklyn-born American of Sicilian extraction, who is a nonfigurative painter and for the most part remains anonymous—in a brownstone on the upper West Side of Manhattan. They have an adopted daughter, who, like Miss Verrett, is black. Miss Verrett and her husband are busy fixing up the brownstone, a recent acquisition that still has a few empty floors. Their own living quarters are fairly elegant, and they have a live-in housekeeper who does the cooking and cleaning. At the moment, they are also involved in another real-estate venture—a country house in upstate New York, near Oneonta. This project is in the building stage at the moment, but Miss Verrett looks to it as a place for weekends, and possibly for retirement.

Miss Verrett differs a great deal from many black singers. Her childhood was by no means impoverished. She was born in New Orleans, the daughter of a rather prosperous building contractor named Leon Verrett and his wife, Elvira. He owned the Verrett Construction Company. "My father was choirmaster of the Ephesus Seventh-Day Adventist Church in New Orleans, and he began training me when I was five and a half years old—he was, in fact, my first voice teacher,” she recalls. “My mother had a beautiful voice and was interested in singing, too.” While Shirley was still in grammar school, Mr. Verrett moved the family—four boys and two girls—to Los Angeles, where he felt that opportunities were better and there was less discrimination against blacks. He established a construction business there with some success, and went on building homes in the area until recently, when he moved his business to Sacramento.

As Seventh-Day Adventists, the Verretts sent their children to Adventist schools and colleges. For a time, they lived in Oxnard, north of Los Angeles, and Shirley attended school in Ventura, still farther up the coast, where the Adventists had both a grammar and a high school. She went on to Los Angeles Union Academy, another Adventist institution, and then continued her education at Ventura Junior College. She also briefly attended an Adventist college called Oakwood, in Huntsville, Alabama, but after her experience of the relative freedom of Los Angeles and Ventura (“My friends were Chinese, Japanese, and white,” she said recently) she didn’t like the pattern of isolation imposed by living in the South. “We had a wonderful time on campus,” she recalls, “but when we went to town it was different.” She returned to California, and at the age of eighteen, while attending Los Angeles State College, she married for the first time. Her husband, a black man who was involved in real estate, was fourteen years older than she, and the marriage quickly ended.

In college, Shirley specialized in real-estate law and accountancy. Her father had reservations about a vocal career, and thought she ought to learn something practical to fall back on in case of failure. For several years, she sold real estate in the Los Angeles area. “My father was very realistic,” she recalled the other day. “He is a businessman, and he psyched me into that sort of thing. He always felt that no matter what you do in life you ought to have a second skill. At this point, I’m very happy that I did learn something practical. I was taking things like economics and corporation law. But if you asked me today about any of that, you’d draw a blank. That’s how interested I was in it. I sort of kept my average up to a C. The real-estate business came about partly because of my first marriage and partly because my father was involved in building. One day, I woke up and thought, This is the biggest bore that I could ever have gotten myself into. I started very late as a singer. When I was twenty-two, I came to New York. I didn’t really begin my career until I was thirty.”

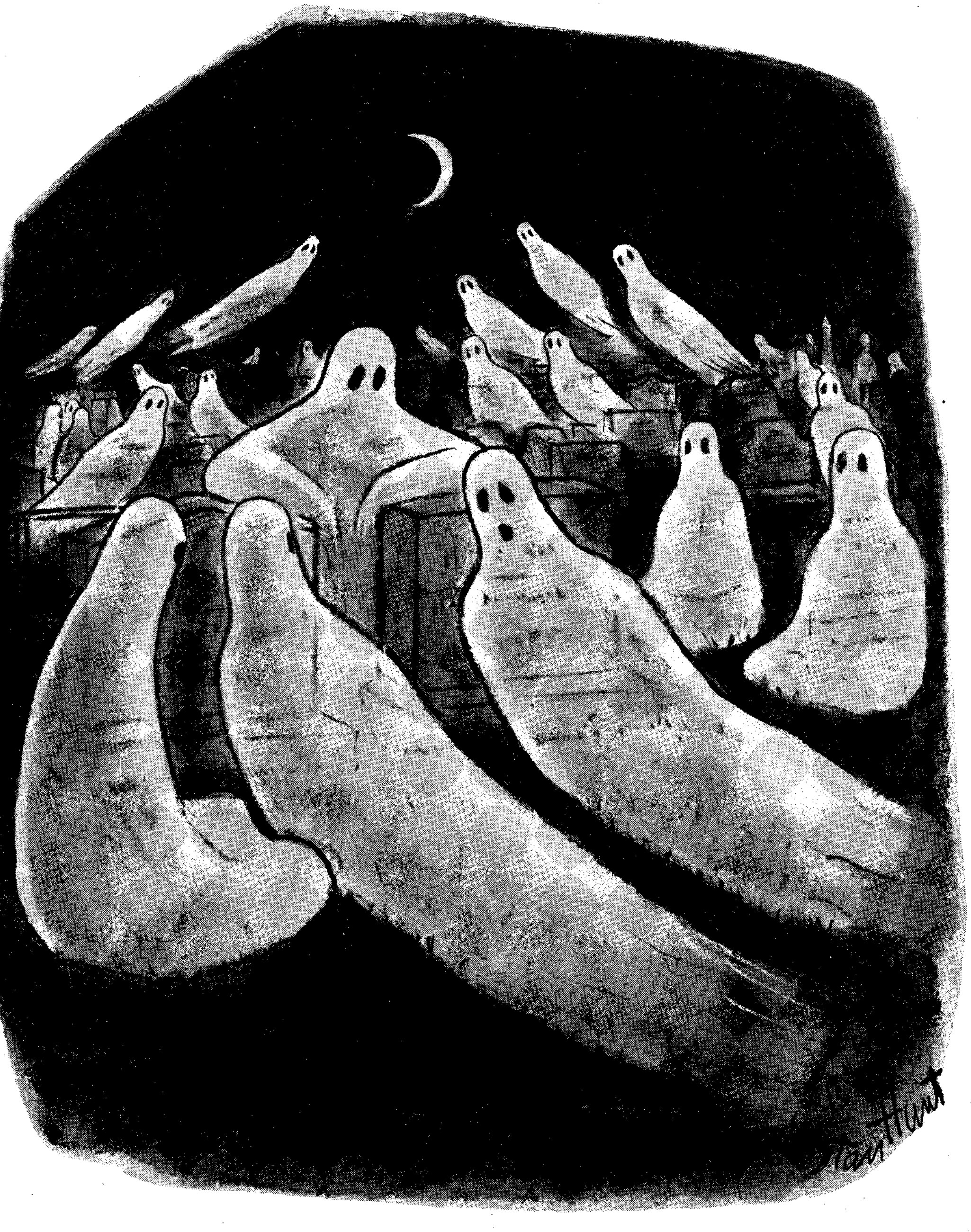
“Refresh my memory, Miss. Is this or is this not the Executive Flight?”

• •

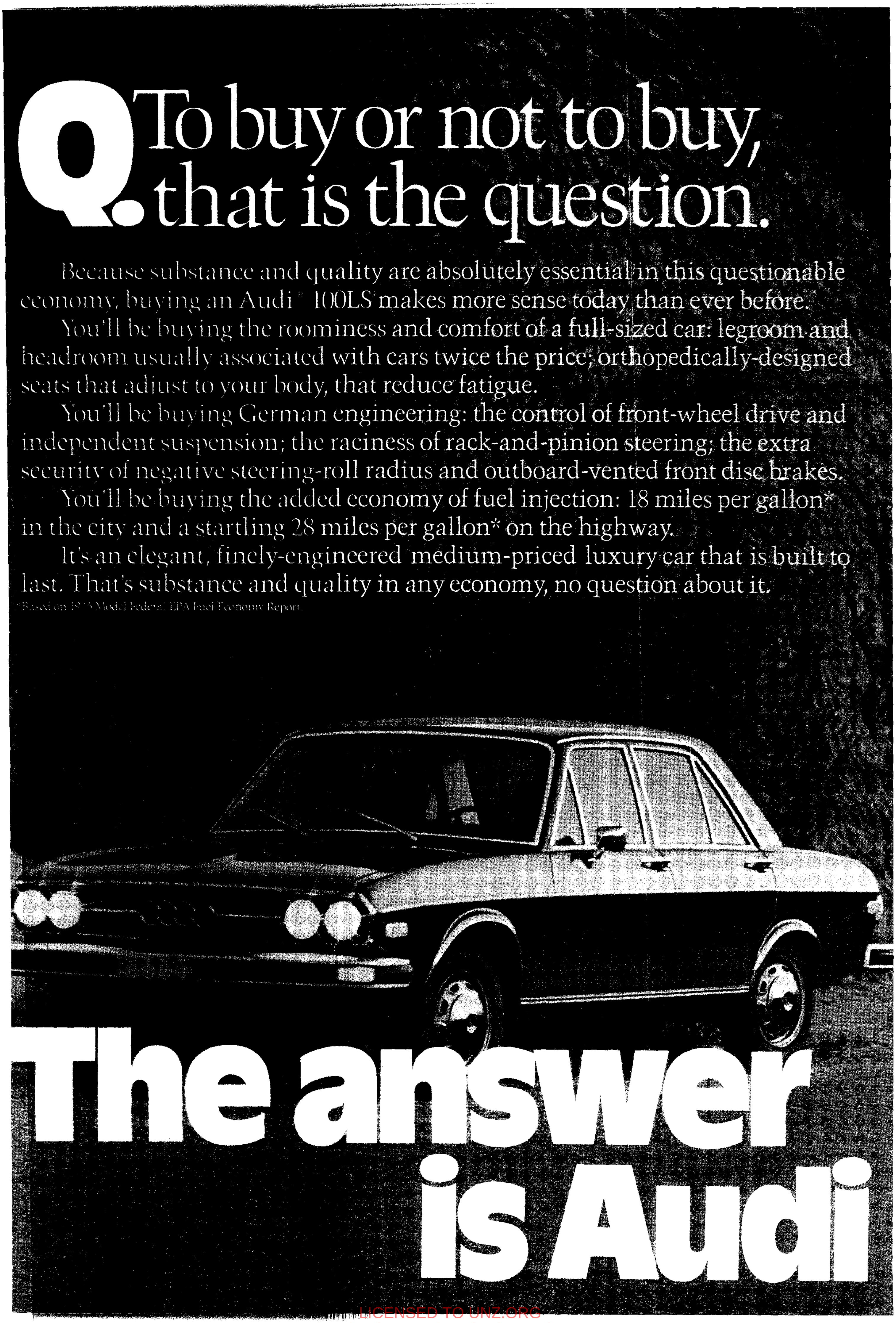
WHEN Shirley Verrett did come to New York, it was to appear on Arthur Godfrey’s “Talent Scouts” hour on television. A Godfrey scout had turned up on the West Coast looking for talent, and she had auditioned for him and been chosen. Before that, she had studied voice briefly in Los Angeles with the former Metropolitan singer Anna Fitziu, who at first thought of her as a soprano but later, while subjecting her to an intensive course of study—two half-hour lessons a day, with lunch in between—agreed that she was probably a mezzo-soprano, and altered her teaching methods accordingly.

Miss Verrett had come to Mme. Fitziu in a curious, roundabout way. She had had the idea of becoming a singer since childhood, but had not thought of serious study until after the breakup of her marriage. She had sung in churches, and for events at the Rotary Club and Kiwanis, for a few dollars a performance. She was also singing as a soloist with an a-cappella chorus. “My father didn’t want me to sing in the chorus,” she remembers. “He felt that chorus singers try to outsing each other, and ruin their voices. That’s what a lot of chorus singers do. Also, you can get stuck in a chorus. He wanted me to be a soloist. I entered a competition at seventeen—my first year at college. It was for the John Charles Thomas Scholarship. It was the first award I won. It was sponsored by Atwater Kent. I did it on a dare from my father. I said, 'I can't do that.' He said, 'Of course you can.' The competition was in Santa Barbara. I didn't know one foreign language. I didn't think I was qualified. All the other girls there had been to Italy, and they said things like 'Remember the time we were in Capri?' I quaked. My father said, 'Don't listen to all that talkin'. The ones who talk can't do anything. Get up there and sing that simple little song.' It was something from 'The Chocolate Soldier.' I can't remember it now. I got up to sing, and there was John Charles Thomas in the audience, listening! I was offered the scholarship—it was to study under Thomas and Lotte Lehmann—but I turned it down, because I felt I wasn't ready. I started selling that real estate. Then one day I was sitting in the office and the thought just came over me: You've got to find a vocal teacher." She came up with one from the Yellow Pages, and went to her for a few lessons. The teacher and her accompanist detected an unusual voice, and recommended that she go to Mme. Fitziu. Mme. Fitziu turned out to be very strict. "I thought if I were ever to teach, I'd like to teach as Fitziu did," Miss Verrett says. "Fitziu said, 'I only take people who can have a fabulous career. I want to ask you, are you serious? Are you willing to do the work that is necessary for a great career? Because if you are not, you are wasting your time and I am wasting mine.' And I really liked that about her. She introduced me to the kind of study she had had in Italy. Fitziu was the one who really said, 'You've got to learn!' I listened to recordings—not in order to imitate another artist but to get the kind of ease in singing that we were after. She would say, 'You hear that sound? That's what we want to get.' "

Mme. Fitziu's accompanist was interested in German, and Miss Verrett began to sing German lieder. At about this time, she also went to the celebrated black chorus master Hall Johnson, who was in Los Angeles then. She wanted to sing spirituals, and she thought he could teach her how to project them. She wanted to see people who could put her onto the right track. Johnson introduced her to the French and Italian repertoires. "He was the first German teacher I had, really," she has recalled. "He taught me grammar. I coached with him. Brahms was my favorite composer at the time. Meanwhile, I began to meet other artists at Fitziu's studio. She lavished hospitality on me. She gave little at-homes and introduced me to people. Some of them knew Rosa Ponselle. They would talk about artists. She would go to concerts with me and comment on them. I had gone to concerts from childhood, because of my parents' interest in music. I never missed a Marian Anderson concert in Los Angeles. My whole family was musical, but I was the only one to keep on with music. Those early concerts were a pleasure, but going with Mme. Fitziu and hearing her comments was something else. In 1955, just before I came to New York, I was put in contact with the Young Musicians Foundation. It's a California outfit, with people like Jascha Heifetz and Gregor Piatigorsky on the supervisory board. I entered its competitions. Three of them. I won two and lost the third. It was the first year that Godfrey had searched the West Coast for talent. I was recommended to the scout by Sylvia Kunin, the president of Young Musicians. She called me up. 'This man is here, and he asked me who would be qualified to appear on Godfrey's hour, and I recommended one singer and



"Sure, sure, I used to like ghost stories, too, but now, for God's sake, that's all you ever hear!"



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Le telephone.

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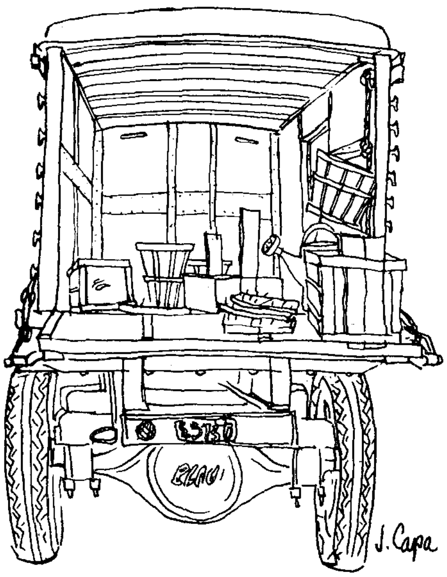
AIR FRANCE

one pianist,' Sylvia said. 'The singer is you.' I sang for him, and I was invited to come to New York. Sylvia was so happy! She said, 'This is it! It's time you went to New York.' "

MISS VERRETT had been cautioned against attending the Juilliard School in New York, which at that time had a poor vocal department. She had not thought of going there; she had not even thought of staying in New York. "But that's exactly where I wound up," she says. "I had appeared on television, and a lot of little things began to happen. I knew a girl who ran a beauty parlor. I went to her to get my hair cut, and she asked, 'Do you know Camilla Williams?' I said, 'Only by report.' 'Well, her husband is a lawyer. Would you like to meet him? He has an office across the street.' I met him, and he, in turn, told Mme. Szekely-Freschl, the principal vocal teacher at Juilliard, about me. He said, 'There's a singer I never heard of who is appearing on the Godfrey show,' and that's how I got to know Mme. Freschl. In the meantime, Hall Johnson had given me a letter to the baritone Bob McFerrin. Bob had got a contract at the Metropolitan along with Marian Anderson, and he took me to his teacher, who had also taught Dorothy Maynor. He said, 'I'll teach you free.' But I didn't like the exercises he gave me. I was not ready for that. He was going to stretch my voice upward. At that time, for a black singer the idea was to sing Aida, and so they tried to make you into a soprano. I said, 'I don't think he's the right man for me,' and the next day I had a meeting with Mme. Freschl. She said to me, 'You've got the talent.' At that time, very few great singers had come out of Juilliard. But Mme. Freschl was a great teacher. I had sung Santuzza's aria from 'Cavalleria Rusticana' on the Godfrey show, and 'Vissi d'arte' and some other soprano things. Some things I was not able to do easily. One day, Mme. Freschl called my attention to these things—going up to a soft high note, for example. Lots of tenors have that problem, too. I had to work out that one for myself. Mme. Freschl didn't know how to solve it for me. Leontyne Price has a natural high pianissimo; so have Montserrat Caballé and Joan Sutherland. Caballé once told me, 'It's from nature.' Mme. Freschl was good for me. She is a Hungarian, and the widow of a Dr. Freschl, a psychiatrist. She loved me very much."

At Juilliard, Miss Verrett took a course that is known as L & M (Literature and Materials). She studied piano—she had played in a desultory way since childhood—and also theory, harmony, counterpoint, and solfeggio. She was a bit lazy about practicing the last of these, which is concerned with sight-reading using the sol-fa syllables. She took musical dictation, analyzed scores for chord structure, studied differences of style in various composers and various periods of musical history, listened to recordings to pick out the sound of various instruments, and wrote short compositions in the style of this or that composer. Recently, her accompanist, Warren Wilson, remarked to her that all that sort of thing was a waste of time for a singer. "I disagree with you," Miss Verrett said. "All that analytical work has made it easy for me to memorize scores like Bartók's 'Bluebeard's Castle.' The only way I can memorize is to analyze chords and melodies. Knowing the technique of composition has helped me a lot. I look at a chord that is unusual and say, 'Why did the composer do that? Is this a diminished chord or just a cluster? Aha! That's how he arrived at this note.' "

She stayed at Juilliard for five years. While she was still there, she divorced her first husband (they had been legally separated for a year). During that time, too, she got a scholarship to Tanglewood for one summer to study with Boris Goldovsky, the famous trainer of American opera singers. She was not so sure of the value of some of the things she was doing at Juilliard. "They would take a talented student and just shove him onto the stage," she says. "I was in and out of the opera department. I know that Juilliard has changed—in many instances for the better. But I learned more in six weeks with Goldovsky than I did in a whole semester in the opera department at Juilliard."



But at Goldovsky's establishment Miss Verrett also had her first contact with the atmosphere of fierce competitiveness that surrounds operatic careers. Students there stared at her when she was doing her most difficult chores and imitated her satirically behind her back. She decided she was not strong enough to flourish in that atmosphere. "It was a cutthroat business," she recalls, "and so I decided I'd go into recitals, where I only had to cope with an accompanist." One factor in this decision was also undoubtedly her Seventh-Day Adventist upbringing. Adventists frown upon the theatre in all its forms, and especially upon opera. They do not object to recital singing, however. Although she long ago dealt with this particular prejudice in her own way, Miss Verrett still follows some Adventist injunctions, including avoidance of alcohol and tobacco. She has found that the Adventist vegetarian diet she had as a child made her appreciate the variety of possibilities in preparing soybeans, and she eats great quantities of them.

"The competitive atmosphere at Tanglewood upset me," she says. "I thought to myself, I've got to get to the place, if I'm going to be an opera singer, where no matter what people say about me I can stand it. I felt I had to become strong enough to stand up and tell them, 'Say what you will, I'm going to do what I'm going to do anyway.' Stubborn or no, I was also sensitive, and I took things to heart. I was hurt easily. If somebody tried to give me the needle, I couldn't take it. Paul Ulanowsky was one of Goldovsky's assistants, and he worked with me on Verdi's 'Un Ballo in Maschera.' He was a wonderful coach, and a great person in my life. He died in 1968. There was a girl there, thin and tall, with a kind of contralto sound, very dark, and she was always trying to prove how big that voice was, doing vocalises so that the whole campus could hear her. Ulanowsky said to me, 'Shirley, don't ever try to do something like that. It's foolish. Let them ruin their voices. Hear that one over there doing her vocalises? She's trying to impress us. Don't ever do that. Do only what your voice can do at the moment, and let it rest.' He was Lotte Lehmann's accompanist. He gave me wonderful advice—never to be overanxious about anything—and I've tried to follow it."

Despite her lack of competitive instinct and her feeling that she ought to follow the teachings of the Seventh-Day Adventists, Miss Verrett began singing in opera while she was still studying at Juilliard. She went to Cologne in the season of 1959-60, to sing a role in the première of Nicolas Nabokov's opera "Rasputin's End," and stayed there for three months. "I took all my books with me, and I read so much that by the time I came back to Juilliard I was ahead of the class," she recalls. "I was serious. I wasn't at Juilliard just to fritter away time." She had got the job in Cologne through the late Siegfried Hearst, an operatic agent who came to hear her at Juilliard and said he'd like to manage her. He took some photographs of her; had her sing for Leopold Stokowski, who engaged her for a performance of de Falla's "El Amor Brujo;" and sent pictures of her to Joseph Rosenstock, who was to conduct the Cologne performance. Rosenstock showed the pictures to Nabokov, and he felt that she was exactly the type he needed to sing the role of a gypsy in his opera. Later, Nabokov took her to Paris. People at the Opéra there suggested that she sing Carmen for them, but she declined, and went back to Juilliard, where she had two years of study left. While she was still there, Stokowski wanted her to sing in Schoenberg's "Gurre-Lieder" in Houston, but that was in the late fifties, and Houston wouldn't accept a black singer in those days. Stokowski said, "I could make a fight about this, but I am an old man—I've already done a lot of fighting."

Miss Verrett emerged from the Juilliard School in 1961. She signed up immediately with the Herbert Barrett management, because it was a comparatively small booking outfit. (She felt that Columbia Artists was far too big and she might get lost there. Since those days, she has joined the Hurok management, the ultimate goal of most performing artists.) She told the Barrett people that she didn't want to sing every night, or even two nights a week, but she did a lot of touring under their aegis, some of it in the South. Her father had written to her that it was all right for her to sing in the South, since she was diplomatic about race matters. Nevertheless, she made it clear that she was not going to travel in segregated conveyances, and she also insisted that she be picked up at airports and brought back, even if it was a matter of a hundred miles. She agreed to sing at black colleges, but only in large halls where black and white people were permitted to sit together. On the other hand, she felt that she was going down South simply to sing, not for political reasons. "If I were to become in-

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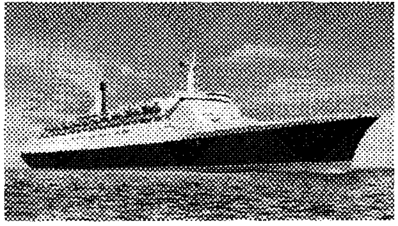

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volved in politics, I would become angry, and that would ruin my singing," she says. She and Warren Wilson, who is also black, visited Mississippi, where there were white and black drinking fountains, and where the minute they sat down on a bench all the white people would get up. "That was fine," she remembers. "We had the bench all to ourselves. Now, of course, I can sing in both black and white colleges. It's not like a hundred-per-cent great, but it's like a thousand times better than when I went down South in 1961."

Just before she left Juilliard, Miss Verrett met her present husband. They fell in love immediately, and were engaged for the next three years. Around the same time, Rudolf Bing, general manager of the Metropolitan, offered her a contract. She turned the offer down. "First of all, I was not committed to opera," she explains. "I had only done some Carmens and Amnerises at different places—Chautauqua, and so on. Then, I wanted more experience. But the crucial thing was the repertoire I was offered. He offered me several roles, among them Erda—the bit part of the Earth Mother in the Wagnerian cycle—and the Priestess in the 'Immenso Phtah' scene in 'Aida,' which is a soprano role. I said no to them all. I was not convinced that I wanted to be an opera singer at that time, and the roles were completely unsuited to my voice."

After her first professional appearance, as Carmen at the Spoleto Festival, she sang the same role at the Bolshoi Theatre, in Moscow, in 1963. She and her future husband spent a great deal of time on the telephone during this period, and they were married after she got back. "I'm fortunate to have a husband who feels as he does about segregation," she said the other day. "In the South, people have changed because of laws. In the North, it's sometimes more subtle. We even had trouble in New York a few years ago about a coöperative apartment. Things got pretty sticky until we called the Human Rights people. Their lawyers showed up immediately. Oh! What a thing! It got down to the wire. I hadn't gone by my professional name, and when the apartment people found out they said, 'Why didn't you say it was Shirley Verrett?' " Despite such experiences, Miss Verrett has consistently refused to join any militant black group, or to be militant herself. She feels that she can do most for the black cause through her talent, and she sings concerts for the benefit of the

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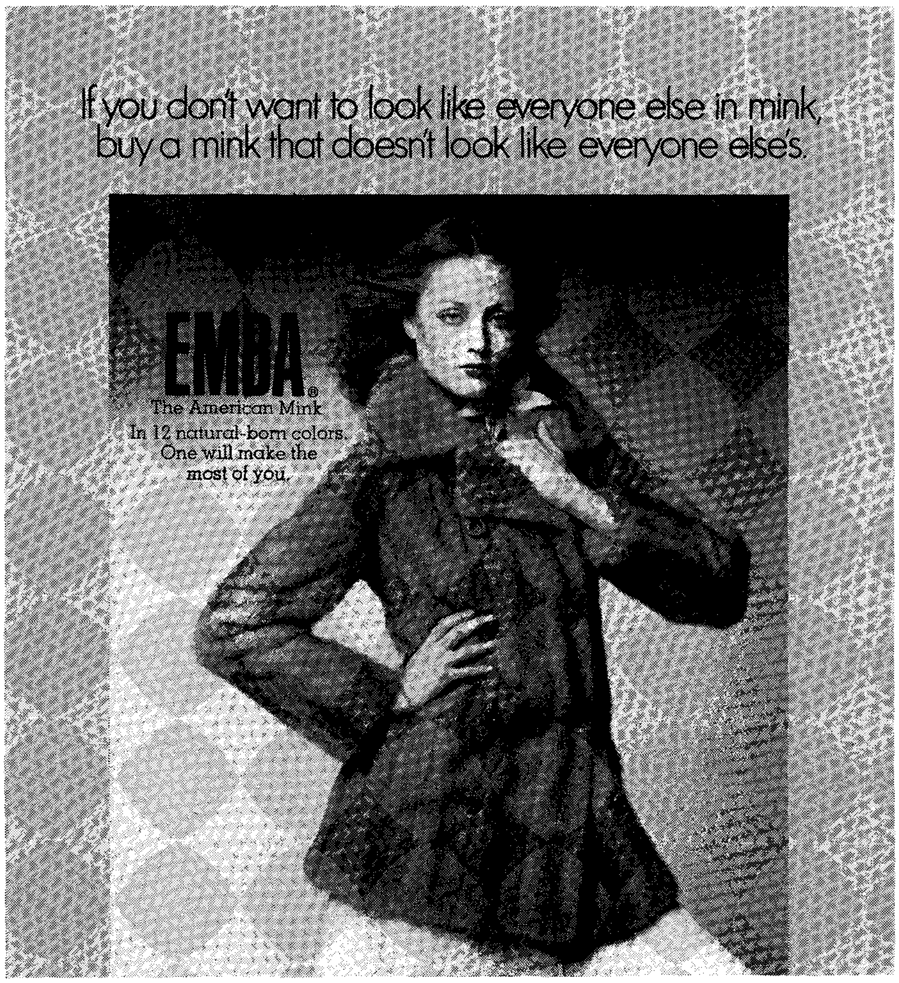
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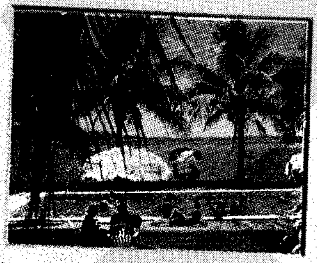
Australia

Capt. Cook's Cottage

Australia

Healesville

Australia



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Australia

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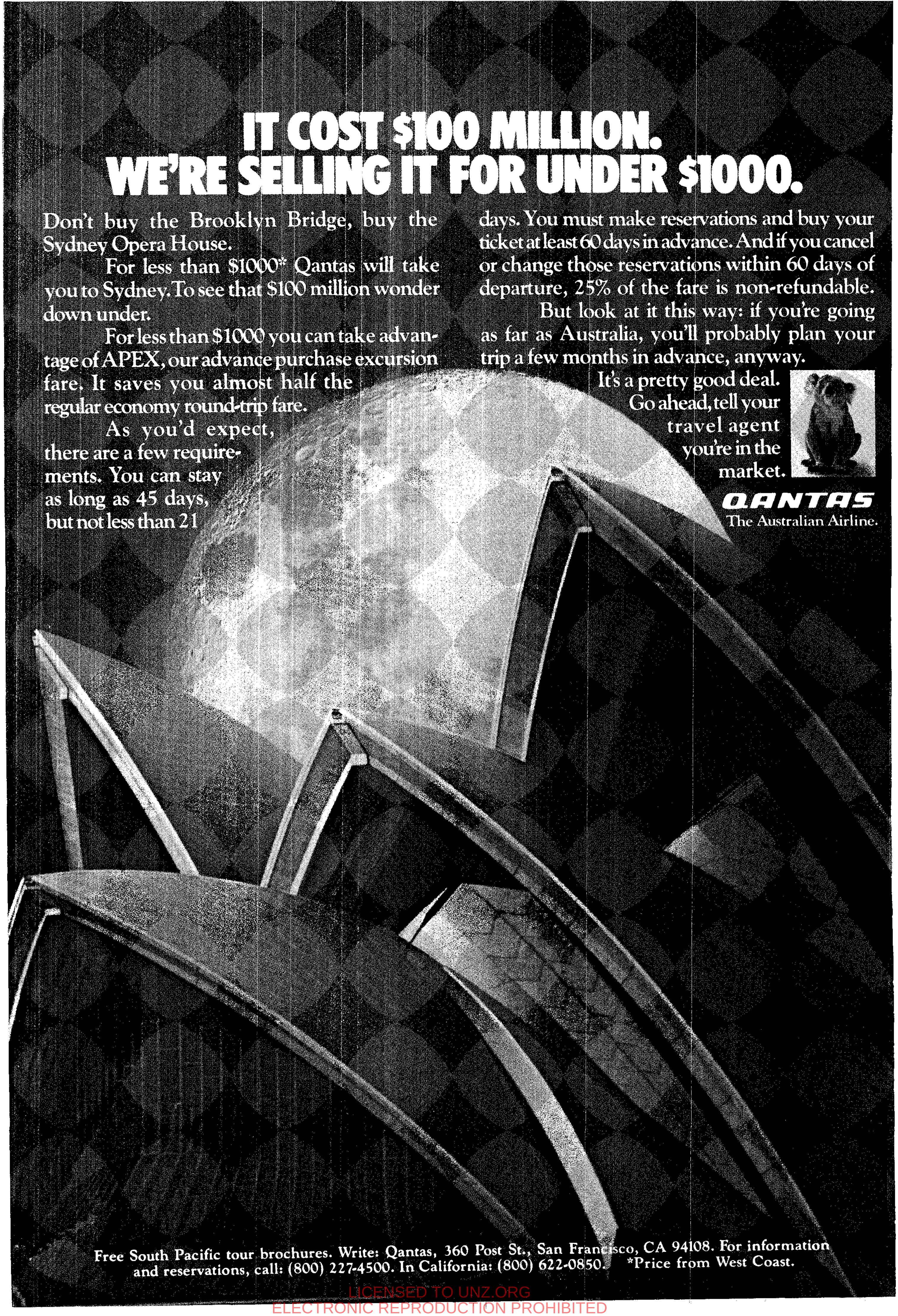

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Harlem School of the Arts and of the Urban League. "I have experienced prejudice," she said recently. "But it boils down to an individual matter. I feel that it's a very important fight, but one that we all have to conduct in our own way. I would fight for any downtrodden person to the end of my days."

THE art by which great voices are trained has always remained a mystery to the layman. According to Miss Verrett, it is a mystery to most vocal teachers, too. And it is certainly a mystery to her father. "I tell him how hard I had to work to get where I am and he always says, 'Well, Shirl, you had that talent from a little girl.' " The art involves the process of breathing, and certain habitual movements of the vocal cords. The range of a voice can be stretched upward and downward. Beautiful tone is arrived at by a process of relaxation. But just how all this is done remains the secret of a few. Miss Verrett is one of them. She has mastered this art, and she possesses a deep knowledge of technical matters in relation to her own voice. She is a highly intellectual singer, conscious of every nuance of what she sings and just how she is going to produce it. She was a mature singer when she graduated from Juilliard, in large part because of the attention she devoted to self-criticism and self-improvement, and only incidentally because of the efforts of her teachers. Musical problems do not trouble her. She learns her roles by herself, playing the orchestral parts on the piano—inexpertly, but sufficiently well for the purpose. She was independent of her teachers, and she is now independent of coaches. She figures out all the details of interpretation herself, and after she has learned a role she goes to her accompanist, who helps her perfect the character. Nothing angers her so much as the very prevalent idea that a singer cannot hear himself and has to have a coach to tell him how he sounds. "Many singers believe that because their teachers have told them it is so," she says. "It's a myth. You *can* hear yourself. I know when I'm sharp, and I know when I'm flat. How to overcome those situations—that's what technique is all about. And how to sing with a stomach ache on the road after eating bad food—that's what technique is about, too. Why have I gone flat today? Is it because I am not feeling well, or because I have not taken a breath in the correct way? You can correct a flat note if you have a good ear. You can adjust a note while you are up there. Some people do not hear themselves

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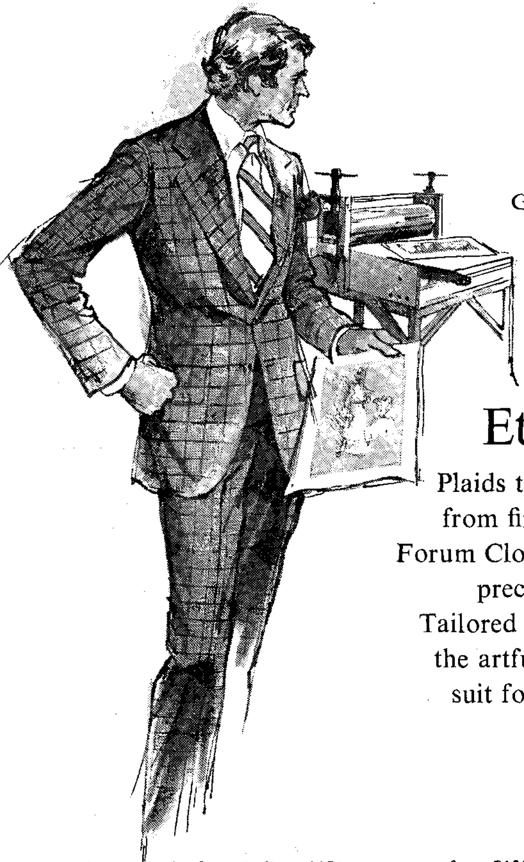

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because they were taught that way. They never really learn to listen. I want to teach someday. During my studies at Juilliard, I was always interested in the why. Why was I given certain exercises? Why did I have difficulties with certain points in my voice—weaknesses of one sort or another? All voices have weaknesses somewhere. I went to work myself to correct them. I didn't depend on a teacher. There are very few good vocal teachers—Mme. Freschl was an exception. They don't know anything about voices. Many of these people are charlatans. They don't know the first thing about how to make a tone. I kept a notebook. I still keep it—ideas, and ideas crossed out. Now I feel very secure on the stage. My voice has developed to a point where I can play around with it. I feel that I can do Norma because I did Adalgisa with a terrible cold, and if I could do Adalgisa that way I can do Norma. If Lady Macbeth doesn't work out at La Scala next year, I'll be the first to say 'Thank you but no, thank you. It was a mistake, folks.' Norma isn't really all that hard, and I have the tessitura for it."

Back in the nineteen-fifties, while Miss Verrett was still a student, she heard Maria Callas sing Norma. By that time, the Callas voice had deteriorated and had a very nasal sound. "I thought I didn't like her voice, but I must say I fell under her spell," Miss Verrett says. "I fell in love with her. She impressed me so much that I have never heard another Norma who satisfied me. In the first five minutes she was on the stage, I became aware of what she was trying to do. She really turned me on to opera." The two singers first met when Miss Verrett was in Paris to do a "Norma" with Montserrat Caballé, which was cancelled because of a strike. Miss Verrett was tongue-tied with reverence. "It was wonderful to meet her," she recalls. "But I've never been able to be like a fan. I have never been able to enthuse over an artist. I just said, 'I have greatly admired you ever since I was a student.' She sort of fixed in my head that what she did was what I wanted to do. My teacher thought she was old-fashioned. I said, 'I don't care whether she's old-fashioned or not. She's *doing* something.' I also admire Risë Stevens, because she was so good in 'pants' parts. I'm glad she's able to be in the audience during rehearsals for 'The Siege of Corinth.' I don't like the sort of coaching where a person stands by me and tells me what to do every minute. I like him or her to

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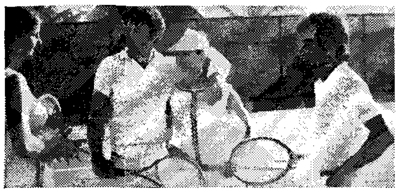

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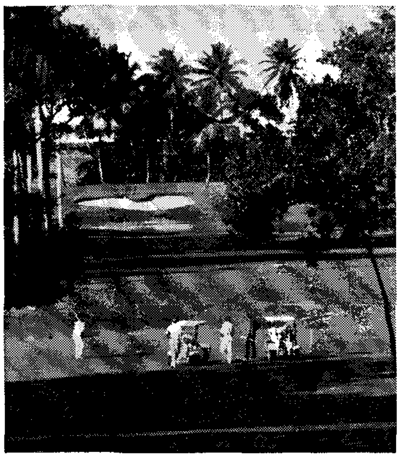

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be in the audience, and then to tell me what I did wrong."

IN part because of her good looks, Miss Verrett has had countless offers from impresarios to do Carmen. But although it was one of her first successes, she has always had trouble with the role. The only time she feels she had a good production to work with was a performance at the Maggio Musicale in Florence many years ago. The members of the cast were all good, and the production was an intimate one. "Would you believe it?" she asked rhetorically the other day. "The biggest applause came after the cardplaying scene, and that's where it *should* come. It's the turning point of the whole opera." She has done Carmens all over Europe and, of course, at the Metropolitan, but all were disappointing to her. Her last Carmen, or what she claims is to be her last, took place at Covent Garden last year. "The first person we had thought of for a director was John Schlesinger, who had done the movie 'Midnight Cowboy,' " she says. "It would have been fun to work with him, but he pulled out of the thing. Then I asked for Giorgio Strehler, of the Teatro Piccolo, in Milan. Covent Garden wouldn't agree to that. There were a lot of discrepancies. After Strehler was vetoed, I said, 'Let's can it. Let's do something else.' We had a big powwow, a big dinner. Finally, I agreed to do Carmen with an avant-garde director—Michael Geliot. He *talked* a great 'Carmen.' But he thought I should be the star, and that everything had to revolve around me. That's all wrong. It has to be an integrated work. Those people in the chorus have to know the whole thing—not just their own parts. Everything was up in the air until the last minute. I hadn't even seen the sets. If I had, I would have walked out on the whole thing. It was just too ordinary. We did several performances. The next season, Georg Solti dropped out, Placido Domingo left, and they finally let me out of my contract and got somebody else to do the role. The whole thing got panned. I feel that I am probably one of the greatest Carmens in the world. But I don't think I'm ever going to be able to prove it. In fact, I've taken it out of my repertoire." —WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

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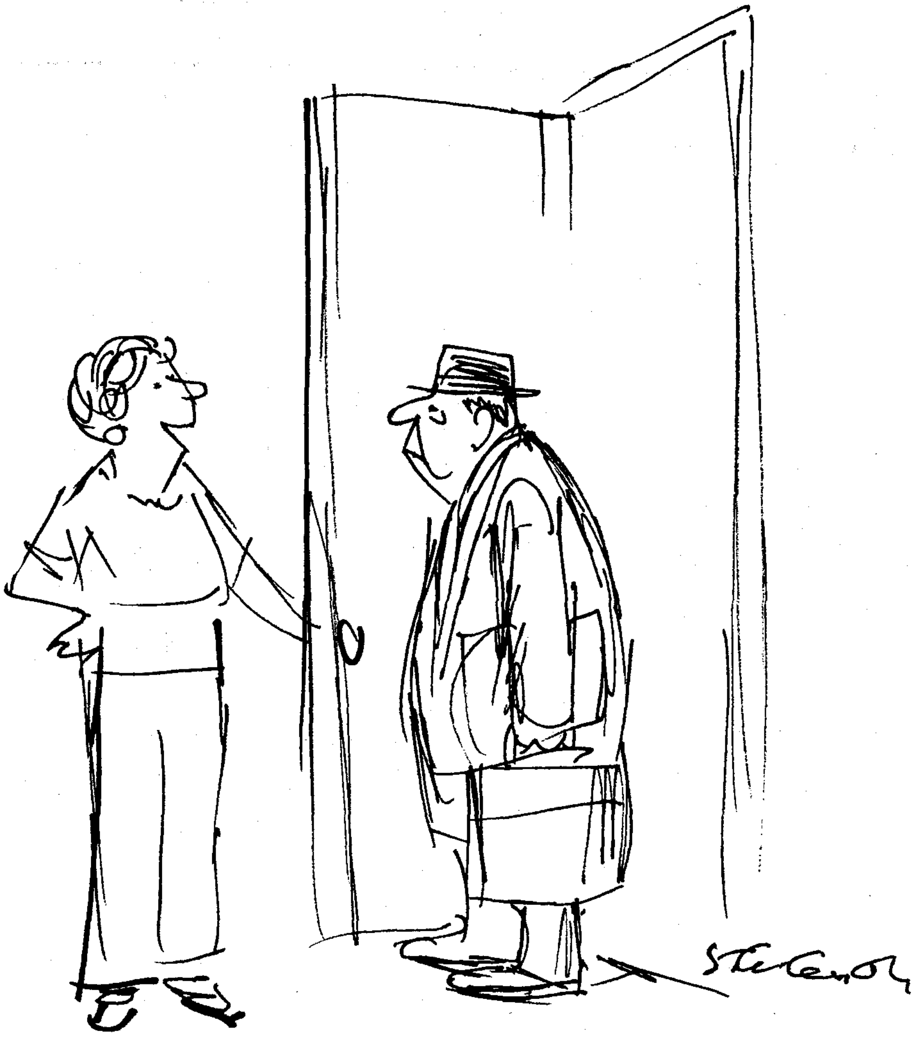
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

"HE THAT PLAYS THE KING," which the Royal Shakespeare Company presented only eight times at the Brooklyn Academy, week before last, is an anthology from the Histories and Tragedies that was billed, not quite accurately, as "a recital." It was much more than that. Unlike "The Hollow Crown," it was not just a reading of speeches from the plays but a performance of familiar scenes, and although the four actors onstage worked with scripts in their hands, they paid little attention to them. The selections, made and arranged by Ian Richardson, were just about perfect and beautifully meshed, and the acting of Mr. Richardson, Tony Church, Mike Gwilym, and Susan Fleetwood was very good, too. The range of these actors is impressive, as is the ease with which they slip from one characterization to the next, shedding light as they go. Among the more memorable scenes: Mr. Richardson, as the soldier in "Henry V," reciting, before Agincourt, "But if the cause be not good . . ." in a broad country accent, followed by Mr. Gwilym, as the King, soliloquizing on ceremony and then praying to the God of Battles to "steel my soldiers' hearts" and to forgive the wrong his father did to Richard II. Another: Mr. Richardson, as Richard II, sitting upon the ground to tell sad stories of the death of kings, and later, in the mirror scene, giving up his crown to Mr. Church, as Bolingbroke. A third: Mr. Church, as the dying Henry IV, watching his Prince Hal (Mr. Gwilym) try on the crown, becoming angry, then forgiving, and, finally, penitent—"How came I by the crown, O God, forgive!" There was Mr. Church, comical and philosophical, as the First Gravedigger in "Hamlet;" there was Mr. Church, correct, courtly, tongue-in-cheek, as the interpreter in the proposal scene in "Henry V." (Mr. Gwilym was Henry, Miss Fleetwood was Princess Katharine.) And, finally, there was Mr. Church, as old and broken Lear, recognizing his Cordelia and breaking your heart in the doing. Mr. Church, Mr. Church, Mr. Church! He was a wizard, but he was not the only wizard. These actors did not simply switch roles, they metamorphosed—Mr. Richardson funny and insidious as Richard III, funny as fussy Osric, furtive as King Claudius at prayer; Mr. Gwilym strong as Prince Hal and Henry V, volatile and brooding as Hamlet. (But none of these parts—in patches, anyway—gave him the opportunity for the brilliance he displayed as Edgar in "Lear" and as Costard in "Love's Labour's Lost.") Miss Fleetwood played Lady Macbeth and Cordelia, as well as other parts, but it was as the Princess Katharine that she was at her best. Altogether, Mr. Richardson's anthology is a winner. I trust it will reappear here after the Royal Shakespeare Company's cross-country tour, and that many more people will have the opportunity to see it.

JERRY ROJO has designed an imaginative environmental setting for "Ghosts"—a production by an experimental group called Shaliko, at the Public—and Jerry Mayer makes a startlingly comic, villainous Engstrand. Neither of these admirable men does a thing for Ibsen, however, nor does anyone else concerned.

—EDITH OLIVER



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THE RACE TRACK

L'Escargot

RAYMOND GUEST'S L'Escargot goes to the top of the column this week for winning the British Grand National Steeplechase, in my book the greatest, most thrilling horse race. The big, rangy twelve-year-old gelding took it by fifteen lengths, beating Red Rum, who had won last year and the year before. Spanish Steps was third. Thirty-one steeplechasers started over the four miles and eight hundred and fifty-six yards of the Aintree course, which has thirty stiff fences, and twelve finished. Two of the animals were killed in falls. Cleverly handled by Tommy Carberry, an Irish jockey, who kept him out of the way of the loose horses, L'Escargot joined Red Rum five fences from the finish, and from there on the two matched stride almost to the end, settling an old score for L'Escargot, who had been second last year and third the year before. Mr. Guest is the fifth American in fifty years to win the Grand National; he's also won the Epsom Derby twice, with Larkspur and Sir Ivor.

FEW of this season's important races for three-year-olds have come off as expected, so it was a welcome change when the Gotham Stakes produced one result that had been foreseen and desired by almost everyone at Aqueduct last Saturday—Singh's authoritative win in the second division of the race. Watching him for the first time (I was out at Santa Anita when he won the Peter Pan and the Swift Stakes), I wasn't surprised that he'd impressed the horse-watchers. At the break, Somethingfabulous jumped out in front like some sort of pacemaker and went as fast as he could as far as he could, and when Singh passed him on the long turn it was all over but the cheering. Round Stake was second, and Mr. Duds was third. Singh's next start will probably be in the Wood Memorial at the Big A on April 19th, where he may meet Foolish Pleasure. Then we'll know how good he is. Although Foolish Pleasure cut the frogs of both front feet in the Florida Derby a few weeks ago, he has recovered quickly. (A frog is an elastic pad on the sole of a horse's foot that acts as a shock absorber.) He's had a gallop at Hialeah, and will have been at Belmont Park before you read this. Other likely starters in the Wood are Laramie Trail, who led all the way in the first division of the Gotham, and Lefty, who was second in the same race.

OAKLAWN PARK, in Hot Springs, Arkansas, put on the $100,000-added Arkansas Derby last Saturday, and it brought out thirteen runners. The winner turned up in Promised City, who beat Bold Chapeau in a driving finish, with My Friend Gus third.

And the week before, in California, Avatar nosed Rock of Ages out of the Santa Anita Derby. Diabolo, who stumbled at the start, was third, and George Navonod was fourth. Avatar, a big chestnut colt by Graustark, and a half brother of Unconscious, who ran so well out there several years ago, is now the hope of the West for the Run for the Roses.

THE ruling of New York State Supreme Court Justice Martin Stecher against the power of officials appointed by the New York Racing Association and the Jockey Club to suspend for infractions of the rules came as a stunner. Under this ruling, the stewards of a meeting are deprived of the most effective form of discipline if jockey Ripantear should leg-lock another rider, or if trainer Dopemup should give his horse a little help—a pinch of heroin before a race, say. Friends of racing hope the ruling will be reversed by a higher court. Meanwhile, the stewards will continue their supervision of the sport as usual.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

And many of his colleagues agree that a "last hurrah" type of attitude is responsible for the flocks of northern visitors which promise to make January, February and March the biggest, most prosperous period in South Florida tourist history.

"The youngest infant will try to escape an unpleasant sensation" such as layoffs, fewer dollars and the prospect that things will get worse, says Dr. Wallach.
—*Indianapolis Star.*

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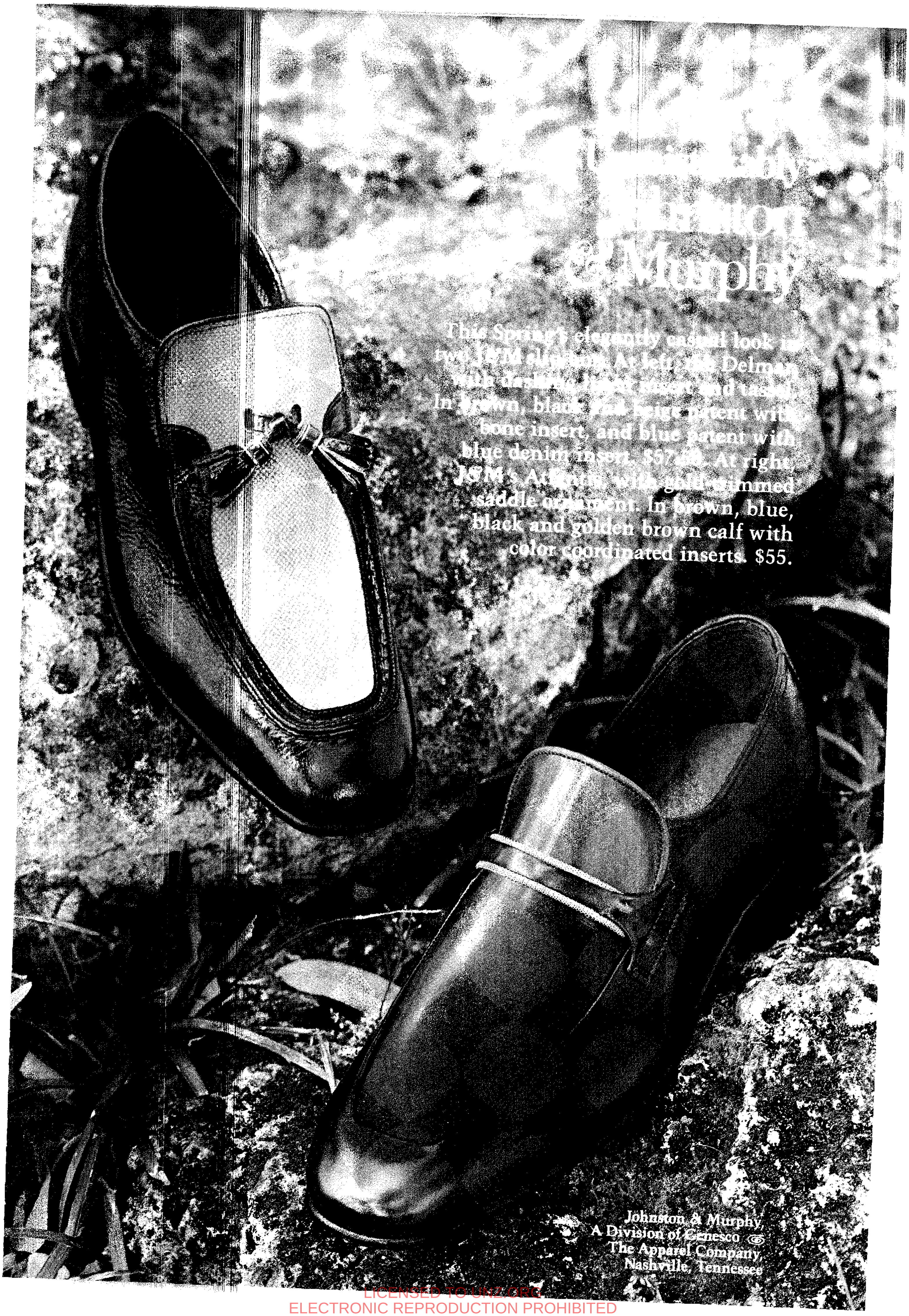

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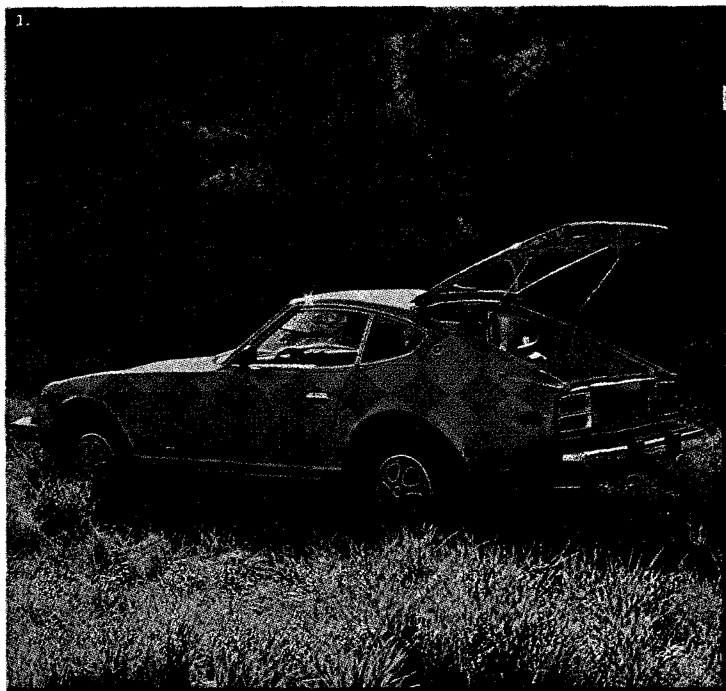

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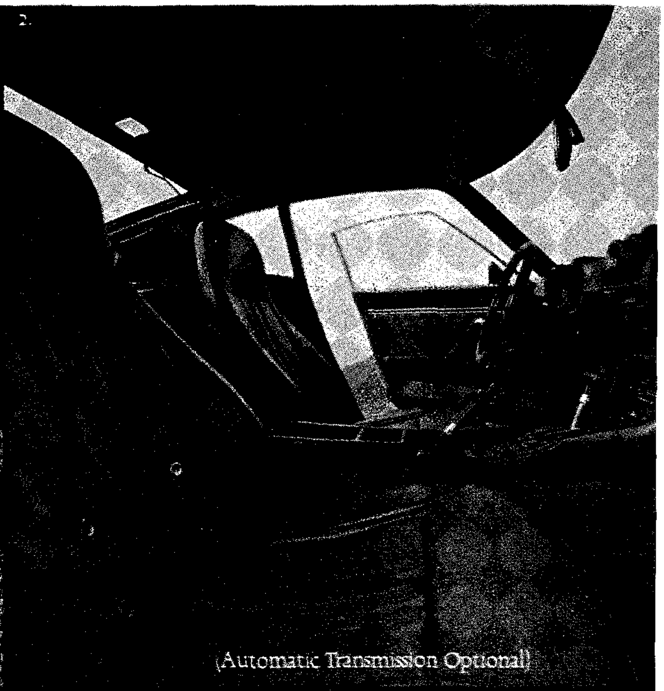

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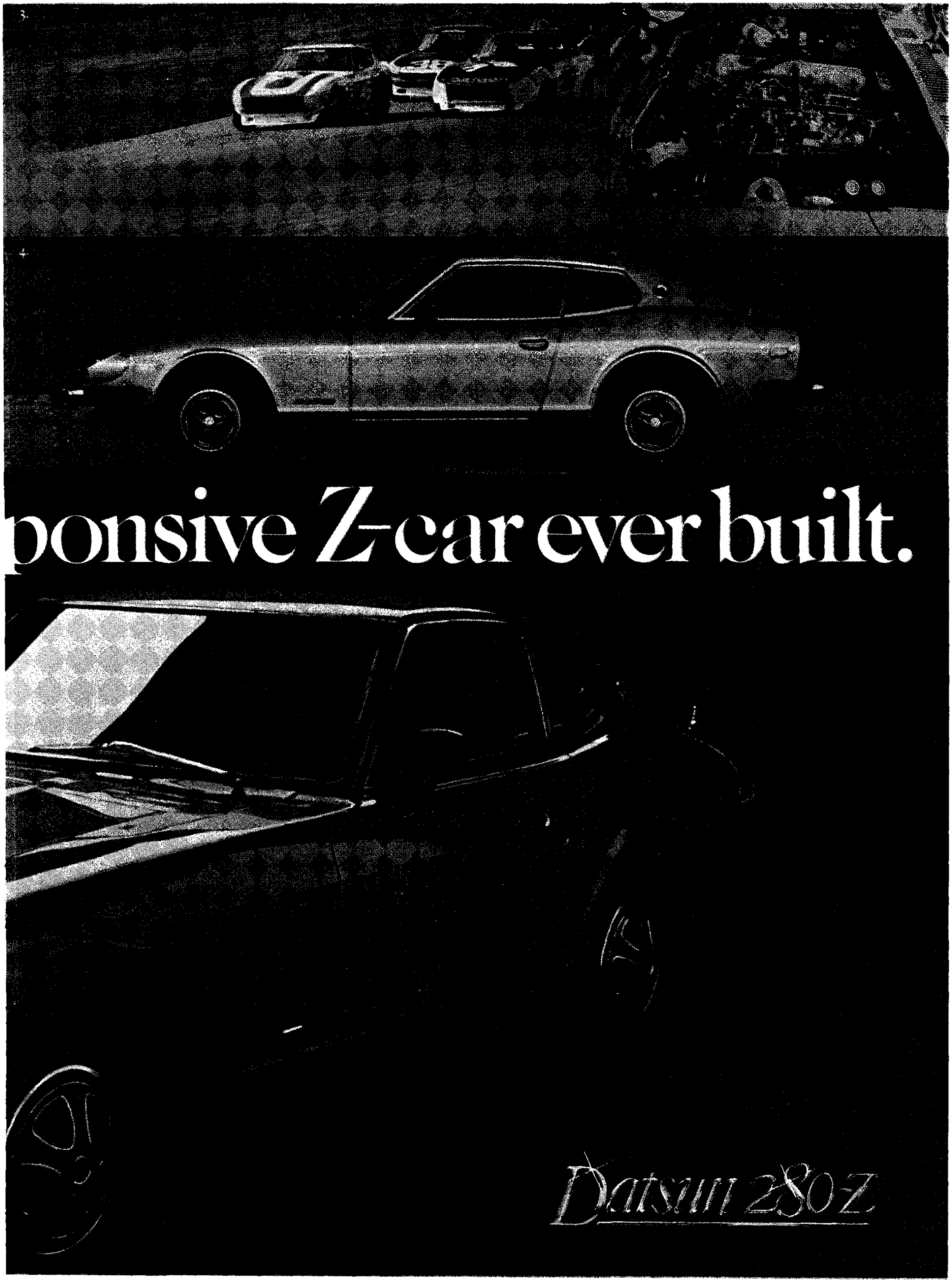

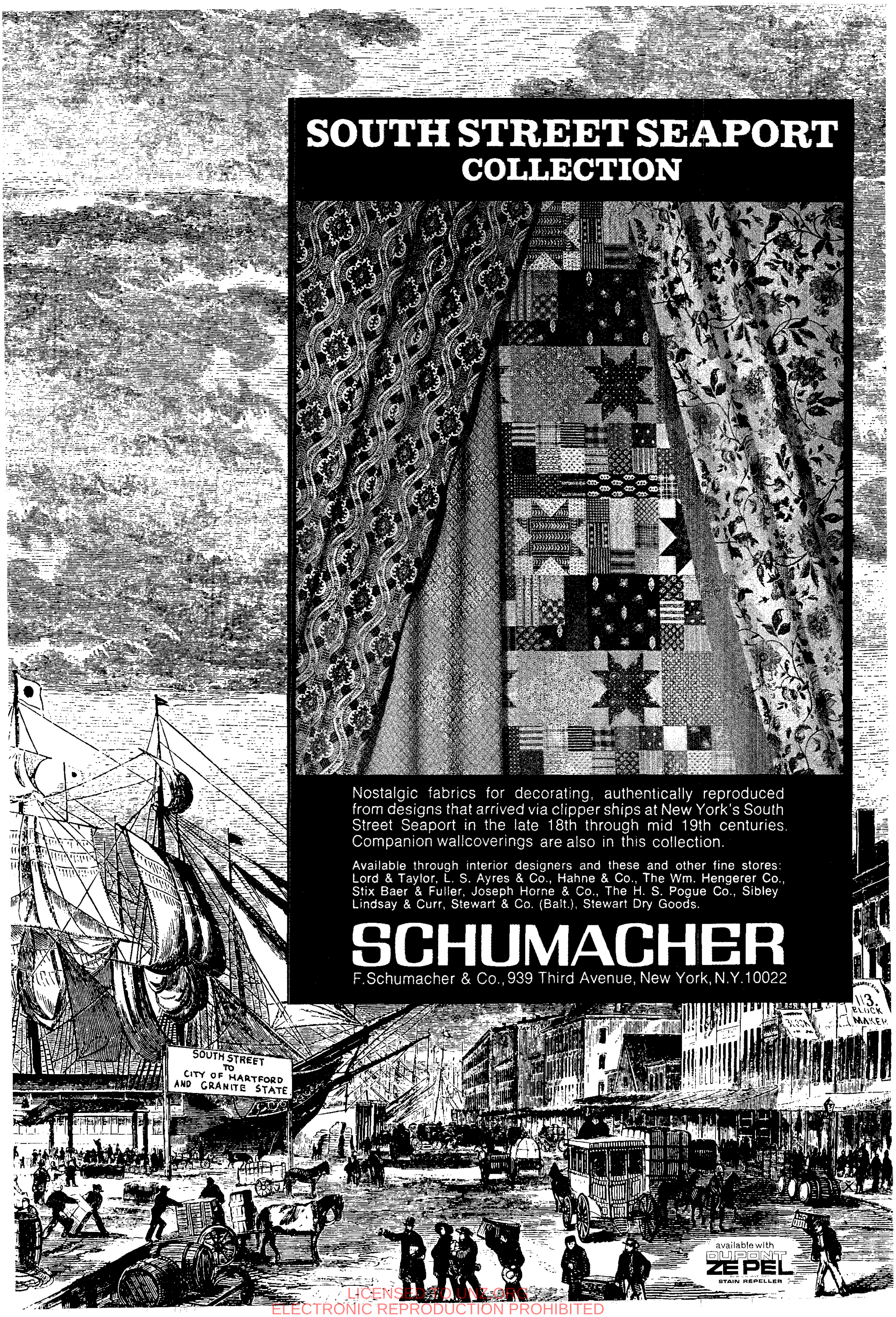

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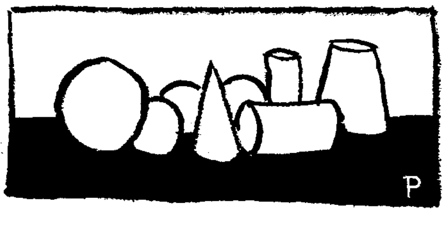
U.S. JOURNAL: SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO, CALIFORNIA

REALLY, TRULY

Bill Smith is presumably not the only public-relations man who works a bird return. I assume the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife has someone assigned to satisfying the curiosity of the press about how many whooping cranes make their way back to the Gulf Coast every autumn, and there must be an official of the Sierra Club or the Audubon Society who tips off reporters to be present when some geese that have returned to the same marshland every year are about to find themselves trying to land in the parking lot of a new Holiday Inn. Compared to someone who works for the government or for the environmentalists, though, Smith may have a job with a greater potential for what I have always thought of as press-agent backlash—the tendency of some reporters to disbelieve anything said by a public-relations man and to distrust whoever it was who hired him to say it. The probability of press-agent backlash is particularly high when the client is either unsophisticated or nonprofit-making: everyone expects General Motors to field a gaggle of public-relations people on any remotely public occasion, but if the heroic survivor of an earthquake shows up in the city room for his interview accompanied by a publicity man he is instantly under suspicion. Bill Smith is hired every year by the Roman Catholic Mission at San Juan Capistrano; he is paid to tell everyone about how the swallows have returned on schedule, March 19th, St. Joseph's Day, to nest in the Mission grounds. In his favor, of course, is the fact that just about everyone wants to be told that the swallows have come back to Capistrano, even if a public-relations man is hired by a church to do the telling. No one is immune to the attraction of the old verities. I know, in my heart of hearts, that the proper title for the Empire State Building is now the Third Tallest Building in the Greater New York Area, but that is not the kind of fact I permit myself to dwell on.

Smith has other buttresses for his credibility. The suspicion raised by an innocent party's hiring a public-relations man depends partly on just how much more sophisticated the public-relations man is than his client ("So old Floyd shows up in the city room, and who is next to him but this Beverly Hills flack with Gucci loafers . . ."), and Bill Smith seems less like a slick image-manufacturer than like one of the retired Californians who line up outside the Mission gate every year peering up at the sky for the first sign of the flock. He is a free-lance public-relations man in his sixties who wears a white Western hat and a thin white mustache and—on special occasions, such as the day the swallows come back to Capistrano—cowboy boots and a Western shirt. When asked what he does when he isn't putting in his annual week at the Mission, he says, "I pick up odd jobs"—and it is easy to gather that the jobs may be growing odder and more difficult to pick up. Smith displays his trophies and scrapbook in the pressroom he sets up at the Mission every year; they reflect clients like the Miss Softball America tournament in Anaheim and the Cactus Jumpers Jamboree in Cathedral City. He identifies himself on the telephone as "Dr. Bill Smith, Voice of the Mission Capistrano." He has not been able to get very far in persuading Congress to declare March 19th Swallows Day; the swallows-day proclamation he displayed on the pressroom bulletin board this year was from the city of Riverside, California, where he happens to live. (The mayor of Riverside is known as a quick man with a proclamation; he also came through with one for the Miss Softball America tournament.) Smith is the kind of old-fashioned public-relations man who, describing a springtime public event in southern California, may automatically tack twenty degrees on to the temperature and thirty or forty thousand people on to the crowd, but all in the spirit of the occasion. He is not the kind of public-relations man anyone would take any pleasure in proving wrong. The same is true of his clients. The old Mission at San Juan Capistrano—still a working church, with a primary school—has gradually been restored during this century, and much of the money has come from people who pay fifty cents to tour the grounds, and many of those who pay fifty cents to tour the grounds were drawn to Capistrano by the fame of the swallows' return. The tourists provide a steady supply of customers for the Mission gift shop, which sells not only crosses and the sort of Jesus pictures that offer the illusion of moving eyes but also pins in the shape of swallows and mugs that say on them "Just a Swallow from Capistrano." On the other hand, Smith does have what many public-relations people would probably consider a handicap in that the swallows do not exactly come back to the Mission at Capistrano, at least not in the prescribed fashion. That may be a handicap, but so far it has had little effect on Smith's operation.



And why should it? In Capistrano, the return of the swallows is thought of as a sort of benign conspiracy—like the Easter Bunny, but with grownups included. "It's a legend that people enjoy believing," Sue DiMaio, who runs a gift shop across from the Mission, told me on the eve of the swallow return this year. "And whether the swallows come back at that exact time is really irrelevant. If they come back in the same month, it's miracle enough." It is normal for a resident of the town to describe the return with some discreet phrase like "Well, the air was not exactly black with them." The mayor says, "We see them in our minds." The swallows are good not only for the Mission; they are good for the town. Tourism is San Juan Capistrano's only industry—although a number of the residents who have settled there in the past ten years or so because of the climate or the location (almost precisely halfway between Los Angeles and San Diego, and only a couple of miles from the ocean) or the relatively peaceful surroundings would just as soon have no industry at all. The main street, leading from the gate of the Mission, is lined with antique stores and gift shops. There is already a week-long festival surrounding the arrival of the swallows; it is called La Fiesta de las Golondrinas, following the general southern-California formula that the use of Spanish for public events, suburban street names, and condominiums increases at the same rate the percentage of Spanish-speaking residents decreases. There are plans in the works to have a festival when the swallows leave in the fall—presumably with the theme Vaya con Dios.

By the current standards of American souvenir-hawking and tourist-fleecing, though, the swallow industry in San Juan Capistrano is carried on with a sense of propriety that borders on

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bashfulness. The town remains a place in which the shopping centers are wrapped in the ersatz adobe and dark eaves that are meant to approximate the buildings they replaced. Following the general American formula that residents of a picturesque village are intent on preserving its old character in inverse proportion to how long they have lived there, the newcomers who have contributed to increasing San Juan Capistrano's population from twelve hundred to thirteen thousand since the Interstate came by, in the late fifties, tend to be particularly opposed to honky-tonk development or unplanned residential development or, their opponents would say, any development at all. In fact, the city council, which is now controlled by the newcomers, has informed Mrs. DiMaio that the large sign on top of her shop—a sign that says "Welcome to Capistrano, Jewel of the Missions, Home of the Swallows"—was in non-compliance with the city's new sign ordinance and had to be taken down. (Mrs. DiMaio and her friends fought back, and an outsider could mistake the ensuing controversy for a parody of one of those campaigns preservationists in California wage to save a crumbling adobe or a hotel lobby that has been found to be the classic example of Art Deco. Customers were invited to sign a petition under the legend "Sign here to save our sign." An article in one of the local papers reported that Mrs. DiMaio considered her sign to be "a landmark and perhaps even an historical item, since it has been part of the scene for more than twenty years"—a description the Orange County Historical Commission might consider adopting as a guideline to which antiquities are worth preserving—and she was eventually allowed to keep it.) It is true that the city council may have had gross retail sales in mind last year when it declared the city a bird sanctuary and retained an ornithologist to investigate the reasons for what appeared to be a declining swallow population within the city limits, but these efforts could have been considered as much environmental as commercial. (The ornithologist found that the new residents of San Juan Capistrano could have helped maintain a swallow population in the city by staying where they were: swallows need mud to build their nests and insects to feed on and large open spaces to use for foraging, which means that the well-manicured subdivision that has replaced a wheat field is not a great attraction for them.)

Any ornithologist could attest that swallows do migrate to an area that includes southern Orange County sometime in the spring. But who wants to read that on March 20th? Would that make the citizenry more secure in the consistency of Nature's wonderment? The ornithologist hired by the city reported that one way to lure more swallows into the grounds of the Mission itself would be to provide more open foraging space by cutting down all of the trees. Is that what we lovers of the old verities want? At a time when automobile companies advertise on the radio that in view of the economic slowdown it would be patriotic for each of us to buy one of their mammoth, gas-eating, instantly depreciating automobiles, why shouldn't a small town and a lovely old church ask us to believe, for the sake of their own modest economic ambitions and our own good humor, that some swallows return with quite a bit more precision than they actually do? Swallows do return to Capistrano, after a fashion. They really do.

As Mrs. DiMaio points out, it is enjoyable to believe that the swallows return to the Mission on St. Joseph's Day. It is all merely a matter of deciding what should be true and then working backward to find a way in which it is true—a device familiar to all. What should be true to a businessman is that the check he picked up after taking some old college friends to dinner represents a deductible business expense, and, by working backward through the conversation with some care, he can probably figure out that it does. A city that needs a library annex and has access only to Bicentennial grants begins with the assumption that a library annex would be a vital part of our nation's two-hundredth anniversary, and works backward. The limitations on the device, of course, include the need to deal with an audience that has a similar belief in what should be true. Last year, an item in the Los Angeles *Times* reported that the swallows many viewers had experienced difficulty in spotting at Capistrano on March 19th had in fact landed at Lion Country Safari instead. When I came across that information while leafing through some clippings in the pressroom, I was outraged. "That," I informed Bill Smith, "was nothing but a publicity stunt."

IN the past few years, a few newspaper items about the swallows have reflected some skepticism—a precursor, perhaps, of the post-Vietnam/post-Watergate morality that may threaten every aspect of our lives with mad-dog honesty. Last year's United Press International report from Capistrano said, "Actually, as has been noted by debunkers in the past, swallows have been showing up since last week—usually accounted for as 'scouts'—and more will straggle in during the days to come. Whatever birds happen to fly into view on the morning of March 19 tend automatically to be hailed as 'the flock.' " (An earlier story in the Los Angeles *Herald Examiner* had reported that in 1947 "there were so many scouts that most everyone was forced to admit the swallows arrived four days early.") Two years ago, an article by Michael Seiler in the Los Angeles *Times*, the newspaper that more or less invented the swallow return as an event in the thirties, was headlined "CAPISTRANO—A TOUGH ACT TO SWALLOW" and said, "You probably heard it coming downtown on the car radio Monday morning. Forty thousand people in San Juan Capistrano, blocking the streets, eyes riveted to the sky, hundreds of swallows appearing dead on schedule at 8:05:47 A.M. It didn't quite work that way. What really happened is maybe 1,000 people showed up, uncountable numbers of pigeons and a sparrow or two. There might have been a few swallows up there somewhere, but have you ever tried to distinguish a swallow from a sparrow at 500 feet, looking up into the sun?"

Smith has not allowed such deviations to alter his routine. Most of the people he deals with, after all, are not so much truth-seekers as hole-fillers—morning-show disc jockeys who like a change from routine, editors who can use a couple of inches on the swallows but prefer not to get complicated. Smith prepares a list of radio stations across the country that want to phone or be phoned on March 19th to be assured that the swallows have come back to the Mission. In the couple of days leading up to the nineteenth, he tells radio people about a flock of fifteen hundred swallows that was spotted fifty miles north of Guadalajara and has been tracked to the Julian-Ramona area south of Capistrano and should be arriving about on schedule. Smith seems instinctively aware that any information sounds truer when festooned in specific numbers. Who would have thought, after all, that the Defense Department spokesman who stated that the previous week's fighting had cost the Vietcong precisely 1,453 casualties and 2,139 weapons was

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SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

making it all up? One of Smith's first duties in preparing the pressroom—a small room off the school gymnasium, just behind the Mission grounds—is to chalk on the board "Swallows Return—:—:—." He always includes space for the second as well as the minute. He is quick to talk about the exception that proves the rule: in 1935, he acknowledges without embarrassment, the swallows deviated from an absolutely precise St. Joseph's Day arrival by coming three days late, presumably because of heavy storms. He sets ground rules that are fair and aboveboard, explaining that when the first swallow detaches itself from the flock and returns to a nest, the Mission bells are rung to indicate that the swallows have officially returned. In 1969, when there was a fog in the area, he was quoted as saying, "We could hear them up there, on top of the fog, flying and twittering. They were sort of stacked up like fogbound planes at an airport. We got about 500 down at exactly 9:57:25 this morning." Once it has been decided that the return of the swallows to the Mission on St. Joseph's Day is the truth to be believed, it might as well *sound* like the truth.

If a priest at the Mission is asked how one knows when the swallows have come back—the precise moment being, to put it diplomatically, not immediately discernible to the inexperienced observer—he is likely to say that they are back when Paul Arbiso, the man who rings the bells, says they are back. Arbiso is the head gardener at the Mission—a solid-looking man who is about to be eighty, or twenty years older than he looks. He was taking a stint at the postcard booth next to the gate early on St. Joseph's Day morning when I asked him how he himself could tell. "I look around," he said, peering out from the booth toward the sky, as if to demonstrate his method. He is an accommodating man. He is one of the Capistrano residents who speak of great hordes of swallows coming back in the old days, the way some elderly New Englanders speak of old-fashioned winters. He thinks the swallows are frightened away by the people who have gathered to watch them, but he never permits the people to leave disappointed; he always rings the Mission bells on St. Joseph's Day. It was about seven-thirty, and I had already spotted a dozen or so swallows in the Mission grounds, presumably scouts—not to speak of the dozen or so I had been seeing around my motel for two or

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three days. After Arbiso was through at the postcard booth, he asked me if I had a car; some lady had told him about seeing swallows the day before a mile or so away. We drove to the Mission Village condominiums, a housing complex of adobelike stucco and dark eaves. Under the eaves above some garage doors, a line of circles indicated that someone had hosed away some swallows' nests. A swallow's nest looks like a mud version of a wasp's nest, and some homeowners, dreading swallow mud as well as swallow droppings, have been known to react to the sight of a line of them by forgetting for a moment that they live in a bird sanctuary. We also saw a few swallows in the area—about as many as I had been seeing around my motel. Arbiso decided that the swallows had come back to Capistrano. I agreed without hesitation. What is the alternative that should be announced to the world—that on St. Joseph's Day once again this year some nests were hosed away at the Mission Village condominiums?

When Arbiso went to ring the bells, I went to the pressroom to see how Bill Smith would take the news. He was talking to a radio station. "They're not here yet," he was saying. "They're flying around, but they haven't come down and landed at a nest. See, I've been tracking a flight of fifteen hundred ever since they were about fifty miles north of Guadalajara." Nothing happened for a few minutes. Then I realized that the Mission bells probably could not be heard in the gymnasium. Finally, the telephone rang, and it turned out to be someone at the Mission's front gate. "What?" Smith said. "They did? . . . What time? . . . About five minutes ago?" He looked at his watch. "So I'll make it eight-thirty-two-forty-five." He hung up and walked over to the blackboard and filled in the blanks—"SWALLOWS RETURN 08:32:45." A couple of minutes later, a Los Angeles radio station phoned. "At oh-eight-thirty-two-forty-five," Smith said, "the little *Petrochelidon pyrrhonota*—or, to us, swallows—officially came back to the Mission at San Juan Capistrano."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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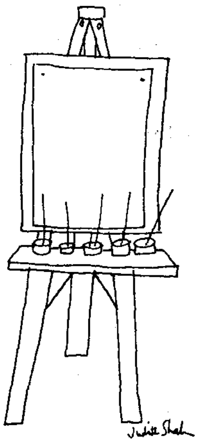
THE ART WORLD

Evidences of Surreality

HOW much the work of an artist owes to an art movement to which he belongs can never be determined exactly, if only because the movement derives its character from the individual creations of its members. The three hundred thoughtfully selected items of the current Max Ernst retrospective at the Guggenheim exemplify this artist's exceptional ability to flow into the conceptual mold of our century's advanced art movements and endow them with images that seem predestined for them. It is as if modernist styles, from Expressionism to Surrealism, had ceased to be mere names attached to categories of works and were capable of producing pictures that are both consistent with their principles and visually distinct from the art of other movements. Ernst's paintings, collages, frottages, prints, sculptures are readily divisible into art-historical phases; he himself, for example, associates a group of his collages with "the shadow of a great Dada," and adds the reminder "Don't forget, this was 1919." It is rare for artists to locate their work on the calendar with such precision.



Among Ernst's earlier modes represented on the Guggenheim ramp are Art Nouveau designs, Expressionist portraits and landscapes, Cubist/Futurist adaptations. The most interesting of the Expressionist paintings are two entitled "Landscape with Sun"—one, made up of horizontal masses devoid of detail, is like a heavily painted Rothko; the other, consisting of writhing forms hiding a green sun, brings Pollock and Gottlieb to mind. "Untitled" (1911-12) and two "Battle of Fish" watercolors (1917) are animated abstractions in a manner that Masson was to develop more than a decade later. These works, realized by the time Ernst was twenty-five, leave no doubt about his mastery of painting in modernist idioms.

It is, however, Dadaism and Surrealism, with their anti-art and beyond-art motives, that have inspired Ernst's inventions for more than fifty years and have taken him into regions where traditional formal values are essentially irrelevant. He was a lightning convert to Dada, and his paintings, collages, and drawings dating from 1919 to 1923 span and amplify the compositions of that war-born movement, from the diagrams of feeling-mechanisms of Picabia and Duchamp (e.g., "The Little Tear Gland That Says Tic Tac") to the assemblages of found materials of Arp and Schwitters. The passage of Dada into Surrealism contributes a distinct group of works to the retrospective, but it was as a Surrealist that Ernst realized himself completely. One of the earliest painters of the movement, the most gifted (except for Miró), and the inventor of the widest variety of devices for conveying the Surrealist vision of an estranged world, Ernst comes close to being the personification of Surrealism in painting. His "The Elephant Celebes," with its central figure of a huge machine-animal and its beckoning headless nude, and "Woman, Old Man, and Flower," with an ancient asleep on his feet holding a tiny nude in his arms, and a female with iron buttocks, a see-through torso and arms, and a head in the shape of a fan, are, after half a century of being exhibited and reproduced, imprinted in the modern imagination like memories of actual events—say, the sinking of the Titanic or the Lindbergh kidnapping—so that it hardly matters except to specialists whether they are good paintings or bad.

Everyone knows that Surrealism has to do with dreams and the irrational. In America, the first large-scale survey of Dada and Surrealist pictures and objects—the "Fantastic Art, Dada and Surrealism" show at the Museum of Modern Art in 1936—bracketed them with pictorial conceits, from whimsey to hallucination. Surrealism did, of course, encourage the imagination to release itself in arbitrary expressions, unrestrained by reason or convention, but there are deeper motives in this than startling gallerygoers with soft watches or a horizon of red lips. The identification of Surrealism with fantastic art takes place at the expense of the political aspect of Surrealism; that is, its search for the actual within the "surreal" composition of contemporary life. One can understand why Breton objected to Ernst's participation in the Museum of Modern Art exhibition. Consciousness of the disrupted condition of man in Europe after the Second World War and the anticipation of catastrophes still to come supplied the morality of Surrealism and led to ideological strife and splits within the group which the art world has consistently played down as clashes of temperament. Surrealism wished to shift the historical crisis into the center of the creative imagination as the sole means for apprehending the true nature and direction of present-day life. In its view, art is divination; its practice, as announced in Rimbaud's celebrated "Letter of a Clairvoyant" (which Ernst quotes in his manifesto "Beyond Painting"), is an extension of the ancient profession of the "seer." The artist-diviner comprehends reality not by analyzing facts or trends but through evoking images, verbal or visual. In his book "Surrealism and Painting," Breton speaks of "the mainstream of the great spiritual quest which the last fifty to seventy years have seen develop," and he testifies that the aim of this tradition has been "to express the latent content of our era, the only way in which man can 'tell his fortune.' " Long before the emergence of scientific futurology, Surrealism presented itself as the heir of age-old readers of the stars. With the extinction of the visions of the great religions in the technological age, poetry and painting would conjure up equivalents for them. In a writing on Ernst, Breton reiterates the Surrealist call for "a new myth;" only in fable can the situation of man be made manifest. In forming its images, Surrealism appropriated Freud's mechanisms of the unconscious, but in its deeper aspects it looks beyond psychology to the metaphysical desolation of the modern psyche: in Ernst's early group portrait of the Surrealists, "A Rendezvous of Friends" (1922; not in the Guggenheim show), Ernst himself is seated on the lap of Dostoevski. A 1930 collage in the series "Dream of a Young Girl Who Wished to Become a Carmelite Nun" presents major ingredients of Ernst's post-Christian disorder and foreboding: in a room invaded by smoke and flying firebrands, a wildly gesticulating mob with a giant crucifix behind it is restrained by a barrier, a child holds up an offering, a fellow in tights (the artist?) performs a somersault, a piratical type strikes a dagger into the ground, and a young woman in sober garb is about to open a huge volume entitled "The 20th Century."

Ernst's techniques for producing drawings and paintings through rubbing, scraping, overlaying, dripping bear a resemblance to the weathering, singeing, growth, and decomposition employed by recent "process" art-

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ists. In both instances, chance and the unforeseen play a decisive part. The art image or object is brought into being by procedures unrelated to any specific intention of the artist; he trusts to inherent characteristics of his materials to give rise to more or less unpredictable visual effects. Yet there is an essential difference between Ernst's substance-begotten imagery and the flowering treelets, rusting pipes, and wind-shredded curtains of the nineteen-seventies. With him, the paper or canvas is activated not in order to stimulate naturalistic transformations (as in the prints of Dubuffet) but, rather, to draw to the surface messages believed to be lodged in physical matter, like Moses drawing water from the rock. The visual enigmas at the Guggenheim were conceived as oracular signs; their mystery lies in the way these products of accident and objective process came together to establish a coherent, emotion-laden reflection of their historical period.

In developing his image-creating devices, Ernst was pursuing the tradition of psychic experimentation indicated by the title of his treatise "How to Force Inspiration"—the tradition that reaches back to Poe's exercises in suspended sleep and Rimbaud's "reasoned derangement of the senses," and that has reappeared, following the Surrealists, in the practice of Pollock and de Kooning of "getting into the canvas." The "magic dictation" (the phrase is Patrick Waldberg's) of which Ernst made himself the vehicle caused the major themes of the retrospective to spring into view: the bird personages (from caged doves to menacing vultures, and the serpentine-limbed impresario Ernst-Loplop, Superior of Birds), the vengeful cloud-shaped titans, the dark, end-of-time jungles. Such compositions as "The Horde" (1927), "Barbarians Marching to the West" (1935), the two versions of "Europe After the Rain" (1933 and 1940-42; only the second is in the retrospective) are dreams externalized into spectres haunting Europe in the years before the Second World War. In an extraordinarily direct sense they represent a collaboration between the artist and the alienated and bedevilled zeitgeist.

Instead of attempting to induce in himself exceptional psychological states, such as those of Poe and Rimbaud or the "paranoia" of Dali, Ernst "forces inspiration" through systematically applied impersonal techniques. His inspiration consists in totally detaching creation from self, so that insofar as his imagery has an individual consistency it must be presumed to be that of an alter ego—in harmony with Rimbaud's "I is another," which Ernst quotes in "Beyond Painting." Having elaborated into a major resource of his art the children's pastime of frottage—rubbings of pencil or crayon on paper covering a coin, board, or fabric—he finds the virtue of this method in its "reducing to a minimum the active part of what until now has been called the 'author,' " so that the artist can "attend simply as a spectator the birth of his works." A similar objectification of the Freudian dream work is achieved by Ernst in his photocollage, paint-scraping, and dripped-paint compositions. In contradiction of the popular notion that Surrealists paint their dreams, Ernst prompts his materials to paint theirs. "Carnal Delight Complicated by Visual Representations" suggests the appropriation of the artist's feeling by self-generated picture-making: two nudes are undergoing metamorphosis through the multiplication of shapes that seem released upon them at random by the canvas.

Attacking Surrealism in "Situations," Sartre charged that it brought about the "destruction of subjectivity." "Subjectivity," he explained, "exists when we recognize that our thoughts, our emotions, and our will come from us, when we perceive that they belong to us." Sartre is correct in seeing in Surrealism an opposition to the ego as the source of understanding and decision; a similar charge could be levelled against psychoanalysis. But Sartre seems to have missed the point that the aim of Surrealist automatism, and its experiments with chance and coincidence, is to instigate the operation of an intelligence beyond self—what Rimbaud termed "objective poetry" and Breton "objective hazard." In "Beyond Painting," Ernst quotes Breton to the effect that finding seemingly accidental images "necessitates the unreserved acceptance of a more or less durable passivity," and he calls attention to Breton's prophetic conjecture, "Who knows if we are not somehow preparing ourselves to escape from the principle of identity?" Ernst's "preparation" for loss of self seems to have been largely accomplished by nature. In contrast to such self-propelled personages as Mondrian and de Kooning,

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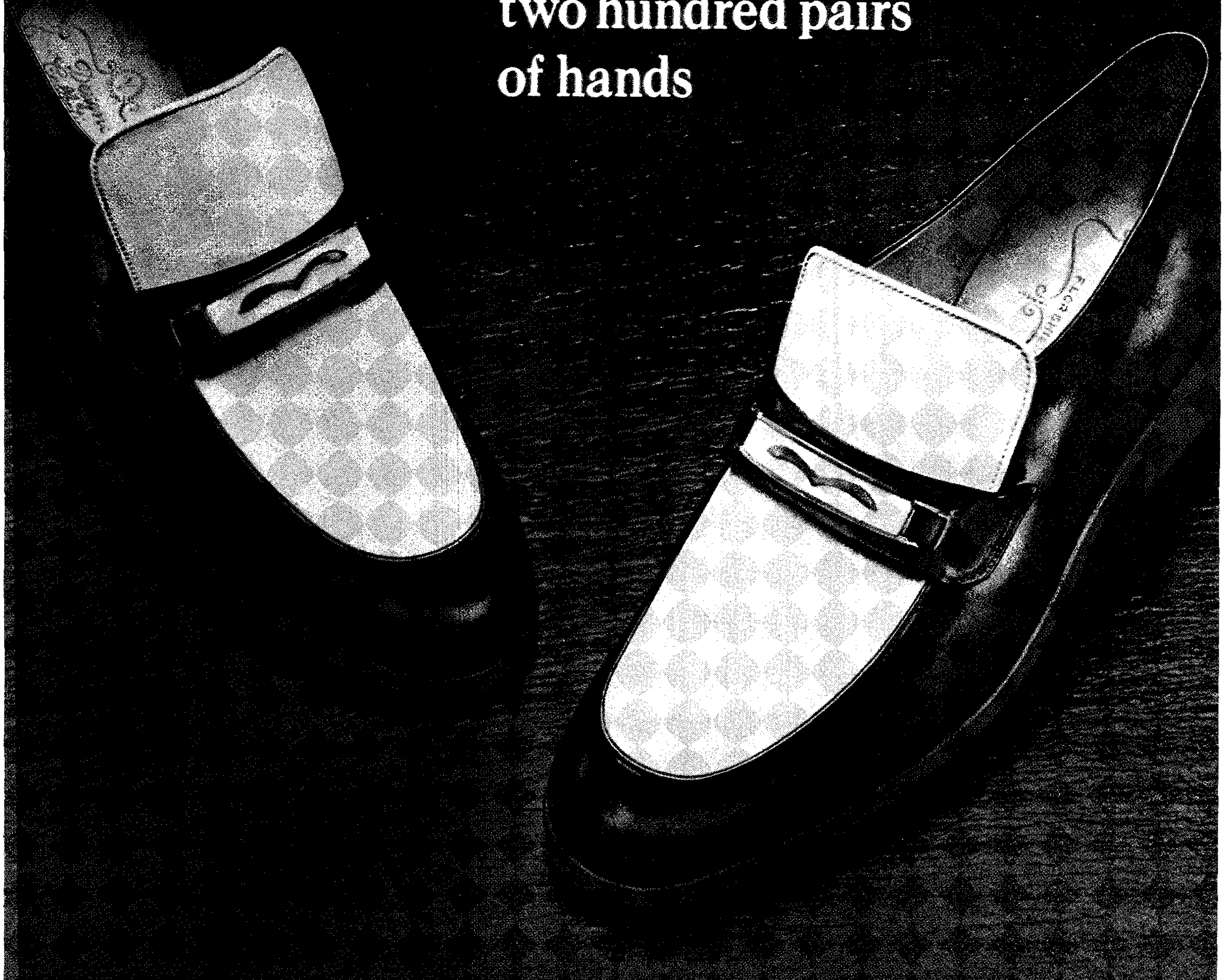

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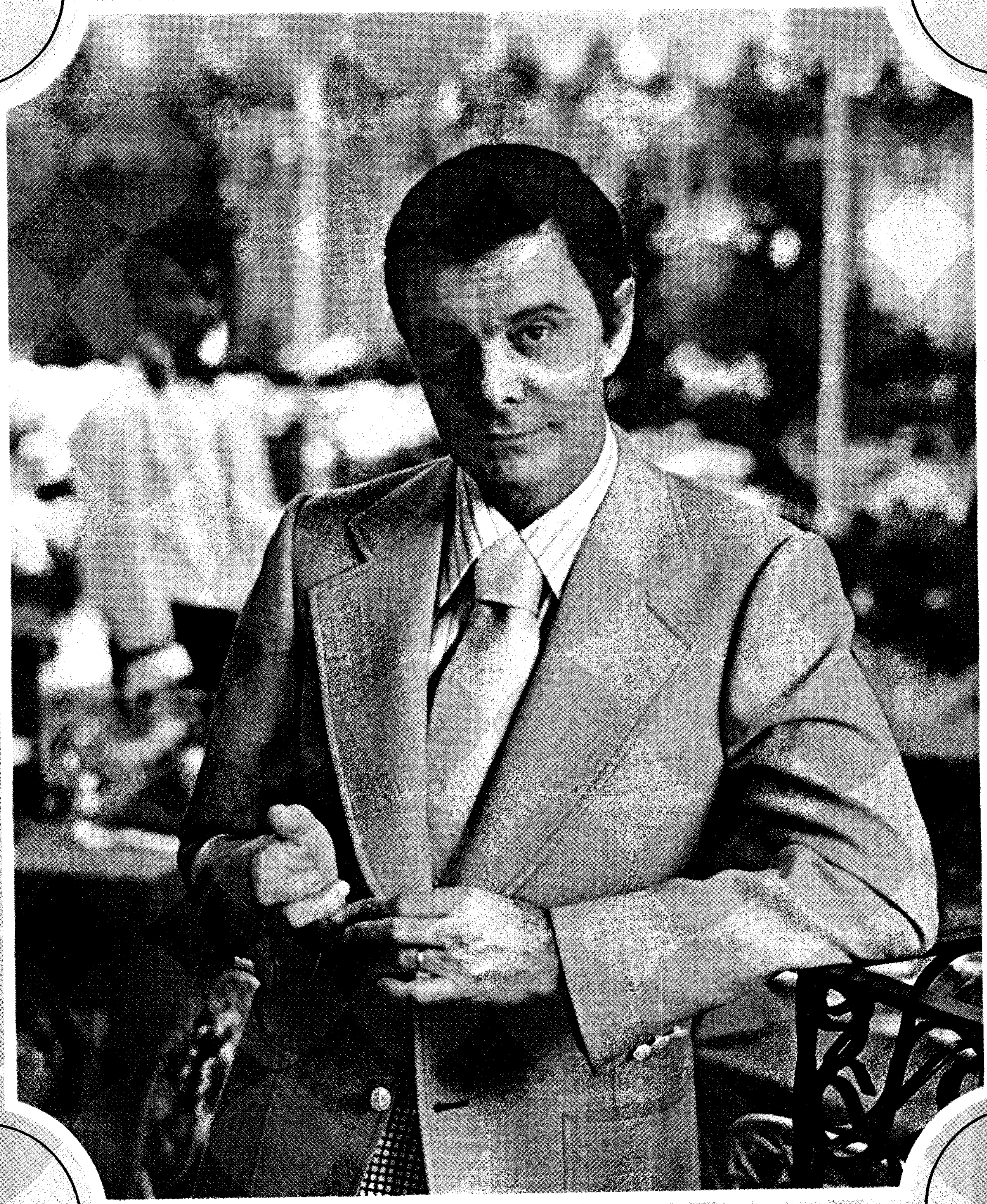

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Ernst is essentially mediumistic: the outstanding feature of photographs of him and self-portraits is the abstracted forward stare of the clairvoyant. About himself he wrote in "An Informal Life of M. E." that, lacking marks of identification, he "could, if pursued by the police, plunge into the crowd and easily disappear forever."

It may be assumed that Ernst's sense of anonymity was deepened by the drastic alterations in social identity that he underwent throughout his adult life. Born a German and conscripted at twenty-three into the Army of Kaiser Wilhelm, he became a Parisian of the Left Bank through illegal entry into France after the First World War, was interned as an enemy alien in 1939, fled to the United States to escape the Nazi Occupation, was naturalized, returned to Paris after the war, and is now, at eighty-four, legally a Frenchman. With his uncertain identity, Ernst has found assurance and direction not in himself but in his identification with styles and movements; in confirmation of his crossbreeding with Dada he nicknamed himself Dadamax, and for his Surrealist other self he conceived the mythical identity Loplop. He has been a citizen of art movements, not of nations; Surrealism became his homeland, and when, in 1938, he officially withdrew from it, his gesture amounted to little more than one's refusal to vote.

In the absence of a supernatural order, men are impelled to seek the aid of supernatural powers. If religion is the opium of the people, the fading of religion turns people toward opium. The Surrealist program of continual inspiration—an effort to realize Baudelaire's "infallibility in poetic production"—is, of course, impossible to carry out, even when inspiration is sought through systematically applied procedures. No technique has yet been developed by which revelations can be guaranteed; and in the failure of enlightenment to occur the "seer," being a man of (Ernst reminds us, using a term of Rimbaud) "ordinary constitution," is left with a visual or verbal *product*, which takes its place in the history of its medium as one more poem or painting. The visionary turns into a craftsman, since what else can he turn into? Ernst's methods tend to result in repetitiousness and to become vehicles of obvious ideas, such as the organic-mechanical conflict that is the theme of his "Garden Airplane-Trap" series. Not all of his between-the-wars creations are unveilings of monsters, vulture gods, after-the-deluge swamps, and horrid hints of massacres to come. Nonetheless, his works, taken together,

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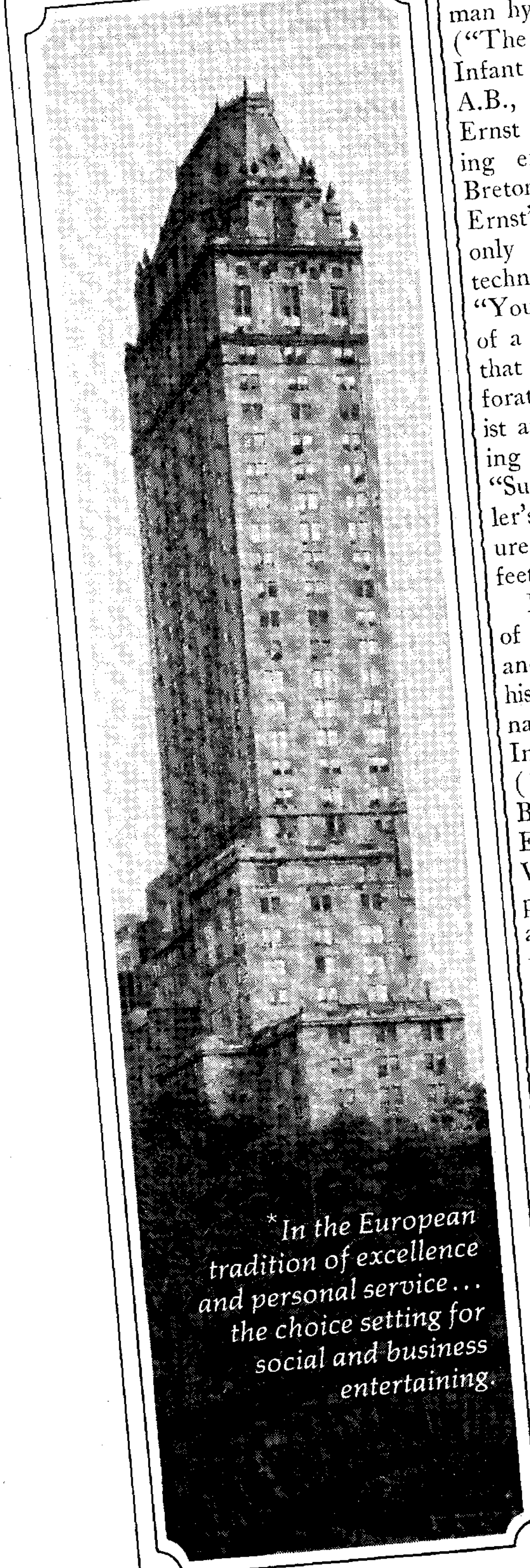
do constitute a visual embodiment of the inner life of the catastrophe-ridden years, including its peculiar light-headed parody and clowning ("After Us, Motherhood" and "Man, a Girl's Best Friend;" not in the show), its black humor ("Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe," a family picnic of rutting, snakelike human hybrids), and its cultist militancy ("The Blessed Virgin Chastises the Infant Jesus Before Three Witnesses: A.B., P.E., and the Artist," which Ernst described as "a manifesto-painting executed after an idea of A. Breton's"). And in every phase of Ernst's career there are works whose only purpose is to demonstrate some technical experiment; for example, "Young Man Intrigued by the Flight of a Non-Euclidean Fly" (a painting that originated in flecks from a perforated can of paint swung by the artist at the end of a cord), and a striking small abstraction, in the extensive "Surrealism in Art" show at Knoedler's in February and March, of a figure that consists of triangular head and feet and a torso of sandpaper.

Ernst's creation reached the peak of its significance in the late twenties and the thirties. This is not to say that his work declined in quality and originality after he left Europe, in 1941. In "Sign for a School of Herring" (1958), "Where Cormorants Are Born" (1961), "The Sky Marries the Earth" (1964), and "Air Washed in Water" (1969), he continues to display his technical and formal versatility and his ability to surprise. His sculpture, which is based on both primitive imagery and abstract forms, and which he has always regarded as "more of a game than painting" (because it lacks the prophetic element?), is undoubtedly at its best in "The King Playing with the Queen," "Young Man with Beating Heart," "Moonmad," "Capricorn," and "Are You Niniche?"—all done since 1944. But while the postwar Ernst has produced works of subtlety and stature, in the twenties and thirties he was not only an artist but a witness, on a par with Malraux, Silone, Brecht. After the war, this role of reflecting the "latent content" of the time was assumed by the New York Abstract Expressionists.

IN the galleries, this has been a Surrealist season, with major recapitulations of Tanguy, Matta, Man Ray, Ernst, plus generous helpings of Dali, Magritte, Arp, Miró, Bellmer. One explanation of this heightened attention to Surrealism is that 1975 is the fiftieth anniversary of the original group show



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of Surrealist art in Paris; in its present depressed state, the art world is in no position to neglect any occasion for celebration. A deeper reason, however, is that Surrealism is an art of crisis, and its socially critical outlook is thus emotionally compatible with the present economic and political instability; during the 1968 student insurrection in Paris, Surrealist-style slogans and metaphors kept bobbing spontaneously to the surface. With the return of a widespread apprehensiveness, not unlike that of the nineteen-thirties, there can be even less interest than usual in modes of picture- and object-making—such as were dominant in the sixties—that confine themselves to problems of art. In theory and in the daily behavior of individuals, Surrealism developed positions on most vital issues, individual as well as social: creative method, waking and sleep, politics, sex, religion, the press, law and order, masterpieces, science, pedagogy, solidarity. It offered the intellectual readiness of a cult. The literalist style of Surrealist painting and its tactics of social shock never had much appeal to American artists. Its modernity was limited by its preoccupation with its Catholic background (Ernst's "Blessed Virgin" is a striking example), and the anti-intellectualism implicit in its revolt against science and common sense drew it into the orbit of the international set. For both aesthetic and ideological reasons, Surrealism hardly invites revival in the fourth quarter of the twentieth century. Yet the movement did cement together a kind of collage of experience, perceptions, and judgments of the modern situation, and of ways of responding to it, that is rich in hints for the future. The special importance of Ernst's huge Guggenheim retrospective is that—for all the art-historical stress of the show on his manifold stylistic affiliations—the selection of the paintings, collages, and sculptures succeeds in communicating the continual disorientation to which, in the Surrealist view, the modern consciousness is obliged to subject itself as a condition for knowing itself and the world.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

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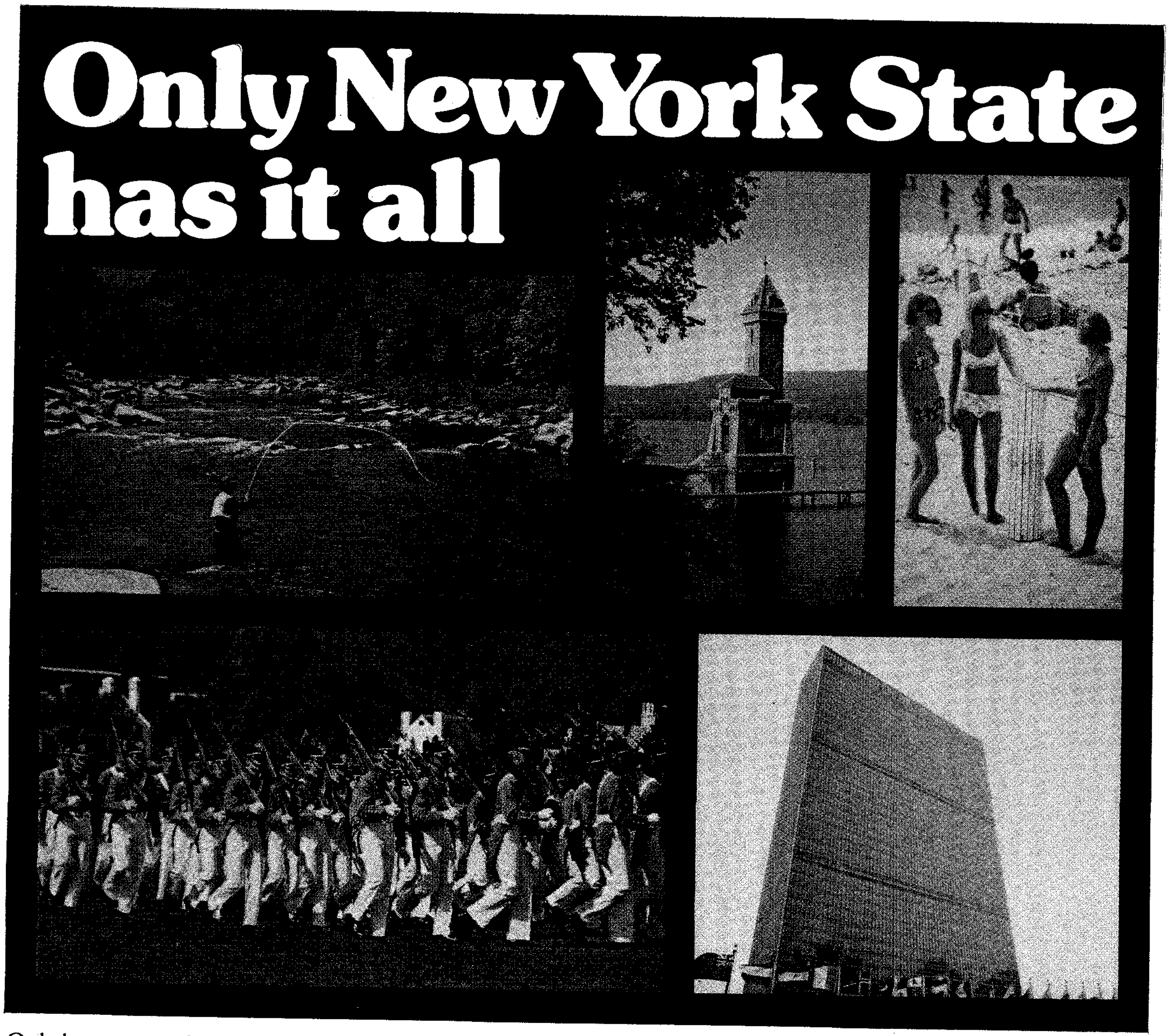
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

TODAY, the spirit of change moves more in a slow, inevitable current than in the plunging cataracts and stagnant pools that marked its course some years back. But few formerly accepted authorities—whether governments, economists, courts of law, and churches or, on a traditionally feminine scale, husbands, lovers, and the world of fashion—have escaped the scrutiny of increasingly critical followers and subjects. France, historically crucial to any definition of Western civilization, has certainly not been immune to the effects of contemporary change. The near-revolution of May, 1968, still reverberates. Army conscripts have lately taken to the streets of barracks towns, in protest against discipline for discipline's sake; universities are still in a state of considerable disarray; and many children in once authoritarian public schools now call their teachers the familiar "*tu*." Supermarkets and fast-food shops are gaining great ground, while what were some of the most distinguished names among Bordeaux wines, together with the wine expertise that failed to nose out the adulteration of those wines, are eternally discredited. The government of Valéry Giscard d'Estaing is committed, if perhaps not to any really perturbing reforms, at least to the whole intoxicating idea of a modern French society, smoothly run by public relations and technical know-how. Market research, business-school methods, the polling of public opinion on every subject from abortion and homosexuality to singing in the bath—all these enchant the French, who are not yet inclined to be as wary about advertising as we are, and whose politicians have yet to learn how badly a public-relations machine can misfire and how changes of the electoral heart have a way of lying deeper than the soundings of the polls. Giscard's Administration gave France, in the person of Françoise Giroud, Secretary for the Condition of Women, official recognition of the unspecific new yearnings and the specific old grievances that Frenchwomen, like women everywhere in the world, are learning to voice. Meanwhile, amid talk of changes on the part of the government and talk of crisis in the press, the average Frenchman—who is of a line accustomed to living with crises at least since 1789, and who is, after all, of quite a Latin temperament—takes his pleasures much as he always has. He drives his car as often as ever, especially on autoroutes at either end of *le weekend*, because the President's instincts (as well as his pollsters) tell him that nothing is closer to the manhood of a Frenchman than his automobile, unless perhaps his *bifteck pommes frites*, and that it is politically wiser to ask for economies of heating oil than self-discipline about gasoline. Some French pleasures were actually stepped up this winter. Long lines snaked around movie theatres in Paris, and hard-pressed waiters with loaded trays dashed about through laughing crowds in late-night restaurants. The quantities of food consumed in France over the Christmas and New Year's holiday probably surpassed all records for national gluttony.

Fashion boomed. Last fall, when attendance in most fashion shops back here was pretty thin, shops in Paris were jammed with women investing heavily in *le look* of the season—long, wide layers of skirts, dresses, coats, capes, and shawls, whose combined effect was so utterly novel as to oblige a complete overhaul of accessories, and to make women compound initial folly with the purchase of a pair of costly new boots. Mme. Giroud's suggestion that Frenchwomen not let their heads be turned by the fashion for voluminousness, and that the nation's economy was ill served by the consumption of such unprecedented yards of imported winter fabrics, was ignored by all but the French garment industry, which greeted the Secretary's counsel with howls of outrage. A few of the more analytical victims of the fashion frenzy sought to justify it by calling it insulation, proof against potential heating cuts. Others explained that, because of the camouflaging effect that women inside the new width found comfortable and many men observing it apparently found infuriating, what was involved was a laudably feminist fashion. Perhaps it was, in a way. But independent-mindedness can scarcely have been the chief reason for the spending spree on rust-colored boots with skyscraper heels and on billowing raincoats, or for women's eagerness to lose themselves among the ankle-wobbling creatures that teetered down the more fashionable streets of Paris like columns of khaki-colored pup tents. This looked suspiciously like the old-fashioned, slavish sort of fashion—the delight of cartoonists, the despair of husbands, and the key that unlocked some dark, lunatic impulse

"This is a technocracy, and I, Miss Ames, am a technocrat."



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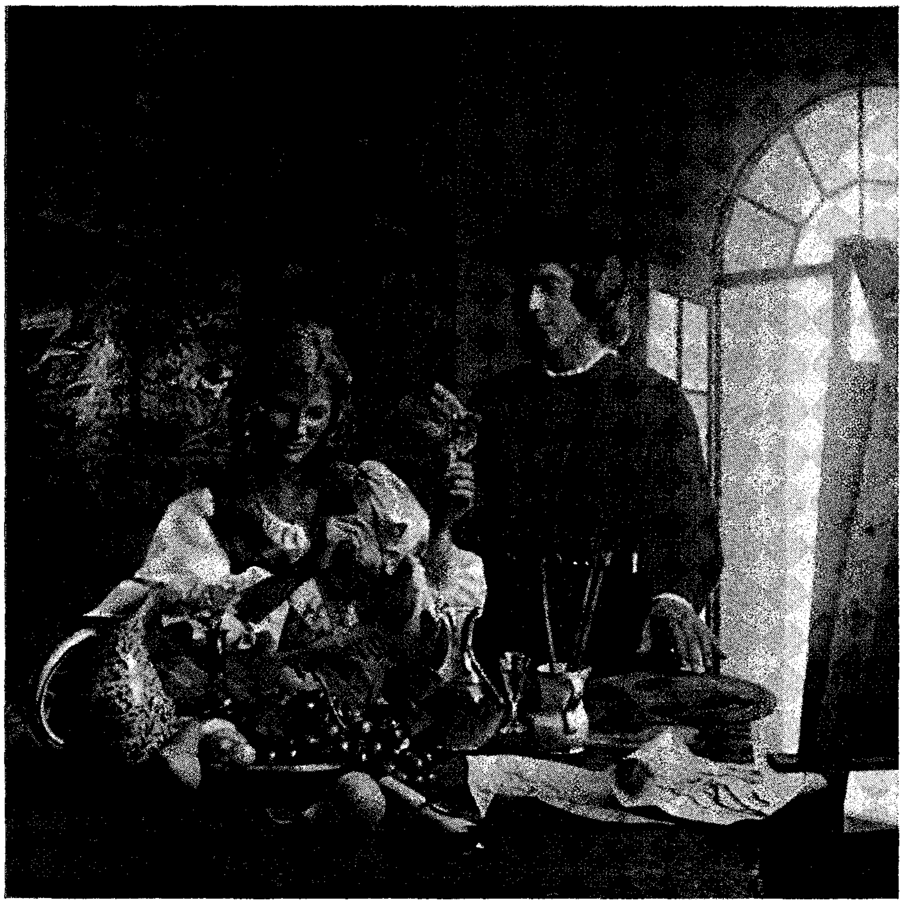

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seducing men—"*l'art de plaire*"—is really not in question, even for women judges or Cabinet ministers. The subject of *la Femme*, whether as a glacial ideal or an erotic object, or at points in between, has been of continuous and consuming interest in France, and women's influence on thought, society, and language as well as their relation to men, love, and marriage have shown up in French literature from chivalric poetry—by way of the Petrarchans, the *précieuses* whom Molière ridiculed, and the heroines of Mme. de Staël and Flaubert—to the present, post-Beauvoir age. This attention to womankind has fostered the traditions of fashion, too. The more puritanical and less intellectual society of America early became accustomed to look to France for messages about both women and style. There has never been any sustained rivalry to challenge Paris as the center of the world of fashion. America is too big and too diverse to produce the sympathetic audience and the sense of artistic camaraderie that designers in Paris find stimulating, and by the time a market with the taste and money for high fashion developed over here, America was too developed to create the pool of hand labor, in small *ateliers* flexible enough for the fast execution of new ideas, that backs up designers in Paris.

For two decades or so after the Second World War, manufacturers and journalists in America made valiant efforts to reproduce and champion a fair imitation of French high fashion. But just as they were close to success, their customers began to make it clear that they had outgrown the whole idea. Paris fashion was in origin more a celebration of femininity, of beautiful shapes, fabrics, and workmanship; American fashion developed more as a manufactured product, to be sold, by way of the most ingenious and intensive Madison Avenue methods, to an audience relatively lacking in conviction about the product's usefulness. The Paris definition of fashion, wherever it still exists, is eternal; the American variety of fashion, whose methods are now often applied to fashions produced in Paris, too, has a very uncertain future. American women have a lower tolerance than Frenchwomen for fashion, because, whether or not American women are more "liberated" as women, as Americans they are more evolved as citizens of the modern world. They have witnessed the souring of hopes built up by advertising, the shattering of the consumer dream. Perhaps the citizens of France may be able to escape the worst of the pains that follow mindless materialism because their slower change from a peasant economy to an industrial one kept them closer to those "fundamental values" that America is now trying so fumblingly to reconstruct. As profoundly materialistic as the French are, they never completely fell into the trap of believing that happiness meant a color TV; instead, they held stubbornly to the impression that happiness meant being in love or joining the family at table to enjoy a good meal. A slower evolution in French taste may also be detected in the greater respect still given to the theme of modernity in the most refined sort of Parisian interiors; chromium-and-glass functionalism, called *le Design*, crops up often inside the ancient houses of Paris, while a cluttered, eclectic scheme of plants, baskets, and Provençal handprints—intended to convey an impression of the inhabitants' endearingly muddled humanity—is more common within the new apartment towers of Manhattan.

Representatives of the fashion industry of the world, whether department-store buyers from Osaka or women's-page journalists from the German provinces, flock to Paris regularly to marvel not just at the fancies of her designers but at the willingness of at least some ordinary Parisiennes to wear those fancies on the streets. Part of the legendary reputation of French chic is indeed true. Women in Paris are as skilled as they are cracked up to be in the tricks of tying a scarf. Many of them have a good sense of color, and a firm belief in the need to keep their clothes pressed, their figures trim, their skins clear, and their heads well coiffed. Most, rich or poor, are extremely judicious shoppers, and they will buy a dress only after assessing and usually trying on many alternatives. Women of a broad span of age are susceptible to fashions, which might be adopted in only slightly different ways by a student of twenty with no position in the world and a woman of fifty-five with an important job or a prominent husband. The idea of who is in the world and who isn't remains on a small enough scale to be real in the tightly knit world of Paris society, which unites the kind of power that in this country is spread out between New York, Washington, and whatever remains of Hollywood. By the standards of New York, faces are so like one another on the streets of Paris as to seem like those of cousins, and, in addition

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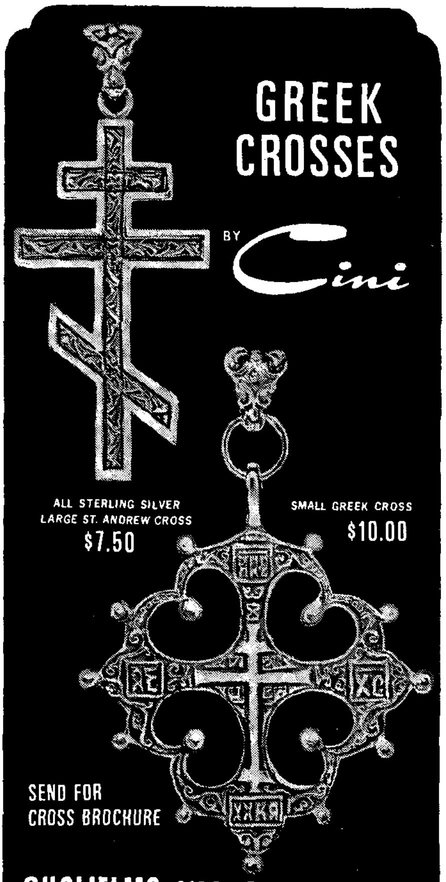
to the narrower range of types, there are no real extremes of wealth and poverty. This broadly middle-class atmosphere of Paris is clearly one in which the traditional kinds of fashion, based on slight variations, thrive more readily than among the wild and kaleidoscopic parade of New York, where a merely elegant, discreetly modish woman is barely noticeable. Indisputably, fewer distinctions are drawn in France than here between women simply on the ground of age. Young girls dress up more there and so look older than their contemporaries here, and Frenchwomen over forty often seem positively blooming. France is clearly less gripped by the tedious *Playboy* creed that only young girls are sexy; "older" Frenchwomen appear to have more self-confidence than their contemporaries here as a result of the greater open-mindedness of Frenchmen. Frenchwomen reveal their age quite freely, and because they are not obsessed by the thought of looking miraculously young, they often do.

In addition to these uniquely French qualities of the feminine character and life, though, Frenchwomen share many of the opinions and values that are common to all active minds in the Western world, and that traverse frontiers with extraordinary freedom. None of the shifts in our own common values would seem to threaten fashion more directly—even, in the long run, fashion in France—than our disillusionment with novelty. Viewing innovation with suspicion, which used to be characteristic of conservatism, has for some years been evident, in tangible matters at least, among those who might have been expected to concern themselves with inventing and forging ahead—the young and those associated with the arts. Among these, the urge to recycle materials and objects was accompanied by the urge to recycle time, which led to the curious phenomenon of nostalgia for the unlived and unremembered. Although rivalled among French fashion enthusiasts by the Army-surplus mode, the flea-market school of dress, picked up at *les puces*, is still considered to be of great significance in the Paris fashion world. (The latest Army-surplus vogue in Paris, the hundredth or so in a perennial international plague, is to blame, together with pathetically imitative manufacturers here, for the miserably unflattering khaki and olive drab that is flooding the stores yet again.) What the support for flea-marketry represents more, perhaps, than affection for the secondhand is the desire to find style, but obliquely, and splendor, but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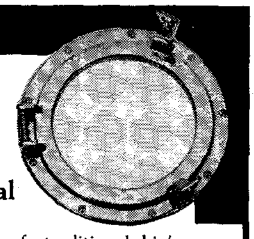
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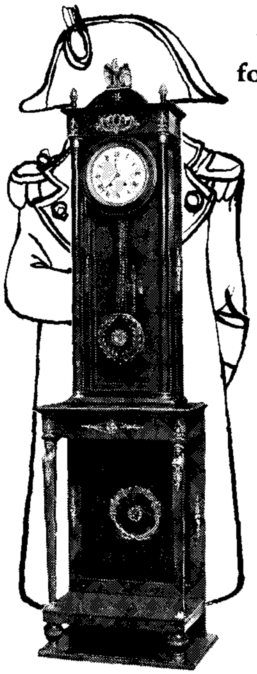
tackily, and so put an ironic distance between the wearers and the fashionableness of their clothes. The ironic approach is an essential part of style in clothes by now—an air of saying something often quite intense but only in a footnote. This approach has grown up out of flea-market and "nostalgic" fashion, but it is interesting to observe how historicism itself—for so long the code of youthful consciousness in dress design, and so upsetting to a generation old enough to remember the authentic styles of the thirties, forties, or fifties—is now too obvious to be of value. But the earlier tradition of fashion based on the invention and promotion of novel ideas, for its part, seems more outmoded than ever. Many of the gratuitous biannual inventions of Paris fashion seem like indefensible demonstrations of mindless wastefulness, an anachronistic remnant of the discredited business principle of planned obsolescence. The fashion of tireless novelty still finds an audience among nations or social groups where a shorter experience of attempting to buy "the good life" makes for an unripened sense of disillusion. The young in Japan, for instance, will still unite passionately behind the latest Paris fashion fads. But in truth, in spite of last fall's temporary and local indulgence in fad, its power is fading even in France. And the two organized branches of Paris fashion—the ready-to-wear, or prêt-à-porter, designers, and the remaining score or so of houses that constitute the haute couture—have already adjusted themselves to changing attitudes, changing audiences, and the growing disenchantment with the new.

THE future of fashion lies hidden. But it is a measure of how much the old ways have been left behind that the most influential Paris fashion this winter is insignificantly novel; instead, it holds suspended within extreme simplicity of design an infinity of delicate emotional and intellectual messages, so highly refined as to utterly and perhaps intentionally elude the heavy-handed instruments of advertising and fashion journalism that were developed to promote the fashion of novelty. The spirit of tense tranquillity that seems so exactly matched to the present era of transition in design is found only outside the confines of the haute couture, except in the case of Yves Saint Laurent's couture collection, in which the spirit is captured, but intermittently. The haute-couture environment seems to inhibit the individuality and artistic integrity that show up so appositely in the work



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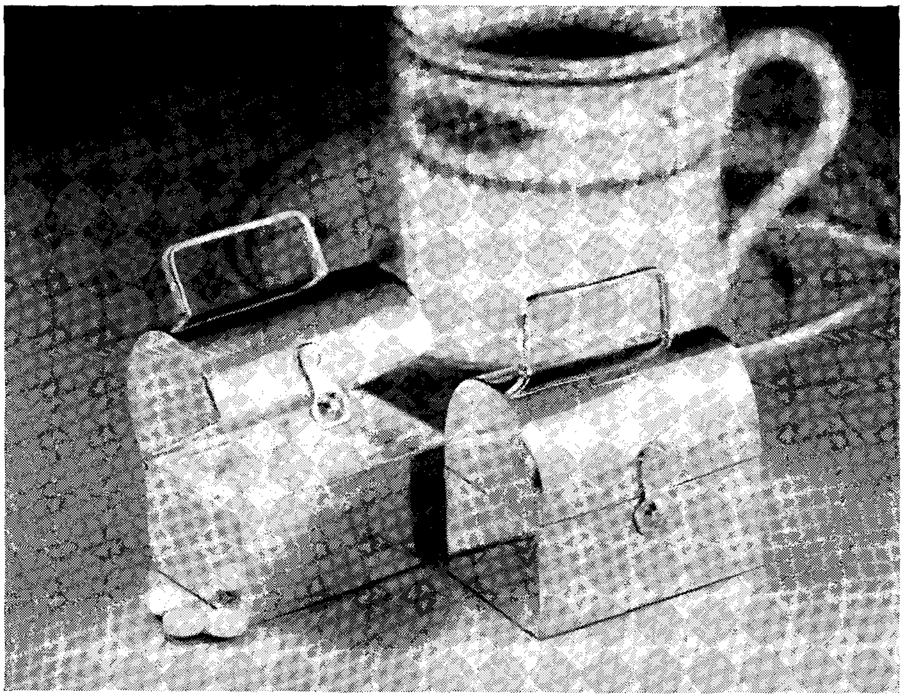

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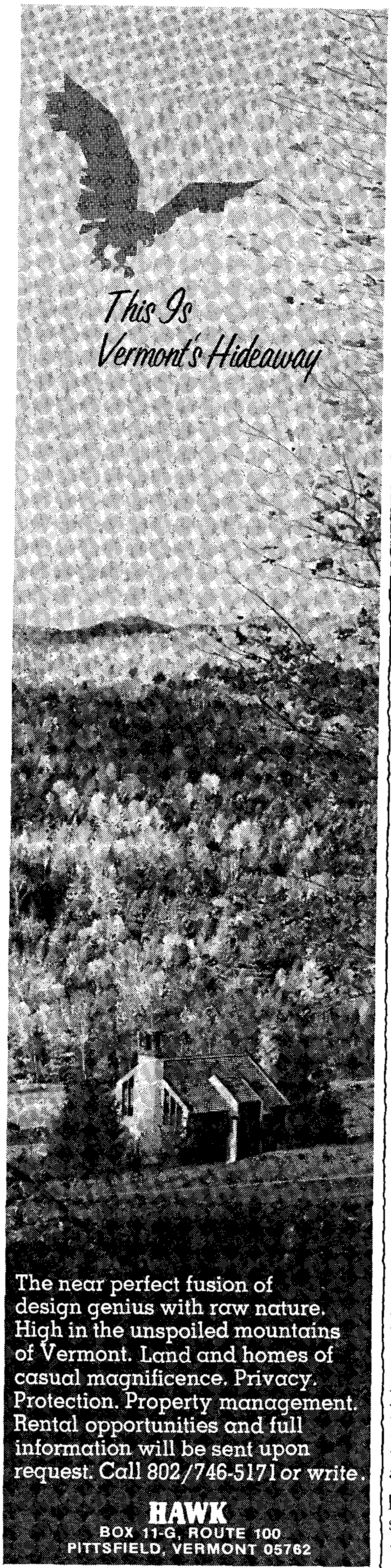

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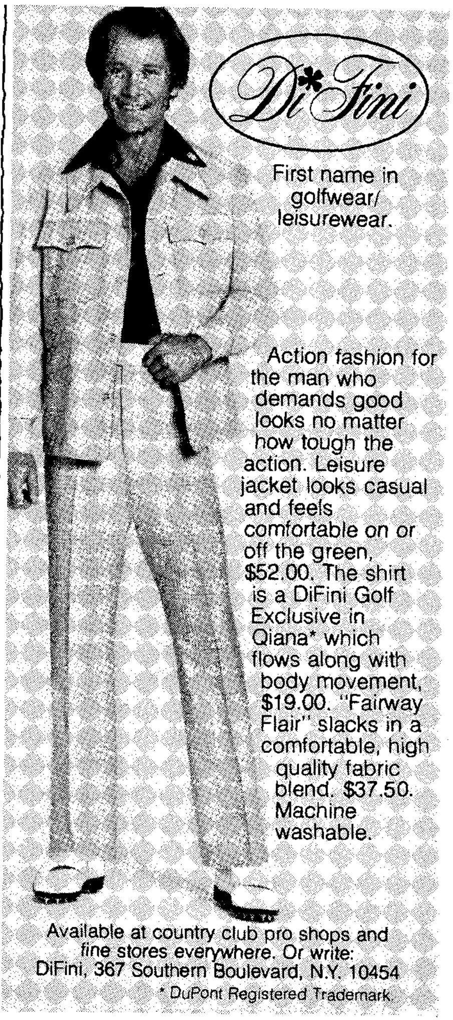
of such famous prêt-à-porter figures as Sonia Rykiel and Karl Lagerfeld, of the boutique Chloé, and in the lesser-known designs of Anne-Marie Beretta and of Sabine Lamorisse and Patrice Bry, of the boutique Les Années. In the creations of such designers we witness fashion pausing to wipe clean the slate of much of the gadgetry of the past, and allying itself with a greater serious-mindedness, a more generalized aestheticism. The designers working within this mood are inclined to dismiss the importance of innovation and, to a large extent, that of changes in shape; what is respected is color and texture of fabric and purity of tone. Since the best fabrics are invariably costly, and such an intangible as purity defies transmission beyond the designer who captures it, the fashion that depends on such factors cannot be copied successfully in cheaper materials. Sonia Rykiel's deceptively simple little sweaters, for example, have been highly susceptible to imitation, but cheaper copies are conspicuously lacking in the presence and meaning of the originals. It is no coincidence, I think, that the designs of Kenzo Takada, the Japanese designer who is often viewed as the brightest star of the Paris prêt-à-porter, lose far less of their essential style even in markedly inferior reproductions, of which many are in existence. This designer's work seems to me marred by restlessness, too dependent on dynamic and novel "ideas" to be precisely in tune with the times. At the moment, designers who succeed in finding the exact balance of modernity and refinement become fashionable by demonstrating their desire to stand with first and permanent principles, beyond the reach of "fashion." Saint Laurent has for some time been fond of denouncing "*la mode qui se démode*," or the variety of fashion that goes out of fashion because it is intended to do so. Sonia Rykiel echoes the denunciation of fashion that depends on constant acts of unfaithfulness to last season's favorites, and prefers to think of her clothes lasting for years as a comfortable, neutral frame for the individuality of the wearer. Lagerfeld, for his part, admires the artistic principles embodied in the draperies of classical statues, and is absorbed by the idea of allowing fabric to retain its integrity, without suffering the violence of being chopped up too much and forced into artificial shapes with complex seams.

The history of this welling up of refinement in design is as far from being simple as the "simple" clothes it has produced. The designers of refine-



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ment belong, broadly speaking, to the "younger generation" of Paris fashion; Sonia Rykiel, who is in her forties, is the oldest of their number. The new tone has strong roots within the group of young designers of the nineteen-sixties, the *stylistes* (a word of disputed meaning, but generally used to describe propagators of fashion "ideas" rather than artists), who set out, democratically, to bring interesting, often inexpensive design to far greater numbers than those touched by the haute couture. But while the most successful heirs of the *styliste* explosion continue to voice contempt for the ivory-towerism and gratuitous invention of the old haute couture, and speak up boldly on the side of "real life," this is only a schematic alliance, a vestigial code; the designers have grown into artists, speaking a developed and hermetic artistic language to a particular élite. Just as the *stylistes* sprang up to sweep away the notion of an élite based on wealth—the foundation of the haute couture—with an élite of youth and zest, this in turn is now being succeeded by an élite of good taste. (Like all fashion shifts, this one is demographic and sociological: the population is getting older and more educated.) And the "new" good taste is always a step away from joining up squarely with the old wealth. Sonia Rykiel and Lagerfeld have established themselves as designers for the emerging élite of rich good taste, and they are, in effect, today's equivalent of the haute couture. Their clothes may be untailored and unburdened by inner structures, and worn by the sort of modern, fashionable body whose likeness to others makes the interminable fittings of the haute couture unnecessary, but a humble Rykiel sweater-jacket can cost three hundred dollars, and the simple, off-the-peg styles of Lagerfeld's recent collections are translated in such luxurious fabrics as to cost just as much as more complicated, made-to-measure styles in some houses of the haute couture. There may be a philosophical difference in the mind of the designer; there is certainly an emotional and social difference for the rich client of the prêt-à-porter who feels that it is no longer the thing to *look* rich in the way the haute couture knows how to make its clients look, but there is no significant political difference between the old haute couture and the upper echelons of the new prêt-à-porter.

One thing that does distinguish the best of the prêt-à-porter from virtually all the haute couture, though, is an impression of awareness—if not anything quite so specific as thoughtfulness—giv-

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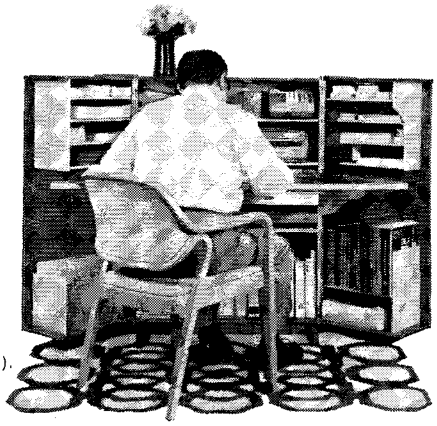

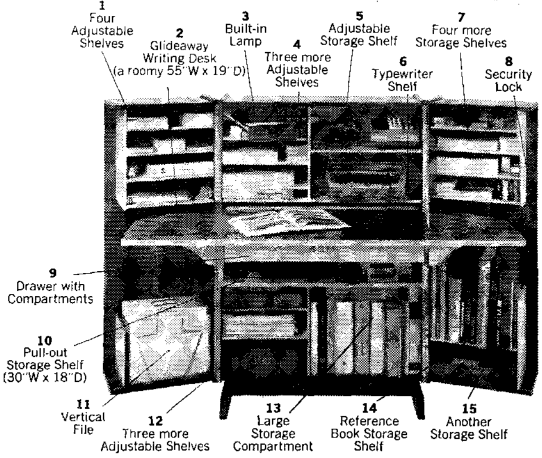
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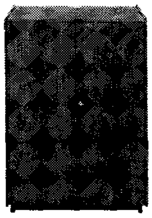

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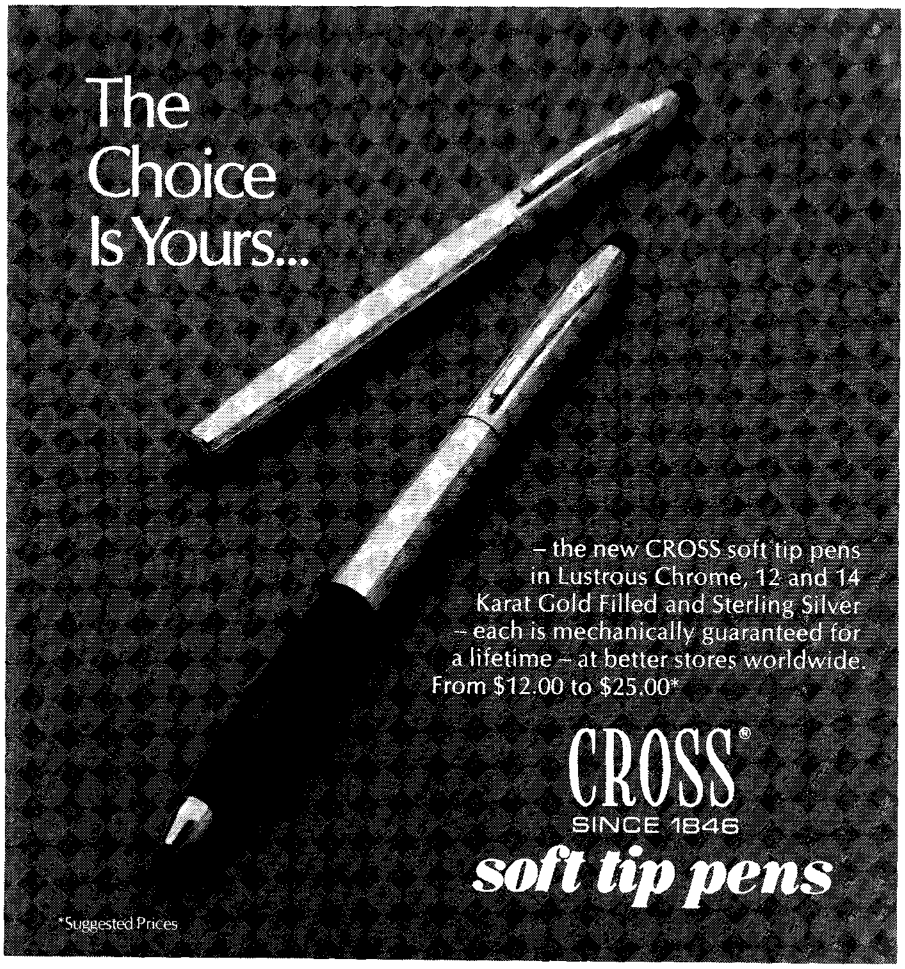
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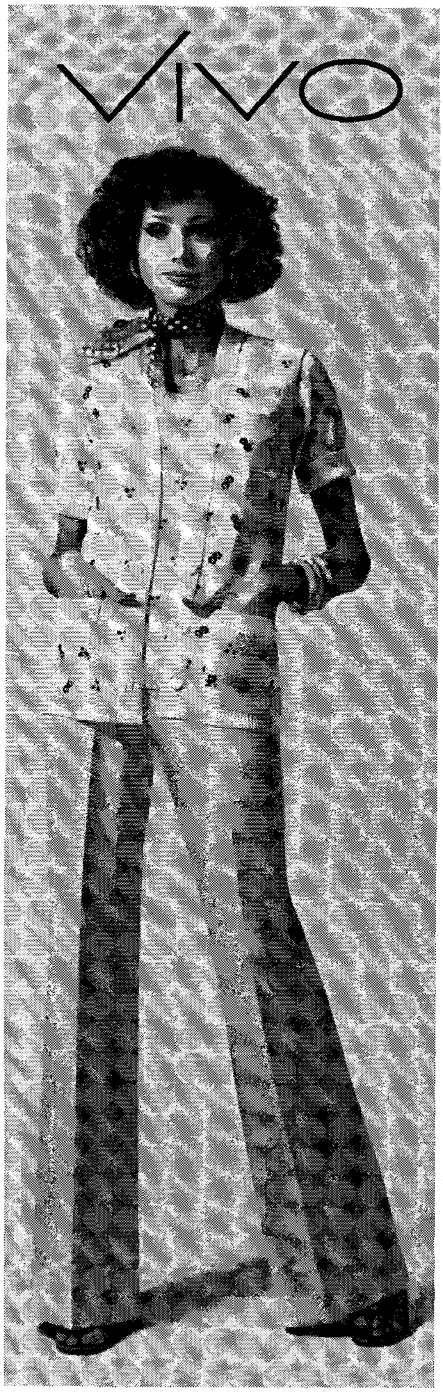

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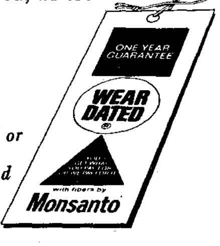

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en by the ready-to-wear creators, who seem to share a keenly nervous and thoroughly modern turn of mind. Their clothes often convey apparently contradictory, ironic messages, and have layers of significance behind their often insubstantial and subdued exteriors. They are never exactly what they seem to be. It is sometimes said, for example, that Sonia Rykiel and Lagerfeld are masters of fashion for private and personal lives; more accurate, though, would be a description of them as masters of the more intimate and informal public lives of society women. Both designers have abolished hems, and are interested in the technical improvement of dressmaking construction, but what really interests them is the idealization of technique, the *idea* of breaking with tradition. Sonia Rykiel was impressed recently by the observation made by an admirer of her clothes that they looked tinged with humanity, as if, though new, they had, in some mysterious way, been worn beforehand. There is a curious truth in this impression, and Mme. Rykiel's exquisite silks and cashmeres carry within their folds some infinitely distilled and wispy essence of the campy, already humanized splendors of the fashion of the flea market. But this lingering essence is almost entirely masked by an over-all effect of propriety and femininity, which is what has made Sonia Rykiel replace Chanel and, to a large extent, Saint Laurent in the hearts of the well-groomed, rather antiseptic-looking ladies of *le tout Paris*. Underlying much of the more refined sort of prêt-à-porter seems to be the theory of adjusting the balance between creator and customer once and for all, in accordance with what is supposed to be women's greater desire for independence; the shapes and personalities of women are henceforth to take precedence, the theory runs, over the constructed abstractions of designers. In practice, though, the experiment in partnership founders, perhaps because it is based on the ideal of a woman with both a superb, well-tended body and a confident sense of her individuality. (In reality, the two assets usually prove to be mutually exclusive.) The artist, who may be quite laudably bent on suggesting rather than imposing, and quite nobly uncompromising about the ungimmicky simplicity of his unconstructed style, still ends by leaving less than perfect bodies uncharitably unflattered. Women, instead of using utter simplicity as the designer intended—as a blank page on which to fill in their own unique style through little personal touches of jewelry and acces-

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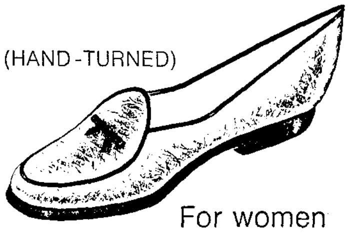

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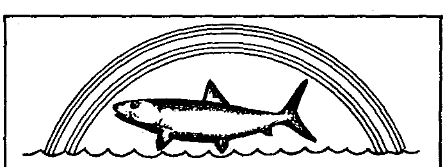

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sories—demonstrate an insecure eagerness to soak up every last button of the designer's style, and turn themselves into walking advertisements for the designer's systematized whims.

The dilemma implicit in the idea of high fashion as a neutral uniform—an idea with rational origins not unrelated to bluejeans—is that when the uniform is both recognizable and costly it attracts followers more interested in demonstrating their wealth than their individuality, and so makes a far from neutral statement about class and culture. The useful, sensible systems of Saint Laurent's ready-to-wear clothes have been diminished by having fallen under this pall of status, which is now falling over Sonia Rykiel as well. (Lagerfeld is less affected, because he does not promote a complete, widely adopted package of style with "obligatory" shoes, hats, and jewelry, as Saint Laurent and Sonia Rykiel have done.) It has been said that the huge success of the luxurious Parisian ready-to-wear designers this winter has been created precisely because they were so expensive, and that while they may be on an ideal quest for the sort of artistic integrity that has been crushed by the self-exploitation of the couturiers, the customers for the newer designers are simply in search of the same old status that they once found in the haute couture. In truth, the artists of refinement are hedged about with traps. Fashion is an impure and fleeting art form but a very big business. What begins in the artist's eye as an exercise in style moves out into the world on the backs of status seekers, and success produces new temptations and paths to a designer's destruction. Like the haute couture, the prêt-à-porter is now well organized, and goes in for press shows and twice-yearly fanfare that create and feed the appetite for novelty which the best designers profess to despise. And, like the designers of the couture, the successful designers of the formerly rebellious generation have learned to sell their names for products secondary to their "ideal vision" of fashion. Sonia Rykiel has already launched her perfume on the world, and Lagerfeld is in the process of launching his: the familiar cycle of exploited talent begins again.

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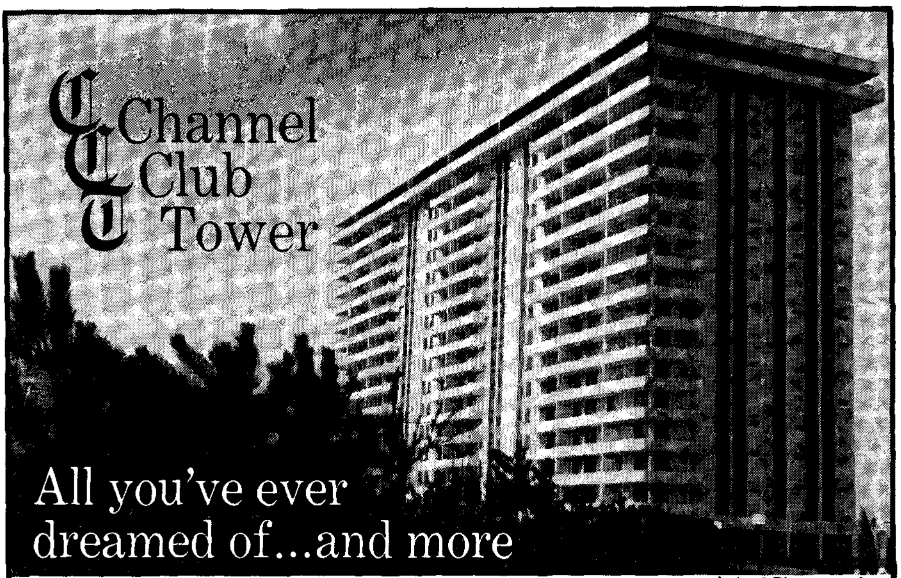

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IT was raining in New York—a miserable afternoon in mid-March. Perfect. Grabbed my coat and got my hat, left my worries on the doorstep. Flew to Miami, drove to Fort Lauderdale, saw the banks of lights gleaming in the gloaming, found the ballpark, parked, climbed to the press box, said hello, picked up stats and a scorecard, took the last empty seat, filled out my card (Mets vs. Yankees), rose for the anthem, regarded the emerald field below (the spotless base paths, the encircling palms, the waiting multitudes, the heroes capless and at attention), and took a peek at my watch: four hours and forty minutes to springtime, door to door.

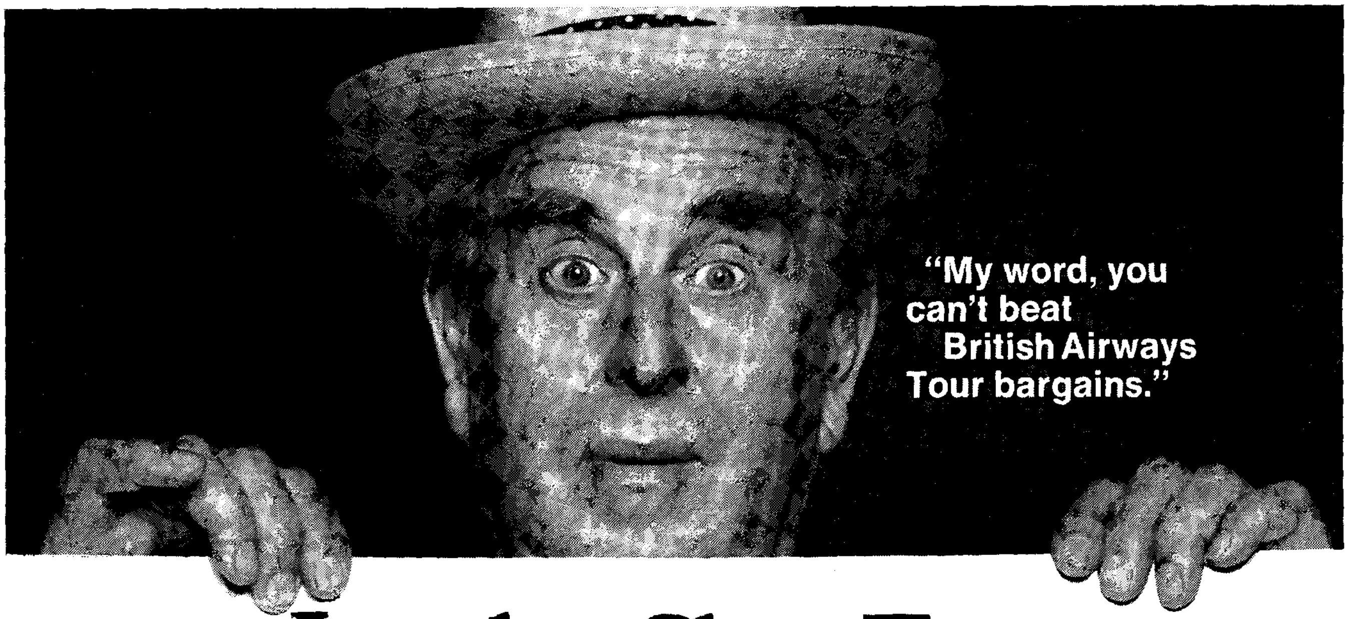
The journey and the arrival and then a few innings of mild, meaningless baseball would have been more than enough for my first day of spring training, but this particular evening promised a treat. It was the middle meeting of a three-game set between the Yankees and the visiting Mets, and the starting pitchers were Catfish Hunter and Tom Seaver. The ballpark was sold out, and there were rows of standees three or four deep along the fences in left and right field. Yankee manager Bill Virdon and Met manager Yogi Berra contributed to this sudden party by starting their first-stringers—two lineups that looked to be very close to the teams that would take the field four weeks later, on opening day. Both New York front offices had been avid participants in an off-season of exceptionally complex trading activity, and as I studied the old names and the new names I had written on my scorecard, and then began to pick out the players on the field and to think about the strategies and hopes that each of them represented, I sensed myself already awash in the kind of deep-water baseball speculation that usually becomes possible only in September or October. Among the Mets was Del Unser, who had come over from the Phillies as part of a trade involving Tug McGraw, and who might just be the man to solve the team's perpetual difficulties in center field. At third was Joe Torre, last year with the Cardinals, a lifetime .300 hitter and a former Most Valuable Player, now thirty-four and past his best but perhaps still better than any previous Met third baseman. Starting in left field was Dave Kingman, a tall free-swinger and erstwhile (very recently erstwhile) Giant, who had just been picked up for

one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars in a straight cash deal. Last of all, most of all, there was Tom Seaver, the two-time Cy Young Award winner, the Mets' stopper, the first man in the National League to strike out more than two hundred batters for seven consecutive seasons, et cetera, et cetera, who had struggled miserably last year to a record of eleven wins and eleven defeats, in which he had been handicapped by a sciatic left hip, now tentatively but anxiously regarded as cured by rest and osteopathy.

The Yankee alterations were even more noticeable. Roy White, the veteran outfield reliable, was starting at first base—an unwelcome experiment forced upon him by the trade of Bobby Murcer to the Giants in return for Bobby Bonds, a swift and powerful courser who had never quite attained the superstar status expected of him. The new Yankee outfield—Bonds in right, Elliott Maddox in center, and Lou Piniella in left—appeared fixed for years to come. For this game, however, Piniella's place was being taken by Ron Blomberg, a frightening left-handed hitter and frightening (in the other sense) fielder, who is a vivid argument in favor of the designated-hitter artifice. Thurman Munson, the Yankee catcher, was making his first appearance of the year and would be testing the damaged forearm that so limited his effectiveness last year. And last of all, best of all, was Jim Hunter, the ex-Oakland ace, a twenty-game winner over four consecutive seasons, last year's American League Cy Young Award winner (he was twenty-five and twelve, with an earned-run average of 2.49), undefeated in seven World Series games, et cetera, et cetera, who was cut free from the A's last December by an arbitrator's decision, as a result of Oakland owner Charles O. Finley's failure to make payments on a deferred portion of his salary. Thus suddenly empowered to sell his fealty and right arm to the highest or most attractive bidder, Hunter settled upon the Yankees, after receiving unimaginable cajoleries ("You want Helen of Troy, Cat? Listen, we'll fix Helen up with a beautiful annuity and throw in a li'l old Dodge Charger for her, and . . .") from almost every other club, for a sum in the neighborhood of three and a half million dollars in salaries and deferrals and shelters and other considerations, to be paid over the next five years and more. Inevitably, some sportswriters have begun to refer to him as Goldfish Hunter.

Beyond these individual athletic and fiscal histories was the wonderfully chewy and interesting business of the two clubs themselves and their impending summer-long fight for the affections of the same enormous and demanding baseball audience—the battle of Shea Stadium, the war for New York. There has been nothing quite like this since the departure of the Giants and the Dodgers, for the swift decline of the once mighty Yankees in the past decade and the even more precipitous ascent of the darling Mets had seemed utterly independent of each other. Now a big-city baseball reversal may be in progress, with the young and star-enriched Yankees, who were a close second in their division last year, apparently the possessors of the best pitching and the best outfield in their half-league, on the rise; and with the aging Mets, pennant winners in 1973 but a fifth-place club last year, apparently in pitching difficulties and thus possibly in very bad trouble indeed. This spring meeting was part of a great subway summer to come.

The game began, and baseball replaced speculation. Hunter in pinstripes was about the same as Hunter in green and gold—the flowing hair, the flow-



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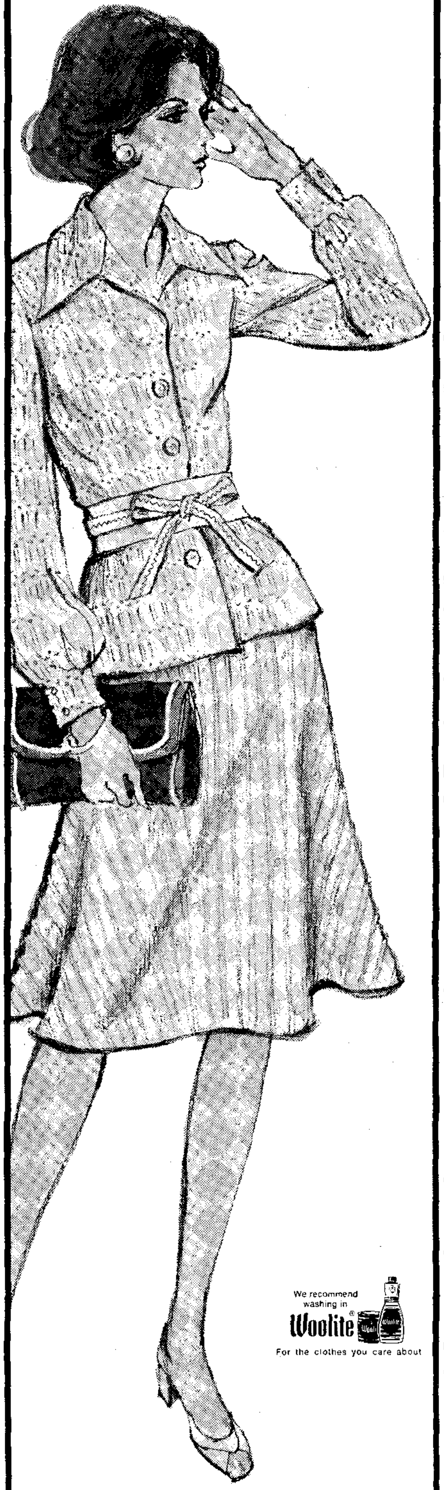

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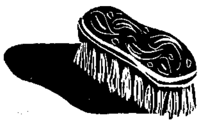
ing motion, the big, oversize cap resettled between each pitch. Seaver, too, restored memory—the cold, intelligent gaze; the unwasteful windup; the sudden forward, down-dropping stride off the rubber. He struck out two of the first three Yankee batters, without really trying his fastball. Now, with one out in the top of the second, Dave Kingman stood in, occasioning a small hum of interest because of his height, which is six feet six inches, and his batting style, which is right-handed, tilted, and uppercutting. The hum was replaced by an explosion of sustained shouting as Kingman came around on a high Hunter change-up, caught all of the ball—every inch and ounce of it—with his bat, and drove it out of the park and out of the lights in a gigantic parabola, whose second, descendant half was not yet perceptible when the ball flew into the darkness, departing the premises about five feet inside the left-field foul line and about three palm trees high. I have never seen a longer home run—anywhere.



There were further entertainments and events—two hits by Munson; the Mets winning the game, 3–0, on sterling shutout pitching by Seaver and his young successors, Craig Swan and Rick Baldwin; and *another* homer by Kingman, also off Hunter—this one a high, windblown fly just over the fence, giving him a total of four round-trippers in his first five games as a Met. He also fanned weakly on his last two times up. In the fourth inning, Joe Torre took a backward step near third base as Bobby Bonds came down the base path from second (there was no play on him), and somehow severely sprained his right ankle. It was an inexplicable, almost invisible little accident that nonetheless ruined Torre's spring, and the kind of pure bad luck that can sometimes darken a club's entire season.

Nothing, however, could touch or diminish Kingman's first shot. Catfish Hunter, after his stint, sat in the training room with his shoulder encased in an ice bag and his elbow in a bucket of ice water, and reminisced cheerfully about other epochal downtowners he had given up. There had been a preseason one by Willie McCovey, and perhaps, years ago, a Mickey Mantle five-hundred-footer. Mantle, now a Yankee springtime coach, could not remember it. "I know I never saw one longer than this," he said. Bill Virdon guessed that the ball had flown an additional two hundred and fifty feet beyond the fence, into an adjacent diamond, which might qualify it as a simultaneous homer and double: a six-base blow. The Yankees were still talking about the home run the next day, when Hunter told Ron Blomberg he hoped he hadn't hurt his neck out there in left field watching the ball depart. Others took it up, rookies and writers and regulars, redescribing and amplifying it, already making it a legend, and it occurred to me that the real effect of the blast, except for the memory and joy of it, might be to speed Catfish Hunter's acceptance by his new teammates. There is nothing like a little public humiliation to make a three-and-a-half-million-dollar executive lovable.

That night, the press clustered thickly around Kingman in the visiting clubhouse. He is a shy, complicated young man, twenty-six years old, and he seemed embarrassed by his feat, although he was noted for similar early-season tape-measure blows while with the Giants, as well as for his strikeouts. "I'm just trying to win a job here," he said. "I'm putting home runs and strikeouts out of my mind. They're not in my vocabulary." Well, yes. Every spring is a new beginning, especially for a ballplayer with a new team, but in his three and a half major-league seasons to date, Dave Kingman has hit seventy-seven home runs while striking out four hundred and twenty-two times—once for every three trips to the plate—and his batting average is .224.

Rusty Staub, dressing in front of his locker, looked over at the tall newcomer and the eight or ten writers around him, and laughed. "The trouble with you, Dave," he called over, "is you're just having a slow start. You'll get going once the season rolls along."

SPRING training is all hope. Hope is the essential, for every club and every player. Walt Williams, a black thirty-one-year-old journeyman outfielder, started for the Yankees in the Mets game the next afternoon, playing second base. He has had eight years in the majors, mostly with the White Sox; he hit .304 one season. Last year, however, his batting fell off to an abysmal .113, and he ended the season with the Yanks as a pinch-runner. He claims that he had an incorrect prescription in his eyeglasses. This year, he thought about the incoming Yankee talent and decided that his chances as an outfielder were "poor or none." He received permission from Bill Virdon and general manager Gabe Paul to try to make the club as an extra infield-

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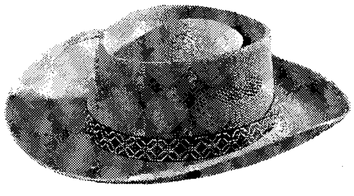

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er. The day before, he had played second in a B game against the Texas Rangers, and had made three hits, including a home run, and had been involved in a double play. Walt Williams is five feet six inches tall, with the shoulders and chest of a heavyweight prizefighter. At the plate, he stands with his arms and shoulders raised high, peering at the pitcher over his left biceps, and waggles the bat fiercely. While playing in Chicago, he was called No-Neck Williams—a name he does not like. He runs everywhere, runs out everything. He talks fast, in explosions of words, and smiles ceaselessly. It is impossible not to like him. Before the game, he said, "Listen, I'm just like a rookie in the infield, only I've got better hands than the average infielder. I'm a lifetime .280 hitter. Forget about last year—just throw it out. Aren't too many guys going to outhit me. Truthfully, after last year I was going to go and play in Japan. I planned on winning the batting championship there. Then I got a little fan mail, letters that said 'Don't go,' so I came and talked to Gabe about being an extra infielder. Those letters made me feel good. Listen, I *know* I can play second, but can I show them in time? When did I last play second base? Before yesterday? Oh, my, I think it was when I was about seventeen."

In the game (which the Yanks won, 7–6), Walt Williams hit a single and a double, ran out everything, started one double play with a tag on the base path, and made an error when he dropped the ball in his eagerness to start another. In the clubhouse, panting and pouring sweat from the post-game squad sprints, he said, "I made a mistake out there—changed my mind at the last minute. But I think I showed them something. I know I can play this game. I *know* it."

There are two utility infielders, Eddie Leon and Fred Stanley, already on the Yankee roster, and reserve infielders are kept on mostly for their steady gloves and their experience. But Walt Williams is hopeful; he has no other choice.

• •

POSTCARDS

SAW Eddie Kranepool hit three singles today, against the Yanks. Eddie Kranepool always hits. Last year, he hit an even .300. Eddie will always be a Met. Mrs. Payson loves him, and, besides, why would you ever get rid of him? Eddie has it made. He has twelve years in as a major leaguer, twelve years on the pension. Eddie

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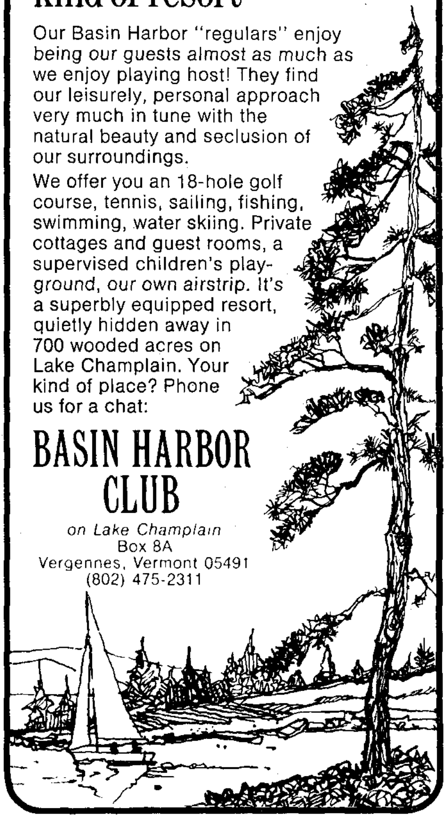

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Kranepool is thirty years old. Good old Eddie.

•

RON BLOMBERG came up the steps from the clubhouse and into the dugout, and saw a *Times* reporter reading the Mets' press pamphlet. "Hey," he said, "can I see that for a minute?" "Sure," the writer said, tossing it to him. "Don't drop it." Blomberg nearly did drop it. "Jesus!" he muttered. Terrible hands. Bill Virdon said, "You got him thinking." Everyone nearly died laughing. . . . Maybe you had to *be* there.

•

PITCHERS are expected to do a lot of running in the spring. They sprint in groups of three or four along the outfield fence, from one of the foul lines to center field. They stop and rest, then run back. If the sun is out, they stop in the little slab of shade along the fence and bend over, with their heads down and their hands on their knees, and pant like dogs. This happens in every camp every day. Hundreds of pitchers running and panting.

•

WATCHED Los Angeles taking batting practice before the next game at Fort Lauderdale. A young Dodger was looking at three girls sunning themselves behind home. Coach Monty Basgall said, "Get out of the stands; you're married now."

The ballplayer said something short.

"You still married?" Basgall asked.

"I think so. Why?"

"I don't know," Basgall said. "I figure you for the kind's going to get married three, four times."

•

BOBBY BONDS, sitting on a trunk in the clubhouse before the Dodger game, talking about his old Giant teammate Dave Kingman: "If you see him hit two singles, it's amazing. If he's making contact, the ball's going to go. You know he's a great bunter? People don't know everything about him. . . . I'm the DH today. Never did *that* before. What does the DH do when he isn't up swinging? . . . It's funny—I looked over at the Dodgers there today and I didn't get that old feeling. We used to be so up for those games. They really counted."

• •

STRAIGHT ARROWS

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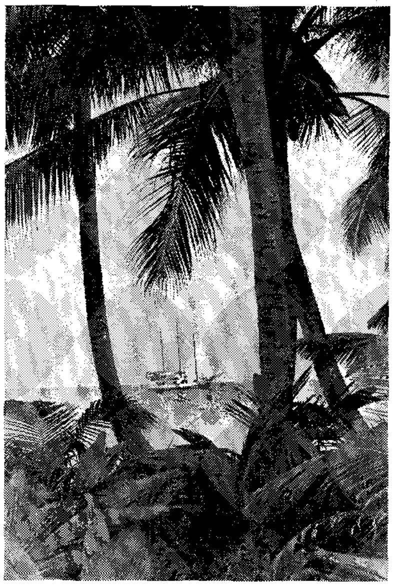

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was not in uniform, but most of the Yankee regulars came over to shake his hand. "Hey," they said. "Way to go. I just heard. Go get 'em there, now." He was Ray Negron, a nineteen-year-old Queens resident, who was a Yankee batboy last year. This winter, he was taken on by the Pirates in the second round of the free-agent draft, and now he was on his way to report to Pirate City, in Bradenton, for the opening day of minor-league training camp. He hopes to play second base with the Pirates' Class A club, in Charleston, South Carolina.

"Leaving home yesterday was the hardest thing I ever did in my life," he said. "Everybody came to the airport to see me off. My father, my mother, my two sisters, my grandfather, my girl friend, and me—everybody was there, everybody was crying. I'm not afraid of what will happen. I know I can pick it in the infield, so the only question is whether I can hit the pitching. I'm very thrilled. This is what I've wanted all my life. Being around the big leaguers last year on the Yankees got my attitude together. Watching guys like Alex Johnson and Lou Piniella made me learn to be positive. Before last year, I was a sure out. Couldn't hit, couldn't win. Since then, I've hit over .500 in every league I've been in. I know how hard a major leaguer has to work, so I'm ready. I told my girl, Barbara, I wouldn't see her until September, no matter what happens. I said, 'You go out, have a good time. You're free. But if you want to wait, I'll be waiting, too. I'll wait for you in September.' " He looked down at the floor, suddenly shy.

•

STEVE GARVEY, the young Dodger first baseman, shook hands with two New York writers near the batting cage. Last year, he batted .312, hit twenty-one homers, and knocked in one hundred and eleven runs, and was voted Most Valuable Player in the National League. Garvey's hair is short and neat, and he is always clean-shaven. He is friendly and extremely polite. "It was a busy winter for me," he said. "I spoke at thirty-five or forty lunches and dinners, and made sixty or seventy appearances in all. I also did P.R. work for Pepsi-Cola. I missed being with my family, but on the whole it was a very satisfying experience. It was a real opportunity for me to be a good-will ambassador for baseball and for the club. There were a lot of father-and-son dinners and Y.M.C.A. affairs, so there was the opportunity to influence young people, to show them there are people in the world they can look up to and pattern their lives after. The kids do listen to you—I was amazed. I think they're ready to get away from the anti-heroes of the nineteen-sixties and move on to the heroes of the seventies. Anyway, I don't care if they listen or not, because I believe this and I practice it in my life. Excuse me for a second, please. It's my turn to bat."

He stepped into the cage. The writers watched him in absolute silence.

• •

RANDY TATE, a tall young right-handed pitcher, was throwing hard on the mound at Huggins-Stengel Field, the Mets' training headquarters in Saint Petersburg. He was being watched by Rube Walker, the Mets' pitching coach, and by a videotape camera. There was a long orange-colored electric cord snaking across the field from the sidelines to the machine, which bore the name Video Logic. It was a cool, bright morning, and the grass was still dark with dew and early shadow. Rube Walker shook his head and called Tate in from the mound. His place was taken by Jon Matlack. "Seven minutes, Jon babe," Walker said.

Tate pulled on a silky blue warm-up jacket and joined Rube Walker beside the machine. The camera operator began the playback, and we all watched Tate pitching in slow motion on the little screen. "You still think you're pushin' off the rubber?" Rube said. "You call that pushin' off? Look at that. This machine does the trick, Randy. I could talk to you about it all day, but this damned machine don't lie. Run it back again."

Huggins-Stengel is a modest double diamond in the middle of one of the Saint Petersburg public parks. The field is surrounded by trees. There is a lake out beyond right field, and a tiny strip of bleacher seats next to the low clubhouse building. An old-fashioned water tower behind home plate. On this morning, there were about thirty spectators sitting in the stands; some of them were watching the infield workout, and some were reading newspapers. There were six or eight schoolboy ballplayers there, wearing sneakers and pale-blue pin-striped uniforms with "Cardinals" across the shirtfronts in blue script. Birds were twittering. It was so quiet that when one of the coaches tapped a grounder out to a shortstop you could hear the sound the ball made as it hit the infield grass.

Del Unser was inside the batting nets, out in left-field foul territory. He

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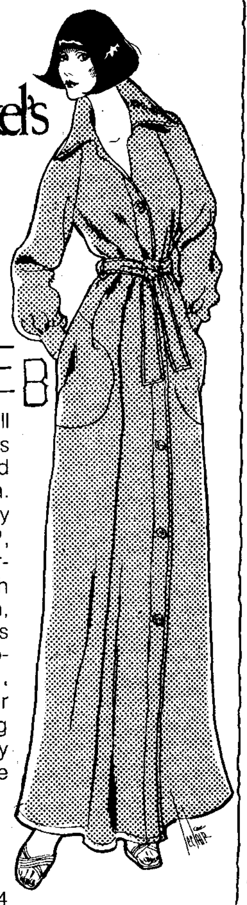

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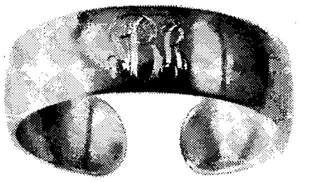

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stood about ten feet in front of the plate, making things harder for himself, and swung left-handed against the characterless offerings of the pitching machine. Phil Cavarretta, the Mets' batting coach, stood behind him, with his arms folded. Cavarretta has a deeply tanned face and white hair. The machine stopped, and Unser and Cavarretta began collecting the dozens of balls scattered about the rope enclosure; they looked like park attendants picking up after a holiday. They reloaded the machine and then dusted it with a rosin bag. "I turned this wrist just a little and opened up on it," Unser said, picking up his bat again. Cavarretta nodded. "If I keep my hands back, I can bail on a pitch and still hit the ball," Unser said.

"You're damn right you can," Cavarretta said.

Randy Tate began throwing again, and I walked back and stood beside Rube Walker, behind the backstop. Rube watched a few more pitches. "He ain't doin' a damn thing different," he murmured to himself. "How am I going to get *through* to him?"

In time, batting practice began, with coach Joe Pignatano throwing from behind a low screen on the mound. Jay Kleven, a young non-roster catcher, hit two pop flies to center, and coach Eddie Yost said, "Try to loosen up that top hand, Jay. Just throw the bat at the ball."

Kleven hit a liner over second base.

"That's it," Yost said. "Good!"

The next pitch broke down sharply over the plate, and everyone cried, "Spitter! Hey, a spitter!"

"Aw, it just got a little wet on the grass," Piggy said, laughing.

I DROVE downtown to Al Lang Field, the ancient, iron-beamed park where the Mets and the St. Louis Cardinals play their home games in the spring. The White Sox, who had come up from Sarasota to play the Mets that day, were taking batting practice, observed from behind the batting cage by their manager, Chuck Tanner, and by Harry Walker, a special-assignment scout for the Cardinals. The Cards were off in Lakeland for a game against the Tigers, but Walker was here. He was wearing a faded Cardinal road uniform, and he was talking earnestly to Tanner. From time to time, he pointed to a batter in the cage and then touched Tanner's arm or pointed to his knees. He held up an imaginary bat and cocked his hands and hips and swung the bat forward in different planes, talking all the while. Tanner watched

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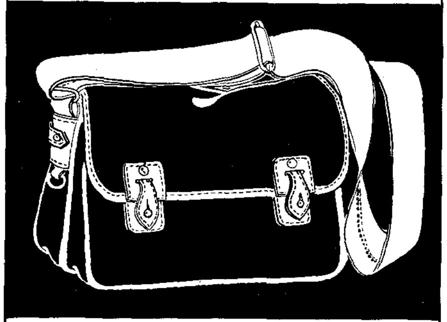

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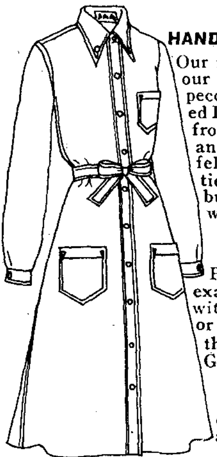

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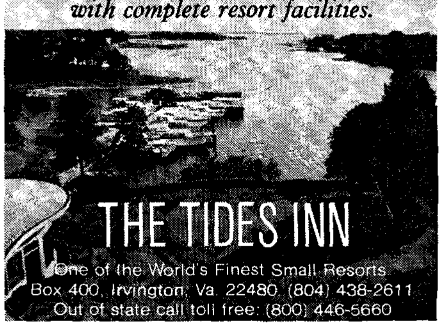

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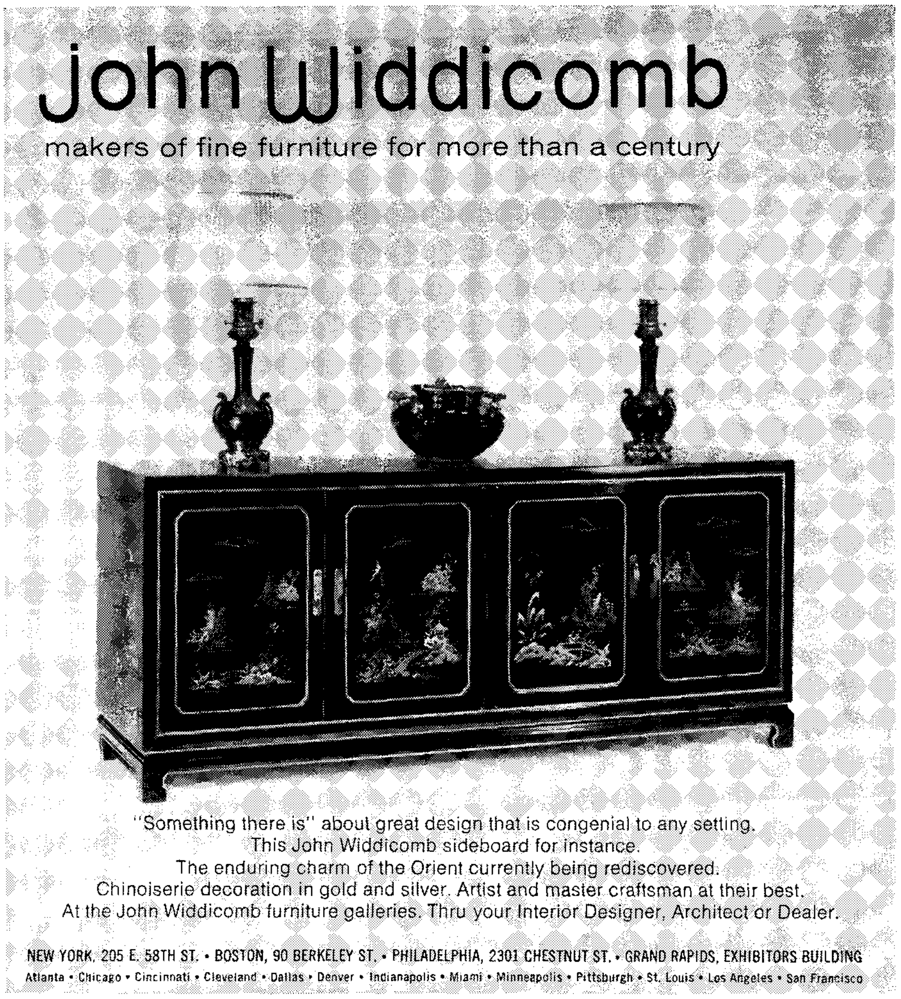
his batters, but he nodded as Walker went on talking. A number of players and writers looked at this tableau in delight.

Harry Walker is a tall, deep-bellied man who has at various times managed the Cardinals, the Pirates, and, most recently, the Houston Astros. As a player, three decades ago, he was known as Harry the Hat; he won the National League batting title in 1947, with an average of .363. He is Dixie Walker's brother. Harry Walker is reputed to be one of the finest theoreticians of hitting in baseball, and several players who have come under his tutelage have given him credit for an increase of twenty or thirty points in their batting averages—astounding figures, for batting is considered the most difficult of all athletic techniques to learn or to teach. Some other players, however, have admitted that they found it impossible to take advantage of Walker's wisdom, simply because they could not force themselves to stay within earshot of him—to go on listening to the hundreds of thousands of words that pour from Harry Walker every day. Harry Walker talks like a river. He is easily capable of as many words per hour as Hubert Humphrey or Buckminster Fuller—which is to say that he is in the Talkers' Hall of Fame. A few summers back, one of the Houston infielders is reported to have said to a teammate, "I'm worried about Harry. He's a natural .400 talker, and these last few days he hasn't talked more than about .280."

Three years ago, before an Astros-Dodgers game in Los Angeles, I casually asked Harry Walker why his young pitchers and catchers seemed to be giving up so many stolen bases to enemy runners. Harry Walker has no casual answers, and his reply, which took the better part of twenty minutes, encompassed the American public-school system, permissiveness in the American home, Dr. Spock, our policies in Vietnam, great pickoff deliveries of various right-thinking pitchers of the past, the high rate of divorce in America, umpiring then and now, the inflated American economy, the exorbitant current bonuses paid to young baseball prospects, taxation, growing up in the Great Depression, how to protect home plate with your bat during the run-and-hit, and various other topics. At one point I recall his crying, "Whah, hell-fahr, when Ah was goin' after mah battin' title in '47 and Ah got the sign to lay down the bunt 'cause we was down a run late in the game and needed to move that runner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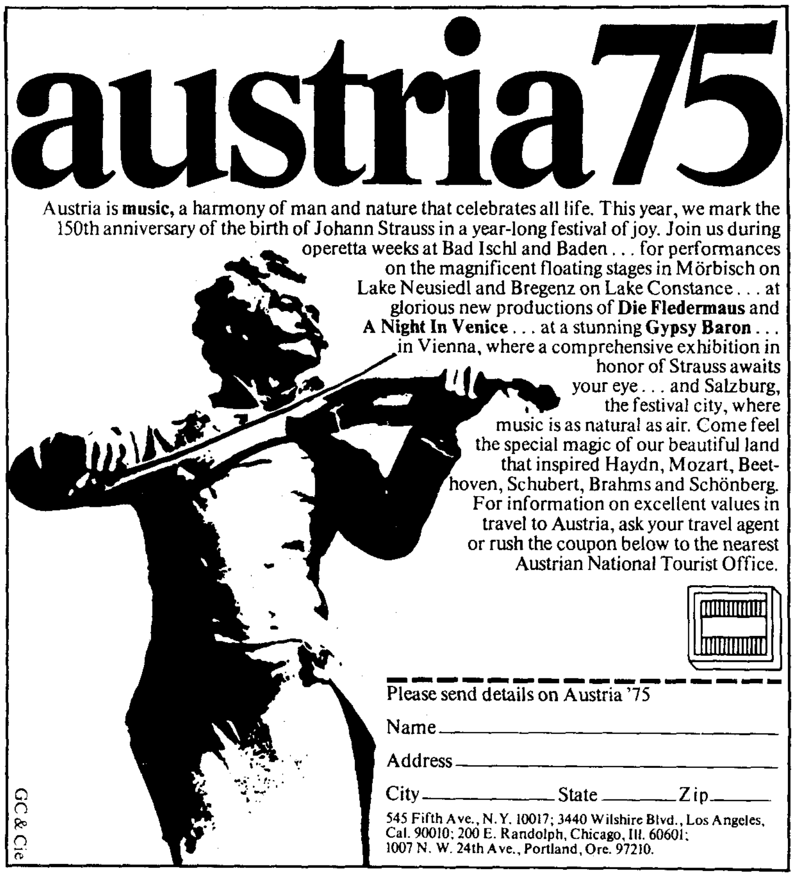
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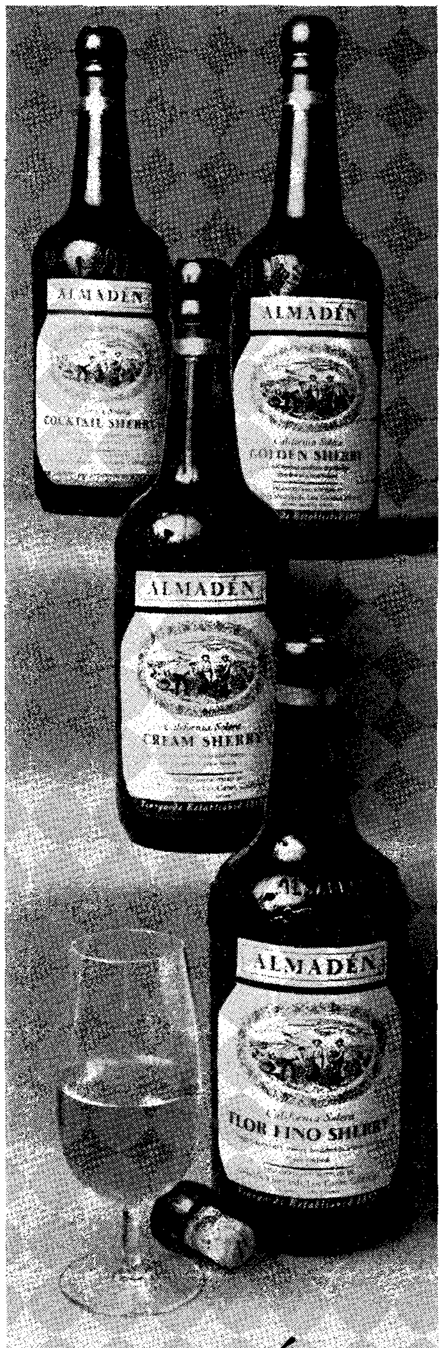

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up, Ah didn't come stormin' and hollerin' back to the dugout to tell the old man how much Ah wanted mah at-bats in order to qualify for that title and whah Ah'd ruther have hit away, and Ah didn't slam mah battin' helmet down on the ground like those kids do here today. No, sir! Whah, God damn it, we din' even *have* any battin' helmets back then!"

Here, in time, the Mets and the umpires and the fans appeared, and the batting cage and Harry Walker were taken off the field, and the game began, and the visitors demolished the Mets, in a somnolent, sun-filled time-killer, by 10–4. Jerry Koosman pitched three good innings, and Randy Tate pitched, too, and gave up five runs and six hits; I am not a camera, but it seemed to me that Tate was still not driving off the rubber. Between these two hurlers, there was an appearance by a good-looking Mets sprout named Jeff Grose, who is only two years out of high school. Grose, a southpaw, showed us a live fastball and a smooth, high-kicking motion, and he hid the ball behind his hip while on the mound, like Sandy Koufax. He seemed poised, but he was working a little too quickly, and he gave up three hits and a run in his first inning of work. In the next inning, his fastball began missing the corners. He kept falling behind the hitters, and then forcing things and overthrowing to make up for it. He gave it a battle, though. With two out and a run in, he went to three and two, saw the next pitch barely tipped foul, then threw the fourth ball way inside, to load the bases, then swiftly walked in another run and gave up a single, and was lucky when Rusty Staub threw out a base runner at the plate. It was painful to add up his totals: four runs, six hits, and four walks in two innings. Spring training is good young pitchers falling behind on the count and then disappearing until next year.

• •

Postcards

SAW the Phillies beat the Cards at Al Lang Field by 1–0, in a game illuminated by wind, sun, and young baseball stars. The knockout comers include twenty-three-year-old Alan Bannister, a swift Phillie outfielder, and twenty-one-year-old Keith Hernandez, the new Cardinal first baseman, who batted .351 last year in the American Association. Whew. The Cards, by the way, have the best outfield in the N.L. in Lou Brock, Reggie Smith, and Bake McBride. All three hit over .300 last year.

•

AL LANG FIELD is to be demolished next fall, and a more modern ballpark will be built on the same site. It seems a pity, since the stands, which look like a leftover segment of Ebbets Field, perfectly match the style and antiquity of the fans. And what will happen to the ushers? When an Al Lang usher escorts an elderly female fan to her seat, it is impossible to tell who is holding up whom.

•

"PICK IT" is this year's "in" baseball phrase. It means playing the infield well. Ken Reitz, the Cardinal third baseman, can really pick it.

•

TALKED to John Curtis, the tall, intelligent left-handed pitcher who came over to the Cardinals from the Red Sox two years ago. I told him I had a vivid recollection of a night game at Yankee Stadium two years ago, in July, in which he had shut out the Yankees by 1–0, and had retired the last batter on a pop-up with the bases loaded in the bottom of the ninth. He remembered it, too, of course. "That one-and-two change-up I threw to Felipe Alou in that spot was the best pitch of my life," he said.

Curtis had an off year last season, and this campaign will be an important one for him. I have heard it said that he may be too gentle a man to become a big winner in the majors.

•

BEFORE the Phillies game, I saw Reggie Smith and the Phillies' Dave Cash in earnest conversation near the batting cage. As I walked by, Reggie was saying, "And the rest I got in tax-exempts."

• •

Veteran

THE speaker is Ray Sadecki, thirty-four, who is beginning his fifteenth year as a major-league pitcher. His lifetime totals are a hundred and twenty-nine victories and a hundred and twenty-seven losses, and an earned-run average of 3.77. His best year was 1964, when he won twenty games for the Cardinals and also won a World Series start. The next year, he slipped to six and fifteen. He has also pitched for the Giants and, in the last five years, for the Mets. He was sent back to the Cards last winter, as

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part of the Joe Torre trade. He sat in the dugout at Al Lang Field one afternoon, wearing a bright-red warm-up jacket, and talked about baseball. He has a quizzical, amused expression and an easy manner. He is left-handed.

"It seems to take me every single day of the spring season to get ready now," he said. "I make all the same moves, but I come up a little short. Then, of course, when the season starts, a man like me who isn't a front-line pitcher anymore has to do all his training all over again, throwing on the sidelines. You get caught in those rainouts and before you know it you've only pitched two or three innings in three weeks. The most starts I had with the Mets was twenty, and the least was two. You get to know all the conditions, all the possibilities. You know about that year when I lost fifteen games, right after my best year? Well, a man has to be pitching pretty well to get the *chance* to lose fifteen.

"Every time I'm traded, I figure the other club wants me. I went once for a pretty fair player named Orlando Cepeda. This trade from the Mets—you know they had to make it. Getting a chance at Torre doesn't mean they dumped me. The thing about trades is it's an opportunity for most players. An awful lot of trades end up helping the people involved. Look at Nolan Ryan. Look at Dave Cash. Torre came over to this club from Atlanta and won an M.V.P. Too many people get it wrong and think, 'Boy, what a rotten thing to do.' Fans don't understand trades.

"The only tough part about being traded—the worst part—is when it happens during the season. Seventy-two hours to report. Your family is all upset, your wife has to do all the moving. You walk into your new dugout and they're playing the anthem. Hell, when I went over to the Giants I walked out onto the mound, and Tom Haller and I had to get together on our *signs*. A pitcher and a catcher need a lot of time to get used to each other.

"I'm a completely different kind of pitcher than I was when I was with this club the last time. But I don't figure I'm down here to let them see what I can do. They're looking at the young pitchers. I got together with Red [Schoendienst, the Cardinal manager] and Barney [Schultz, the pitching coach], and said I'll get ready in my own time. I pitched two and two-thirds yesterday. They weren't the best ever, but they were just right for me. I'm just where I want to be. That's what spring training is for. Anyway,

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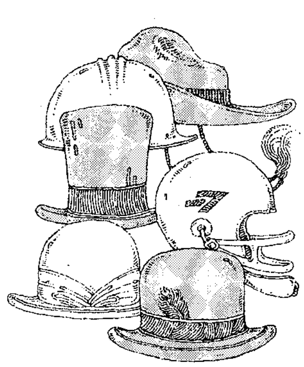

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we all know about a pitcher who gets hammered all spring and then walks out there on opening day and nobody can touch him. Another one has it the other way around—once the bell rings, he can't get anybody out. It's awful hard to make a decision about people in the spring. I've been out there at times in March and couldn't do *anything*. I embarrassed myself. But you can't start throwing harder and mess yourself up. That's what a kid will do. It's the last week or so of training that counts. That's when you'll see a pitcher try things he hasn't done all spring. He's getting ready for that first start. You can't pay much attention to what happens in the games down here. Putting on these games has always seemed to me sort of a distraction. I think that most of the players are less coöperative with the press in spring training because of this—because you can't go telling the writers, 'Look, don't pay any attention to what I did.'

"It's the young players I'm sorry for. It's awful hard for a rookie to make a ball club in the spring. If you're a pitcher, you've pretty well got to throw all scoreless innings. If you're a batter, you've got to hit about .400. Even so, they'll all say, 'Hell, it's only spring training.' Spring is hard on people."

• •

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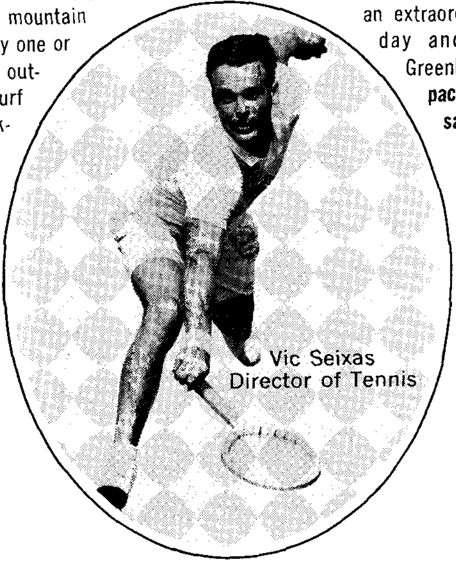

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them. "Groupies," he said. "They've been coming here for years and years. They used to hang out with the players, then with the coaches. Now I think they're umpire groupies.")

The Giants' park, Phoenix Municipal Stadium, is an agreeable, half-sunken field, with a concrete grandstand offering a prospect of distant mountains, a nearby highway, and, in between, several weirdly twisted, butte-like rock formations suggesting dinosaurs or Boschian damned souls or Horace Stoneham's baseball hopes. The Giants, by general consensus, in recent years have led their league in finding and developing the greatest talent and then employing it to the smallest possible ends. This year, they have come up with another one of their nearly irresistible Spring Specials—a new (almost) manager, a lineup stripped of last year's disappointing stars, and a stimulating catalogue of young arms and great wheels. Gone is the charming, moody skipper, Charlie Fox, who plainly lost control of things last summer and was replaced in mid-campaign by the calm and approachable Wes Westrum. Gone are the high-strung, well-paid Bobby Bonds and Dave Kingman. A veteran hot-dog second baseman, Tito Fuentes, was sent to the Padres in return for a new hot dog, Derrel Thomas. The pitching staff is young and strong but without a true stopper—with the possible exception of a second-year fireballer named John D'Acquisto. The holdover regulars afield, including Chris Speier and Garry Maddox and Gary Matthews, have dash but not much power, and there is a terrific catching prospect named Marc Hill.

I watched this bright-eyed entering class in action against the World Champion A's, whom they defeated by 7–2, thus pleasing an underflow crowd of 2,802 and persuading me that another summer of high, dashed hopes was in the making at Candlestick Park. Steve Ontiveros, a former outfielder, does not exactly pick it at third base for the Giants; in the fourth inning, he played a one-hopper by Joe Rudi off his shoulder, and he later threw the ball away while attempting an easy double play. (The Giants have had forty-six third basemen since they came to the Coast in 1958.) The A's, for their part, seemed to be suffering from similar tinkering. Joe Rudi, the best defensive left fielder in the American League, has been moved to first base in order to make room for Claudell Washington, who is a fine hitter but cannot field much. He played a fly ball by Matthews into a double and later threw behind a runner. The best poke of the day was a triple in the fifth by Bobby Murcer—a Murcer Special into the deepest right-field corner. A week or two earlier, Bobby had delivered himself of a bad-tempered public blast against the Yankees for shipping him off to San Francisco in the Bonds trade, but now, after the game, he appeared to be in splendid humor, as befits a man currently batting .500. I asked him if the trade might not in fact be one of those that ended up helping both principals. "Don't know," he said. "Ask me in September."

THE most heavily reported news at the Indians' camp in Tucson this spring was fundamentally unreportable—the fact that Frank Robinson, the new Cleveland manager, is black. Like several dozen visiting scribes before me this year, I sought him out in his office at Hi Corbett Field (where he was lunching on two Cokes and some saltines crumbled into a cup of soup), shook hands, asked him some questions, and concluded that he was going about his duties in a responsible, if inescapably predictable, fashion. He admitted to some innovations—no team curfew, the appointment of two team captains (one white, one black; or, rather, as Robinson put it, one an outfielder and one an infielder)—and said he had turned over a great deal of detail work to his coaches, so that he might have more time to watch and get to know his players. "I want things done right," he said. "That is, I want them done my way." He said he was discouraged by the fact that some of his regulars were making mistakes in baseball fundamentals—hitting the cutoff man, positioning. He would not name the offenders. He hadn't had time to do much batting himself, and thus prepare himself for his additional duties as a designated hitter. Robinson spoke with alternate gravity and humor, exuding the same sense of weight and presence I have always observed in him. We chatted a little, and then I said goodbye and wished him luck, and made room for three more out-of-town reporters, who had come for the same unspoken and unspeakable purpose: How does a black manager manage? What is black managing? How does it, uh, *feel* to be the first black manager?

It was nice and hot in Tucson, and I sat in the stands that afternoon and caught some rays. There was a grove of

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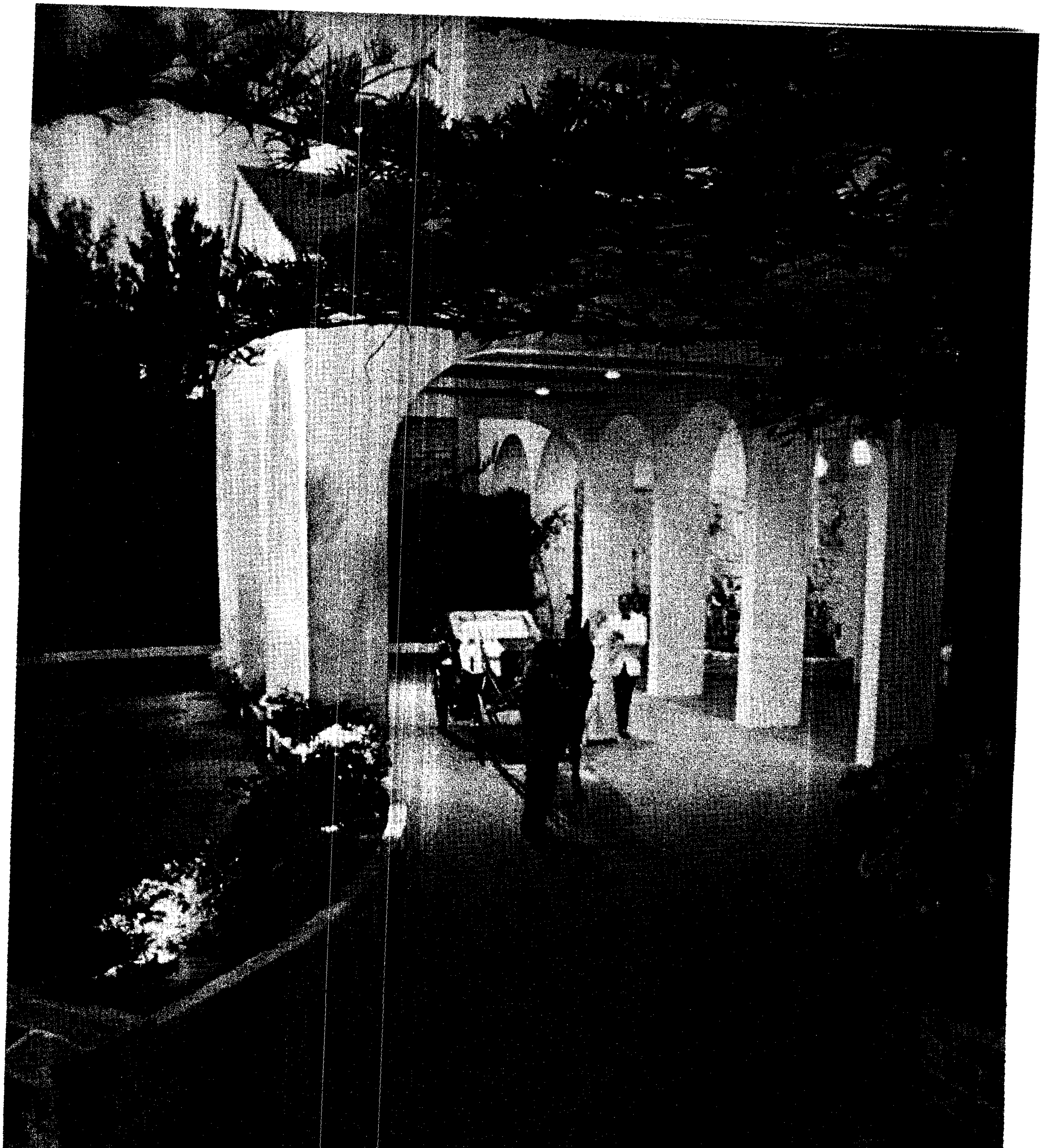

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trees out beyond center field, and the distant outfield fences were covered with old-style billboards—Jim Click Ford, Coors Beer, Ralph Hays Roofing, Patio Pools. (Arizona outfields are spacious, to make room for the great distances that fly balls carry through the dry, desert air; a few years ago, in Mesa, Curt Blefary ducked away from an inside pitch, and the ball struck his bat and flew over the right-field fence for a homer.) Two veteran flingers, the Indians' Fritz Peterson and the Angels' Chuck Dobson, had at each other, with the visitors enjoying all the best of things. The Angels have only speed and pitching, and their left fielder, Mickey Rivers, a skinny blur on the base paths, stretched two routine singles into doubles. In the California fourth, Cleveland center fielder George Hendrick fielded a single and threw the ball over the cutoff man's head, thus confirming Frank Robinson's anxiety about unfundamentals. The Indians, who have insufficient pitching, may have a long summer of it.

There was a good mix taking the sun in the stands that day: high-school girls with long, clean hair; a lot of young men—probably students at the University of Arizona—with beards and tanned bare chests and cut-off jeans and silver bracelets; and, of course, old folks. At one point, somebody behind me said, "I understand they gave Homer a pacemaker, but it was sort of out of pace with his heart." A pause, and then "Oh, well, Homer has more money than Carter has little pills."

Just before I left, in the seventh, I recorded a personal baseball first: Most Fans Seen Wheeling a Bicycle up Aisle of Grandstand—1.

FRIENDS have told me that they find the Oakland A's insufferable. I find this a mystery. The three-time World Champions have not only more talent but more interesting troubles and more lively conversationalists than anybody else around. This year, their problems may be sufficient to keep them from their customary October rendezvous, for Charlie Finley's fiscal irresiliency has cost them not only Catfish Hunter but the services of their second baseman, Dick Green, a twelve-year veteran who retired rather than accept Finley's kind of emolument for another year. The team did pick up the estimable Billy Williams from the Cubs, who will perform as the DH, but the loss of Green and the shift of Rudi from the outfield suggest that Finley has abandoned the concept of defense. Somehow, too, the equivalent of Hunter's twenty-five wins will have to be squeezed out of a pitching staff that currently includes only eight men with major-league experience.

I had heard about the infamous conditions at the home park of the A's, in Mesa, but I was still not quite ready for the dim, cluttered, corridorlike room there that serves as the champions' clubhouse. Team trunks were stacked everywhere, and sweatshirts hung from the overhead pipes and rafters. There was one fan, and the place suggested nothing so much as a migrant-labor-camp barracks. Joe Rudi must have seen my expression, because he laughed and said, "You know how it is with Charlie—first-class all the way." (Finley, it should be added, was not on hand; he rarely comes to Arizona—or, for that matter, to Oakland.)

In the past, the captain of the A's, Sal Bando, has been more gentle about his employer than most of his teammates, but this spring he emerged the loser in a vituperative salary arbitration, and he has joined the bad-mouth majority. Finley won four of six arbitration cases this year; whatever the issues, the effect of this was to deny real raises, after a third world championship, to Bando, Ken Holtzman, Ray Fosse, and Reggie Jackson.

"Until this year," Bando said to me, "I found it hard to understand how low and upset he could make a player feel. Now I understand. The big thing is his lack of respect for other people, and the lack of communication in the whole organization. I said last winter that the front office was a one-man show, and he used this as an excuse to call in the press and demean me. [Finley stated, among other things, that his team captain was the eleventh-best third baseman in the league.] To me, this is like a car dealer buying time on TV and saying he has the worst cars in town. No wonder people don't come to see us play.

"We're a winning team, but to me winning a pennant or a World Series doesn't make you a winner as a man or as an organization. Players and management are always on different sides, but that doesn't mean you can't have communication. If you can't have a smooth, amicable relationship in a club after three championships, then you'll never have it. We win on this team only because each of us has a sense of pride—which is exactly what he wants to take away from us. Winning is what holds this team together."

Winning and, he might have added, great baseball and, inexplicably, great

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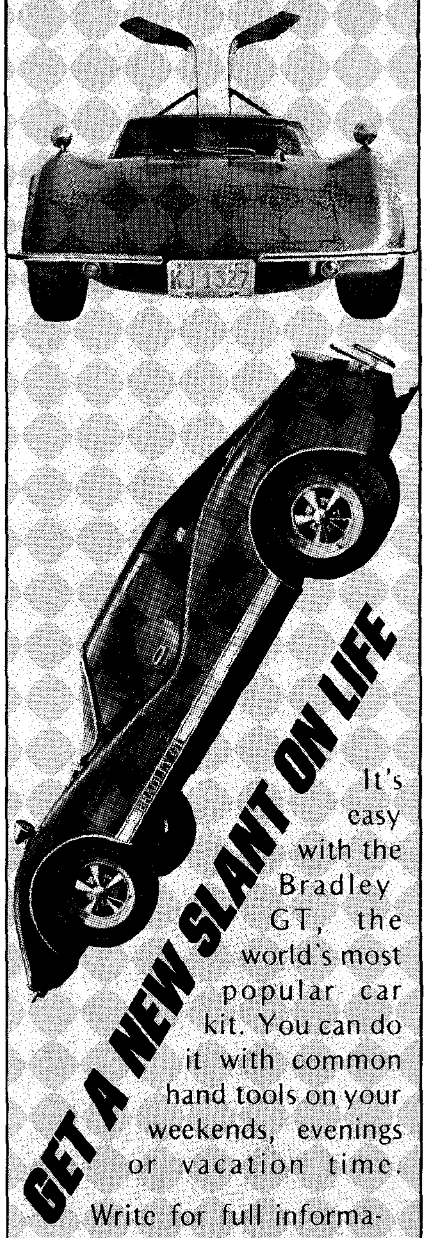

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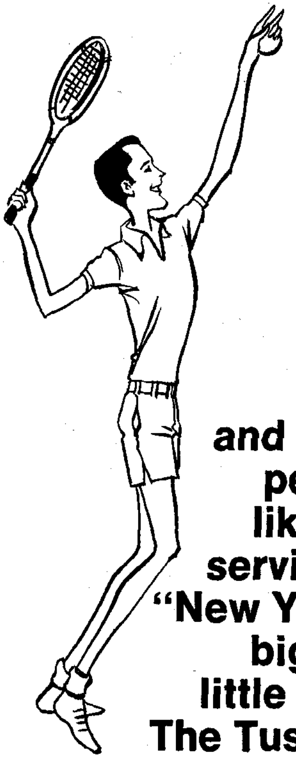

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good cheer. In spite of their celebrated squabbles, the A's have always struck me as having the most ebullient dugout in the game. On this afternoon, Bando finished his Finleyan discourse by suddenly leaping off the bench and tipping Pat Bourque's cap over his eyes and grabbing the ball he was about to catch in warmup. Then young Phil Garner, the rookie who will replace Green at second base this year, came down the steps and said, "My luck's really runnin' good. My wife went to the doc this morning, and he said the baby isn't coming until July. And . . . well, he said it sounds like there's more than one heartbeat in there."

Bourque and Ray Fosse and Rollie Fingers took up the topic with alacrity.

"*Uh*-oh! You better get Charlie on the phone right now. Tell him you're holding out for more. Play on his sympathy, like."

"'More than one'? Listen, that doesn't just mean two, does it? Think about that a little, Phil."

"Yes, if your wife's been messin' with those fertility pills, you'd better get out there and hit about .310 this year and a hundred and fifty runs batted in. At *least!*"

In the game that day, against the Padres, Phil Garner made three errors. The A's had other troubles, too—including Reggie Jackson running his spring average to one for fifteen, or .066—but Gene Tenace hit a homer and a double, and Bando and Claudell Washington and Ted Kubiak doubled, too, and the miserable A's cheerfully won the game, 4–2.

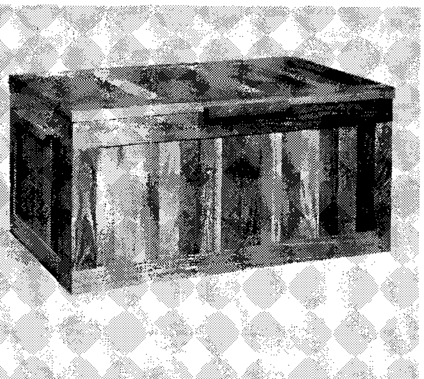
• •

POSTCARDS

A GROUP of big-league scouts—Dario Lodigiani, Al Hollingsworth, Haywood Sullivan, and some others—turned up at most of the games I saw. Apparently by agreement, they always seemed to come to the same games, and they always sat together, watching the play and writing notes in their notebooks. Reminded you of Second World War spies taking their apéritifs together at Estoril.

•

SPOTTED Alvin Dark's car parked outside Rendezvous Park, in Mesa—a big, mocha-colored Imperial LeBaron, with Florida plates and two rear bumper stickers. "A's, World Champions" was on the left side and "Jesus Is Coming Soon! Every Knee Shall Bow" on the right. Dark, the Oakland manager, is a direct man. Last winter, he mailed several revivalist tracts to Ron Bergman, who covers



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the team for the Oakland *Tribune*. Bergman is Jewish.

•

ROLLIE FINGERS, watching the Padres take infield practice: "There's that Hernandez, at short. I'll never forget that year he had five hundred and something at-bats and drove in twelve runs."

Ray Fosse: "*What?* That's impossible."

Fingers: "Look it up."

I looked it up. The year was 1971. Enzo Hernandez drove in twelve runs in five hundred and forty-nine trips to the plate.

•

BEFORE an Indians-Brewers game at Sun City, Gaylord Perry, the Cleveland pitcher who is starting his fourteenth year in the majors, spotted Del Crandall, who put in sixteen years as a player and is starting his fourth year as the Brewers' manager.

"Hey there, Big Del," Perry said. "I see we made it to another year."

"Yeah," Crandall said. "Let's hope it don't run out on us."

• •

MARCH was winding down, and my holiday was nearly over. The penultimate stop was a Giants-Brewers night game, which I witnessed from the stands in the company of seventy or eighty members of the Giants Boosters Club. Surrounded by orange-and-black caps and buttons and pennants, I yelled for every San Francisco grounder and fly ball, and felt a lively sense of accomplishment over the eventual 3–1 win by the Good Guys. As one might imagine, given their team's recent record, the Boosters don't know the meaning of quit. There are some four thousand of them in all, mostly season-ticket holders at Candlestick Park, and a lot of them sign up for road trips, too, accompanying their boys to Los Angeles or as far as the East Coast, and even once to Japan. The Boosters are middling-old, and not many of them, I noticed, keep score. This is not a sign of amateurish fandom, however; the Boosters are too busy simultaneously yelling and socializing to do any writing. All Giants are addressed, *fortissimo*, by their first names, but some criticism is permitted within the family, too. After Ontiveros threw out a Milwaukee base runner, a woman next to me leaned over and murmured, "Every time Steve throws the ball, I shudder." At one point, I asked another lady near me what she thought about the recent news that Juan Mari-

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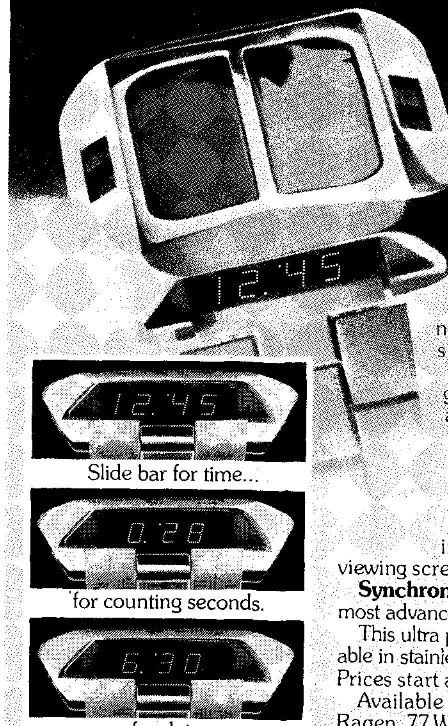

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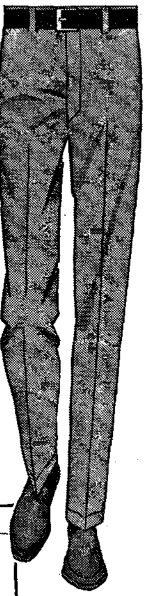

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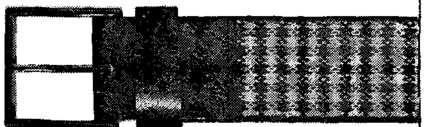

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chal, the longtime Giants mound ace, had signed up with the Dodgers. She pondered the question, and then said, "Well, I'm sort of sorry for Juan. You can't tell me he *liked* doing that."

The winning two-run Giants rally, sparked by a Derrel Thomas double, interrupted a lengthy discussion of home states ("You're from *Montana*? Why, I was born in Butte. . . ."), and then we all anxiously discussed the Giants' relief pitcher David Heaverlo, who was summoned in to protect the lead. Heaverlo, a young non-roster flinger, was so delighted at being invited to camp this year that he shaved all the hair off his head. Tonight, it turned out, he was throwing nothing but BBs out there. "Heave her low, Heaverlo!" we shouted, and he did, and we went home hoarse but happy.

On, then, the next afternoon, for the Indians and the Brewers, at Sun City. This is a retirement community, a vast walled city of low, white bungalows, which, viewed from the non-vantage point of the ceaseless desert plain, looks as big as Benares. The ballpark appears to have been dug out of one end of a parking lot—an arrangement I finally understood when I realized that it allowed all the fans to walk down to their seats; a number of them spared themselves even this minimal strain by watching the proceedings from parked golf carts. On this particular day, however, there were a good many younger adults and children mixed in with the geezers—Easter-vacation visitors, perhaps. Hank Aaron, baseball's most celebrated active codger, started for the home team as the designated hitter, and began a six-run Milwaukee outburst in the fourth with a single off Gaylord Perry. Aaron batting and Perry pitching would make a terrific energy-conservation poster.

The afternoon had begun with wind and threatening low clouds. As the game wore on, the clouds began to break up, but the wind blew and blew. The clear desert air became dusty-red, and later that afternoon there were reports of forty- and fifty-mile-an-hour gusts nearby. The wind began to blow away the ballgame. Three fly balls got up into the river of air above us and sailed out beyond the fence for homers; one of them was a grand slam. The sun came out at last, and the sun and the wind made me restless, and I got up and walked out to the deepest part of the stands along the right-field foul line and sat down. There was a flagpole on an embankment above me, and the great wind had nailed the two flags in the air up there—the Arizona state flag under the Stars and Stripes—

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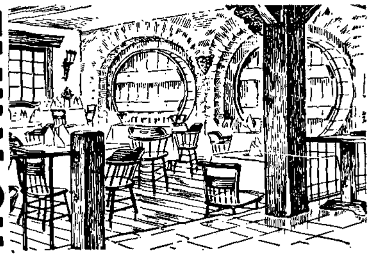

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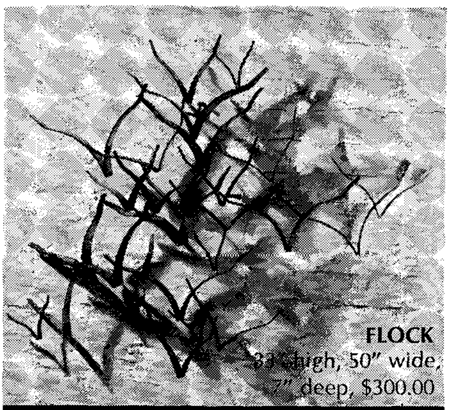
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making them stand out like planks. There was no one near me but a couple of county cops in brown uniforms, and three boys and one girl in jeans and T-shirts and sneakers—they looked about ten or twelve years old—and, just down below us, a young Cleveland pitcher and bull-pen catcher, sitting motionless on folding chairs in their warmup jackets.

My trip was ending, and I was beginning to feel sad about it. In these ten days on the road, it had become clear to me that there is almost no reason for the spring baseball schedule. The institution does provide marvellous advance publicity for the regular season, but the clubs certainly do not profit financially from the games, since admission at most parks is two-fifty or less, and the crowds are extremely modest. Most baseball people I had talked to seemed to agree with Ray Sadecki that only the pitchers really needed the full six weeks in which to prepare themselves; Frank Robinson told me that the games were an interruption and that he could have used the same time to better advantage for straight instruction. Strangest of all, it seemed to me, was the fact that the baseball establishment has hardly ever tried to promote spring-training games, or to inflate them beyond their evident insignificance. They are still called exhibitions. Spring baseball, I had to conclude, continues for the strangest of all possible reasons—because everyone enjoys it. It is a relic—sport pure and simple, or the closest we can come to that now. Sport for the joy of it.

I watched the end of the game from there. The warm wind ruffled our hair and rattled the outfield fence, and from time to time bits of peanut shells and pieces of popcorn flew by us, airborne. Nobody said anything. Spring was over, or part of it. Dazed with sun and wind, we stared back at the distant players and the silent movements of the game.

* *

Late Postcard

Walt Williams made the team. He was on the Yankees' twenty-five-man roster that went north to start the regular season—in part because of the club's decision to cut loose its ailing longtime pitching ace, Mel Stottlemyre. Randy Tate had a splendid late-spring record and began the season as the Mets' No. 4 starting pitcher. Ray Sadecki hung on with the Cardinals, but it was a near thing. His earned-run average for the training season was 9.00. Spring, as he said, is hard on people.

—Roger Angell

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

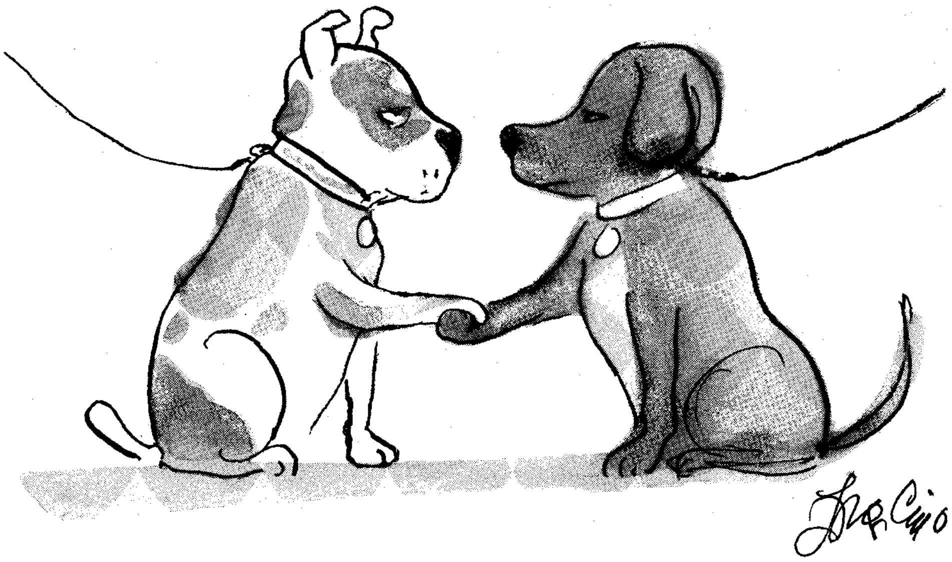
About Reprieve

MICHELANGELO ANTONIONI'S august and delicate "The Passenger" is the story of a man trying to fly the coop of himself. He has come to a critical moment of alienation from his English life and work. His identity and his past both seem to him matters of dislocation, and the resulting laxness has nearly consumed him. Not quite. With the courage of an almost beaten man attempting a probably final throw of the dice, he seizes the opportunity to pretend himself dead and to assume the character of a man facially very like him, victim of a fatal heart attack, whom he has met in a remote part of Africa by chance. For the first time in the Socialist Antonioni's career, a declared causal connection is made between a character's distress and his environment. This man's failure of resolve, gently understood by the director, is the political consequence of a dulled life in England and of a fleeting and parasitic job as a TV-news journalist. It is significant that Africa and a movement to change an African government—together with the love of a strange girl who is ready to see him as a new man—are the things that resurrect him for a time.

The film is superficially a thriller. It includes chases, narrow escapes, false alarms, danger in broad daylight while the hero is doing mundane things like renting a car. But not even a newcomer to Antonioni, let alone anyone who has seen his other films, could experience "The Passenger" as a piece of Hitchcock plot-making. Its philosophical foundations and its perceptions of a man's essence are far more interesting and subtle than any narrative. Narrative is the foot soldier of the dramatic arts; Antonioni's points fly in this picture so fast that their meanings are caught only on the wing. "The Passenger's" ambiguities are not a thriller writer's red herrings but the double meanings of a metaphysician who happens to be a Marxist. Before this, the aristocratism of Antonioni's painterly eye and the radicalism of his complex intellect often seemed to be at odds. Here they work in unity. Besides giving us a triumph of technical invention that stretches the wizardly vocabulary of film as he has never stretched it before, Antonioni takes us into the dense world of Camus's "The Stranger" and of the left-wing Existentialist philosophers. There is none of the disquiet between the instinctive and the ideological halves of a slumbrous man in arcane agony which made his "Eclipse" and "Red Desert" seem the struggles of a dozing patient to kick the sheets about in a long, long night. A good many times, at Antonioni's earlier pictures, one felt as if one were sharing the nap of a tormented fop. They often appeared the work of a genius whose dreams were lured by limply beautiful aesthetics and whose intelligence was wasted on teasing us with deliberate obscurantism. "The Passenger" is streets ahead. Everything about it is there by necessity. For instance, where Antonioni's films have often had an unwarranted way of seeing with a foreigner's eye—particularly "Blow-Up" and "Zabriskie Point"—the method is totally pertinent to "The Passenger," because it is a study of a bleached-out man for whom everything is estranging. The man has reached a crisis where even his own past seems an alien's, so that he feels momentarily elated by shedding it to inhabit the carcass of a stranger who is at least new to him.

We are somewhere in Africa. David Locke (Jack Nicholson), an English reporter educated in America, tries to track down a story about a guerrilla hideout. He fails lamentably. Even a small child refuses to be informative when Locke uses him as a guide on a drive by jeep through the desert. A grown guide from the hideout, also volunteering no information, then takes the reporter on foot up a steep hill of sand. But at the sight of a string of camel riders presumably from the side in power the guide abruptly abandons the project and treks off alone. Locke can only go back to the jeep. Another chance missed. How many left? One? Two, with luck? Most of us think chances are limitless, but this man doesn't. His jeep gets ignominiously stuck in the sand. In a tantrum of equal ignominy, he bangs the wheels in turn with a shovel and quickly gives up, shouting "All right! I don't care!" in a position like a Muslim praying. Back at his fly-riddled hotel, there is no soap in the shower. He accepts the fact in his prevailing mood of inert despair, and wanders into the adjoining room of his new acquaintance, named David Robertson. He finds him dead. Their physical likeness is eerie. A fly buzzes. Locke idly starts to go through Robertson's belongings. He looks at Robertson's British passport, and he puts on Robertson's shirt instead of his own. Later on in the film, there is a line about being able to find out a great deal that is sure about a man from the contents of his luggage: better evidence, the film implies, than his outward behavior, just as it was suggested by a wise and quizzical African witch doctor whom Locke interviews in a flashback that the reporter's questions expose a great deal more truth about the reporter than any answers could about the witch doctor.

By putting on Robertson's shirt, Locke has begun the process of changing identity. He returns to his own room, which is a mirror image of Robertson's, and we see him switching photographs in the two passports while his tape recorder plays a conversation between him and the dead man. A time change follows, and the two men are alive together on a balcony in the past, continuing the mechanically embalmed conversation. And then, by an act of film technique as fluent and fit as achieved originality always is, the camera tracks sidewise in space and time across the end of a wall to take us



back into the film's present tense, with Locke still concocting his new identity under a fan that moves like a wounded wasp. After dragging Robertson's body into his own room, he abandons his belongings as if they were owned by the corpse, just as he plays dead to his alienated wife, who is in London, by leaving her photograph with the body that is now cast as David Locke's.

The identity, the plans, and the as yet undeciphered motives of Robertson begin to fill the directionless reporter like water pouring into an empty vessel. Locke has Robertson's air ticket, made out for flights around Europe on missions as yet unknown. The route aims first for London, then for Munich. There is a Munich luggage-locker number scribbled on the ticket. Locke also takes possession of Robertson's diary, which is full of the names of far-flung cities to be visited in rapid succession, and notes reading "Daisy," "Lucy," and "Melina." He is drawn by the enterprises of the dead man as if Robertson were still alive to magnetize him, for there is nothing more attractive to the burnt-out than the spectacle of purpose. For a time, Locke follows Robertson's curt orders to himself with obsessed obedience. The designation of his new casting dawns on him slowly. Robertson presented himself to Locke as a traveller who came with merchandise: someone whom the Africans understood, he explained, because he worked with things, instead of with the fragile images and words of Locke the reporter, who had found himself growingly incomprehensible in Africa. In Munich, unwittingly watched by a black African and a European companion as he opens Robertson's luggage locker, the reinvigorated man finds a briefcase full of diagrams of guns. Meaning what? He doesn't know yet. In a hired car, he follows a white horse-drawn coach for no reason except that it is pretty and that he can see the mostly hidden coachman making hand signals. He arrives at a church, to find himself in the middle of a wedding. When the ceremony is over, he stays on alone in the church. Why? Because he is posturing as someone whose reasons for moving in any direction at all are still hidden from him. The ellipses begin to be filled in when the black African and his European friend arrive there on secret business with this man whom they have followed and whom they take to be Robertson. Locke hands over the diagrams, uncertainly pieces together the role he has assumed untutored, and finds himself cast as a highly rewarded political gunrunner in the pay of guerrillas in

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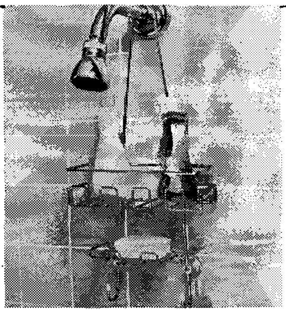

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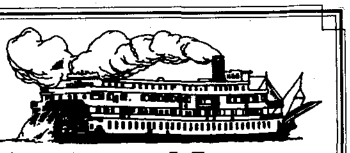

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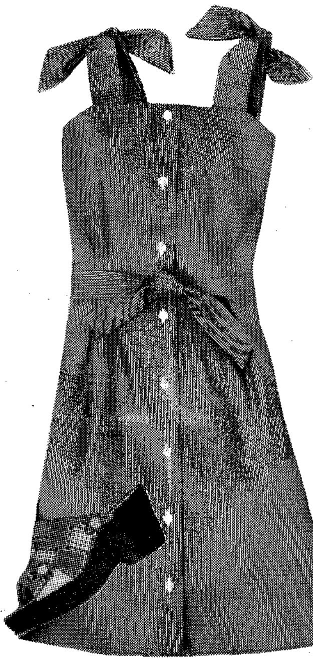
Africa. There is grateful talk by the two cryptic visitors of the hazards he is facing by working for the guerrillas. Not that Locke cares. It is not the danger of being taken to be Robertson that he ever tries to escape from in the film; it is the danger of being found out to be Locke extant. He wants ferociously to slip the old clutches. The familiar makes him sick at heart. His passionless wife, his adopted child, his ephemeral career as a reporter have all become stale concerns for him. He ditched them for the sake of inhabiting a new identity, which elates him by the sheer potency of the political motive it bestows. Motive to fight on which side? He doesn't care, for the moment. It takes a character who is named just The Girl in the credits—she is exquisitely played by Maria Schneider—to make such questions matter. Obedient to the edicts of the diary, he has gone on to Barcelona. The Girl, met there, is a quiet-voiced, attentive student of architecture who recognizes him as a man at the end of his tether. She quits her companions for the more important business of heeding him. Talking to him, she absorbs more within a very short time than his chilly wife in England ever did, because the wife—a brisk, coarsely pretty figure, played by Jenny Runacre—is an untender woman whose judgments are based only on the evidence of the explicit. She can call on nothing that might be sensed. It is a limitation that must have contributed to the aridity that Locke is running away from. His endeavor to disappear would strike most intimates of such a man as an obvious possibility, but it doesn't strike her until she examines her supposedly dead husband's passport photograph when Locke's luggage is returned to her in London. In the meantime, The Girl has become a passenger in Locke's hired car. She listens to him. The guidance that her own sure character can give him is offered without weight: in a remark about its mattering very much which side a gunrunner is on; in a practical plan to get a mechanic when another stoppage by a mulish vehicle has driven him into another hapless frenzy; and, most of all, in the act of hauling him out of a bog of flailing rebellion about keeping Robertson's next appointment, which is in Tangier. She says simply to him that Robertson made those appointments because he believed in something, and that's what Locke wants, isn't it? She loves him ungraspingly, and soothes him in a predicament that she seems entirely to understand.

The two characters have a typically



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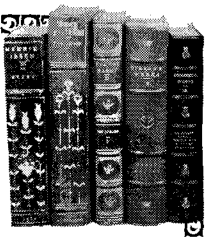

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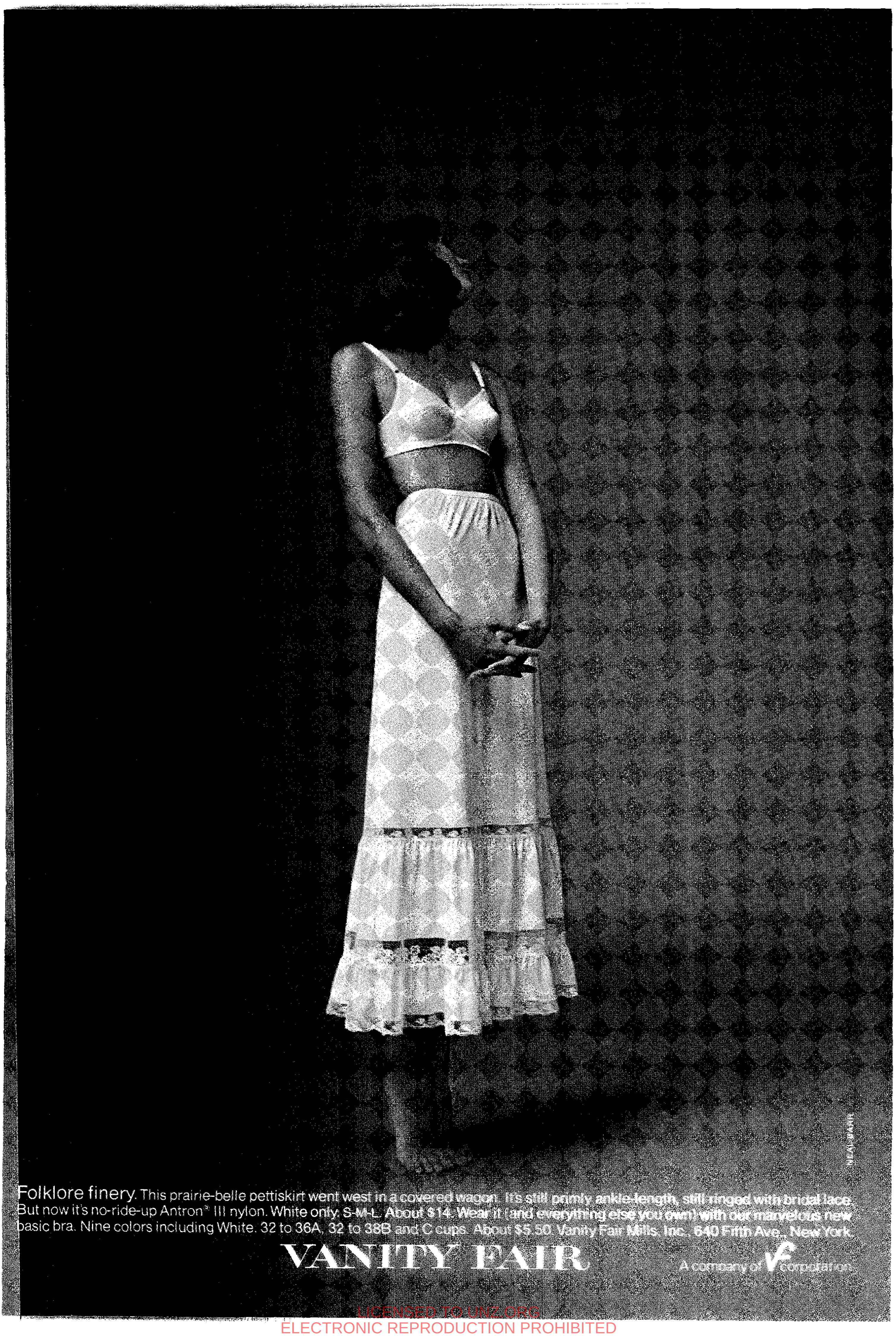

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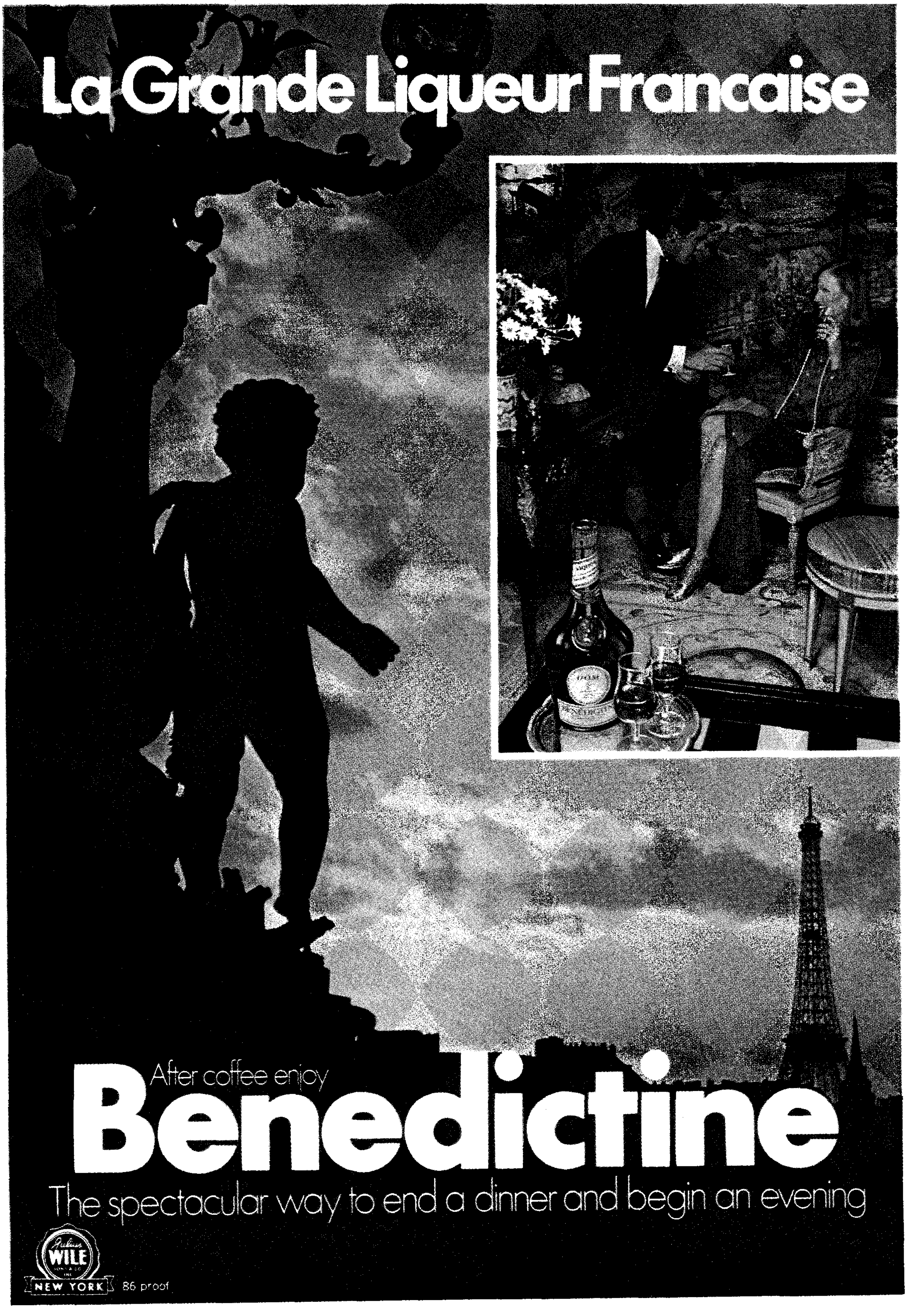
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eloquent and terse exchange about disappearances. "People disappear every day," she says. "Every time they leave the room," says Locke/Robertson. Lying on a bed in a hotel in Almería, he tells her a story about a blind man who gained his sight through an operation when he was nearly forty. At first, Locke says, the man was exhilarated. Then he started to notice that the world was poor. He felt surrounded by dinginess. Squalor everywhere. In the days of his blindness, the man had been able to cross the road with a stick. Then he grew too afraid, and he lived in the dark. The man is Locke's emblem of himself, manifestly. He tells The Girl to go. Altogether aware of some peril, she walks first into the adjoining room and then to the square outside, visible to us through the window grille of Locke's room. There is no sign of his getting up. He isn't in the camera frame any longer. Perhaps he is already dead of a heart attack matching Robertson's? The camera tracks closer to the window, looking out onto the square and the walls of a bullring where foolish trumpets are sounding. The Girl is very far away: a small, urgent figure in heavy shoes, leaning forward as if she were in a gale. Cars arrive. An African whom we have seen to be on the government side, and coldly brutish about it, gets out of one and walks to the hotel. There is a muffled shot, or perhaps only a backfire from a car, and the sound of an inside door opening and closing. Is the African an assassin? Is *that* how the unseen Locke dies? It seems likely—but not positive, because not important in such a film. Then the pursuing wife from England, significantly roused to action long after it was merited, speeds into the square in a police car. The camera goes back to Locke's bedroom. His face is hidden. His wife, asked whether she recognizes the body as Robertson's, says, looking at her husband, "I never knew him." The Girl, asked if she recognizes him, says "Yes."

"The Passenger" is an unidealized portrait of a drained man whose one remaining stimulus is to push his luck. Again and again in the movie, we watch him court danger. It interests him to walk the edge of risk. He does it with passivity, as if he were taking part in an expressionless game of double-dare with life. Jack Nicholson's performance is a wonder of insight. How to animate a personality that is barely there? He does it by cutting out nearly all the inflections from his voice, by talking very slowly, by making random movements. One particular ges-

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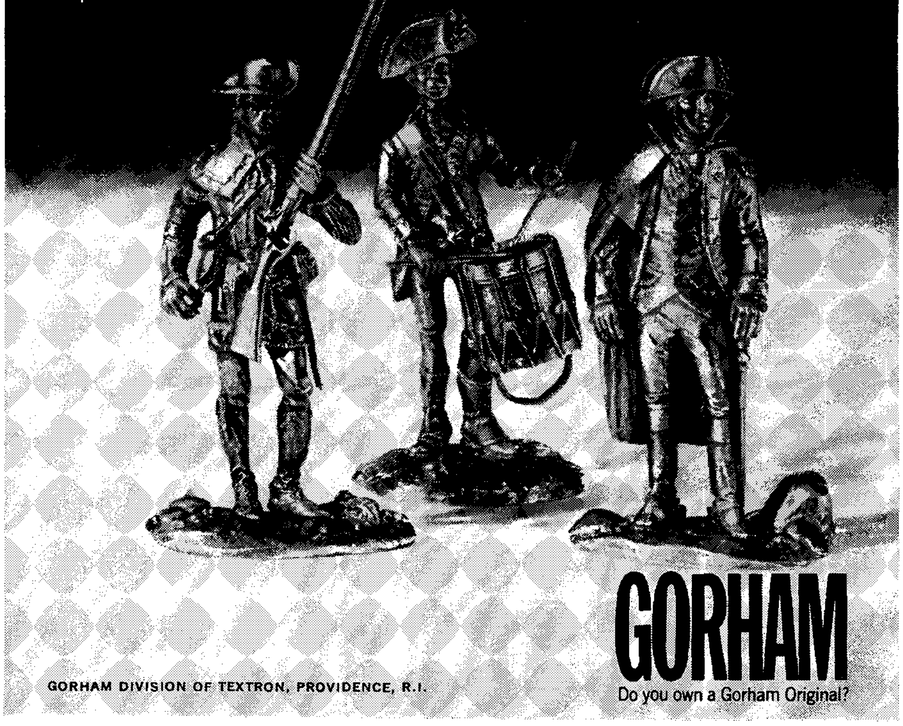

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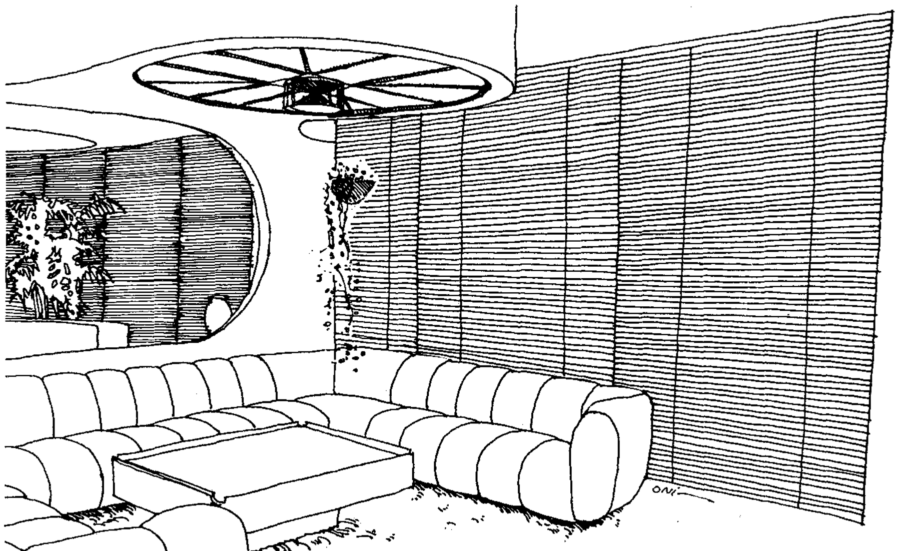

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ture is oddly expressive and impassioned. A slight flapping of the arms, as if he were trying to fly. He is sometimes hit by excitement: when he first takes the decision to be Robertson, for instance, and when he feels free of trouble, aloft in a sightseeing car that swings from a cable high above some blue seawater. He leans out of the car and makes a completed version of his flying movement, with his arms spread apart over the sea far below: like a seagull coasting, yet also with a suggestion of a man flinging himself into the embrace of suicide.

Locke is a man racked by the idea of being too distant from the center, which is a major theme of the film's style and content. He feels doomed to live on the outskirts. The picture has a concentration on suburbs which is no accident. Nor is the oddity of a view of a striking modern housing complex in Bloomsbury, inserted bang in the middle of shots of London houses built a century or two ago. Even when Locke comes upon the familiar, he does it at the tangent of a stranger or a burglar. Disturbingly, he creeps in disguise to the front door of his own house in London after his assumed death, and listens through the letter box to a fragment of his own obituary film on TV. "The Passenger" is full of the imagery of disjuncture. One of the voices in the obituary film is out of sync with the lip movements; cars break down; Locke and The Girl, trying to make contact on the roof of a Gaudí structure in Barcelona, are cut off for a time by a barrier even when they are only yards apart. And Locke is out of joint with his job: though he is famous for his foreign reports, foreignness is his defeat. We recognize a metaphor for that when we see him ineptly struggling to make himself comprehensible in Spanish. Earlier on, trying French, he says, "*Vous parlons français?*" The first and second persons in verbs have begun to overlap, as his own identity is to overlap Robertson's. He doesn't even possess any longer the pure energy of a reporter on the trail of a scoop. His professional attributes have disappeared as completely as the attributes of his onetime self, so that he feels as much at odds with his past work as with his past personal life. Unalignment is everywhere. In the desert, a passing camel rider has a violently trembling leg that doesn't seem to belong to the rest of his body.

The parallel theme of ambiguity, which has often been explored by Antonioni in a mood of pixie obscurity, is

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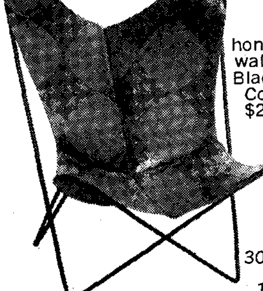

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clarified in "The Passenger" to become an excursion into ideas about interchangeability and recurrence. Locke and Robertson are both named David. There are duplicated images of electric wires leading nowhere in different hotel rooms, of like fans in different places, of flies and smashed flower petals on different seedy walls. Everything is done very lightly, as if a punkah were brushing by one's face. Antonioni is working here in unemphatic command of his talent, and for the first time he has bent it to the making of a film that has both the density of a thoughtful novel and the transparent simplicity of an astonishing creation in the visual arts. Besides that, he is as exact about politics as he is about questions of character. His position is stated even in the title: the film was once called "The Reporter," but Antonioni must have considered this to be misleading about who it was he meant to be the key figure, for he changed the title to "The Passenger." So the hero isn't Locke, the empty, unsure man; it is The Girl, who transmits substance and certainty, and whose temperament runs in a radical vein that is always open to ideas of change. It is a joy to find Antonioni making clean statements softly. He shows us, with compassion, a lost man whose alienation is a direct result of his society and his job. Incapable of inventing a new nature, this man can only dwell in someone else. Locke throws himself willy-nilly into a stranger's stream of cause and effect. His history is not some random study in spoilt melancholy; it makes plain a very intelligent filmmaker's political thought. This is not to speak of the serene relevance of almost everything else in "The Passenger": the beautiful and understated sound track, which uses natural sound as if it were music; the camera innovations (the director of photography was Luciano Tovoli); the uncluttered compositions, often like paintings by Veronese, but paintings brought to life. And the screenplay, which was written by Mark Peploe, Peter Wollen, and Antonioni, from an original story by Peploe, grandson of the Scottish painter S. J. Peploe. Earlier Antonioni films have often seemed studied, but not this one. Its details are easy and apropos.

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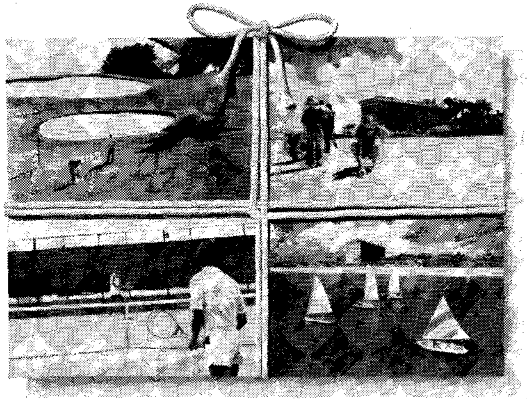

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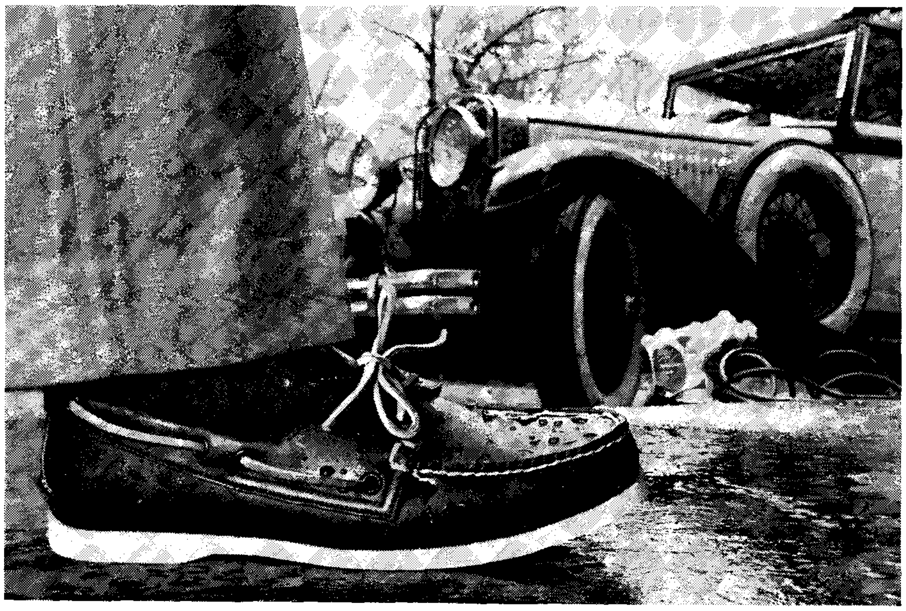

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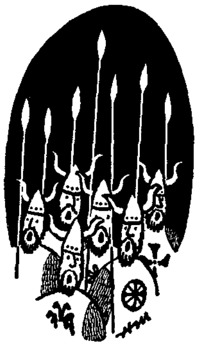
MUSICAL EVENTS

A Tale of Two Cities

THE eponymous dead city of Erich Korngold's "Die Tote Stadt," the latest work to join the City Opera repertory, is Bruges. "Bruges-la-Morte" is the novel, by Georges Rodenbach, from which the plot is drawn. At its close, Hugues Viane, Rodenbach's hero, murmurs "*Morte . . . morte . . . Bruges-la-morte*" over the body of the mistress he has strangled with a long plait of his dead wife's hair. The town, says the author, is no mere backdrop to his tale but "*comme un personnage essentiel, associé aux états d'âme;*" the phrase chimes with his friend Mallarmé's account of Symbolism—evoking an object, little by little, to reveal "*un état d'âme.*" The text is interleaved with gray illustrations of Bruges—her "quays, deserted streets, old dwellings, canals, Beguine houses, churches, precious reliquaries, belfry"—so that those who read "may also submit to the presence and the influence of the town." In low-keyed, muted prose, Rodenbach tells how the sounds and colors of Bruges mingle in the air; the tolling of her bells turns gray and glides like a tangible substance along the gray water of her canals. Here Hugues, five years widowed, starts each day by paying tribute to the relics of his wife, visiting them "*comme les stations du chemin de la croix de l'amour.*" Prominent among them, the shining tress he cut from her corpse lies in a glass reliquary on his piano. The latest station of this rite has become Jane Scott, a dancer who resembles the dead woman. At the Bruges Opera, Jane plays the ballerina role in Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable," rising from her tomb at Bertram's command "*Nonnes, qui reposez . . . quittez votre lit funéraire;*" Hugues seems to witness the resurrection of his wife, in a décor of moonlit enchantment. The symbolism thickens. Hugues fancies that Death, whom he has tried to cheat, is stalking him through the streets. In St. John's Hospital, he gazes at Memling's "Martyrdom of St. Ursula and Her Virgin Companions": their blood flows like roses; their wounds are petals. On one of the canals, a swan breaks into sweet song. Jane insists on spending the night in his house. The next morning, while a religious procession goes by, Hugues sees in it the figures of Memling and van Eyck brought to life, approaching him. Profaning the shrine, Jane seizes the hallowed tress and taunts him with it; and he kills her, while the bells of Bruges ring in at the window.



Cunning choice of material for a successful nineteen-twenties opera, combining as it does erotic *verismo*—the violence of "Pagliacci" and "Tosca"—with a cachet of Symbolism to make it artistically respectable in a Vienna which knew Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande" and Dukas's "Ariane et Barbe-Bleue," both drawn from Maeterlinck. In this Vienna, in the second decade of the century, the leading composers were Richard Strauss and Franz Schreker and the wunderkind was Erich Korngold. Korngold was thirteen when his "Der Schneemann" was acclaimed at the Hofoper, eighteen when, in 1916, Bruno Walter brought out his "Der Ring des Polykrates" and "Violanta," in Munich. Schreker had the backing of the influential Berlin critic Paul Bekker. (And in his otherwise pretty comprehensive study "The Changing Opera," Bekker does not so much as mention Korngold.) Korngold had the backing of the influential Viennese critic Julius Korngold, his father, who had succeeded the powerful Eduard Hanslick on the *Neue Freie Presse*. There were other, greater composers in Vienna at the time—Schoenberg, Berg, and Webern. Dr. Korngold did not care for their music. Berg's biographer Willi Reich, sued for libel by the critic, declared in court that "the plaintiff in his critical appraisal of musicians had been influenced by the attitude of these musicians towards the compositions of his son." The old Viennese feuds are recalled by Hans Heinsheimer in his model introductory essay to "Die Tote Stadt" which appears in the State Theatre program.

But there is another sense in which the opera evokes a past Vienna as well as a dead Bruges. Bruno Walter wrote an essay shortly before his death—it forms the preface to Luzi Korngold's biography of the composer—in which he describes how, hearing Marietta's Lute Song from "Die Tote Stadt" over the radio, he was plunged into nostalgic dreams of a Vienna that found her fulfillment in this music—a Vienna where "the social life of the time, the beauty of sound, indeed the revelling in beautiful sound that marked music-making then in concert-halls and opera-houses, the general delight in song, the beautiful voices and the musical culture of the Hofoper, and the music-making of the Philharmonic had filled the ear and soul of the highly gifted youth." Before the City Opera revival, all that "Die Tote Stadt" meant to most listeners was its hit number, Marietta's Lute Song, on a phonograph record, sung in its original duet form by Lotte Lehmann and Richard Tauber or as a solo by Maria Nemeth. (The Jane of the book becomes Marietta in the opera.) The melody flows like treacle—and is similarly adhesive. Those twelve diatonic measures, simply and sweetly harmonized, metrically ingenious, are a kind of inspiration. Once heard, Marietta's Lute Song clings to the mind's ear for days. But it is not quite enough to be the making of a whole opera.

Rodenbach fashioned a play, "Le Mirage," from his novel, and it was put into German as "Das Trugbild." From both play and book, Julius and Erich Korngold made the libretto of "Die Tote Stadt," ascribing its authorship to an imaginary "Paul Schott"—a pseudonym combining the names of the opera's hero (Rodenbach's Hugues is now called Paul) and its publisher, the house of Schott. A foreword to the first American print of the libretto, however, issued here when the Metropolitan did "Die Tote Stadt" in 1921, is signed "Dr. J.K." Korngold was an eclectic. His "Violanta"—which was given a shoestring piano-accompanied production earlier this season by the Bel Canto Opera—combines Debussyan harmony, *verismo* emotionalism, and the fashion for Renaissance costume drama. "Die Tote Stadt" borrows freely from successes of the time. The prelude to Act II, an atmospheric tone poem about bell-filled Bruges, is a tribute to the prelude to Act III of "Tosca." Marietta's divertissement with her admirers, in Act II, owes all to Zerbinetta's with hers, in Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos." The portrait that comes to life and sings, at the close of Act I, and the key to Marietta's room that Paul sees in the hand of a rival, in Act II, are from "The Tales of Hoffmann." In each act there is one "surreal" episode: in Act I, there is the incarnation of the portrait just mentioned (Paul's wife, Marie, steps from the frame, telling him that a living woman now lures him); in Act II, the resurrection scene from "Robert le Diable" is played out in jest on a Bruges quay (the naturalistic townscape turns to an enchanted décor; the Beguines—lay sisters—appear in white nightdresses at the windows of their house; storm clouds cross the sky; midnight strikes, and clockwork figures in a belfry start to move); and in Act III the religious procession in the street below seems to enter Paul's room, bathed in lurid light, glaring at him, threatening him. These scenes gain their theatrical effect by being magic transformations of the naturalistic settings carefully specified in the score. At the State Theatre, for reasons suggested below, they are less striking than they were meant to be.

The murder of a mistress is not a pretty tale. (Berg dealt with it in "Wozzeck," a work contemporary with "Die Tote Stadt"—and his opera did not reach the Vienna stage until 1930.) But "Paul Schott" found a way of removing all offense from the story. After Marietta has been strangled, there is another scene. Marietta comes back, charming and insouciant, to fetch the umbrella she left behind at the end of Act I. So it was all just a dream! Paul sings another strophe of the Lute Song, "very slowly, and with the deepest sentiment," draws a curtain across the portrait of the dead Marie, and sets out to rebuild his life. So it *is* a pretty tale after all; the eroticism and violence are spices, not substance. An oblique comment on this: When the Austrian *Tabakregie* named its imitation-American cigarette Jonny, after Křenek's jazz opera "Jonny Spielt Auf," and its luxury brand Heliane, after Korngold's next opera, "Das Wunder der Heliane" (Mr. Heinsheimer tells us that a dark-red rose petal covered its mouthpiece), Berg proposed that "a cheap—the cheapest—people's cigarette should carry the name Wozzeck."

"Die Tote Stadt" was a success. In December, 1920, simultaneous premières were given in Hamburg, conducted by Egon Polak, and Cologne, conducted by Otto Klemperer. A few weeks later, the lovely Maria Jeritza and the handsome Karl Oestvig introduced the opera to Vienna. Jeritza chose the piece for her Metropolitan début, in 1921. Hans Knappertsbusch conducted it in Munich, and Georg Szell in Berlin. We need not suppose that all these men were concerned simply to be in Julius Korngold's good graces. German audiences were then, as they are now, eager to hear the latest operatic sensation, and "Die Tote

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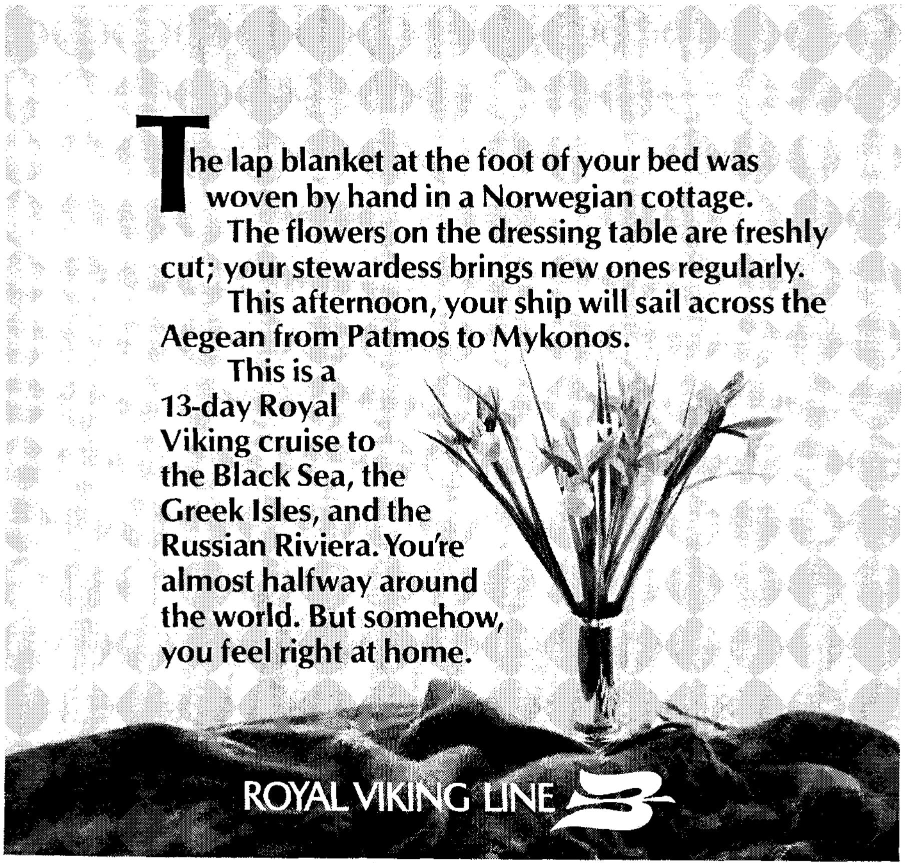

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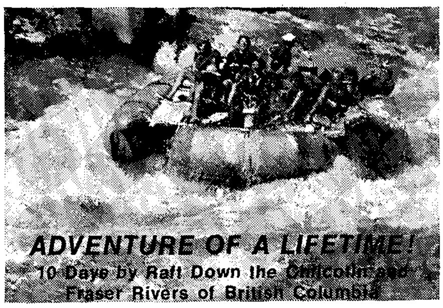
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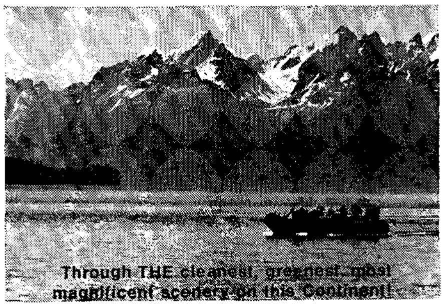
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Stadt" is an alluring vehicle for a glamorous soprano whose voice and manner have the quality described as *strahlend* (the warm radiance of timbre and personality that characterized Jeritza and Lotte Lehmann in full flight—a Viennese attribute, different in sentiment from the noble shine and passions of, say, a Rosa Ponselle). But the last line of the opera is "*Hier gibt es kein Auferstehn;*" there can be no resurrection of "Die Tote Stadt" without a Marietta and a Paul who bewitch and beguile us, for the drama is a synthetic confection, and most of the music is tawdry—Strauss and Puccini, plus dashes of Mahler and Debussy, served in syrup. The operatic historian, curious about "Die Tote Stadt," will welcome the opportunity of catching it in the theatre—and then wonder, when he has heard it, why the City Opera did not spend the care, time, and money that have gone into its production on something more worthwhile. If the intention was to strengthen the German twentieth-century wing, then Hindemith's "Cardillac" and "Mathis der Maler," Busoni's "Doktor Faust," and Kurt Weill's "Mahagonny" and "Die Bürgschaft" are works with a superior claim to be heard. Or—if Frank Corsaro wanted to direct something erotic—then Franz Schreker's "Der Ferne Klang" or his "Die Gezeichneten;" Schreker is a far more substantial and interesting composer than Korngold.

IF—questions of musical quality apart—"Die Tote Stadt" makes for a dull evening in the State Theatre, it is for two distinct reasons, one concerned with the singing and the other with the staging. Neither of the principals—Carol Neblett, as Marietta, and John Alexander, as Paul—has a voice and manner that could be described as *strahlend.* Although Miss Neblett can be a seductive Thaïs, Marietta eluded her; her playing of the dancer was curiously gauche. There are pretty notes in her voice, but they were seldom joined into a glowing stream of sensuously beautiful sound. Loud high notes tended to be strident. Mr. Alexander reliably, efficiently, and intelligently "stated" the music and the character, but there was no charm in his delivery and no romance in his timbre. The other tune in "Die Tote Stadt" besides the Lute Song is an irrelevant "spot" for a baritone during the divertissement of Act II—a rather gooey but catchy waltz, the Pierrotlied. In Vienna, Richard Mayr used to stop the show with it; here Dominic

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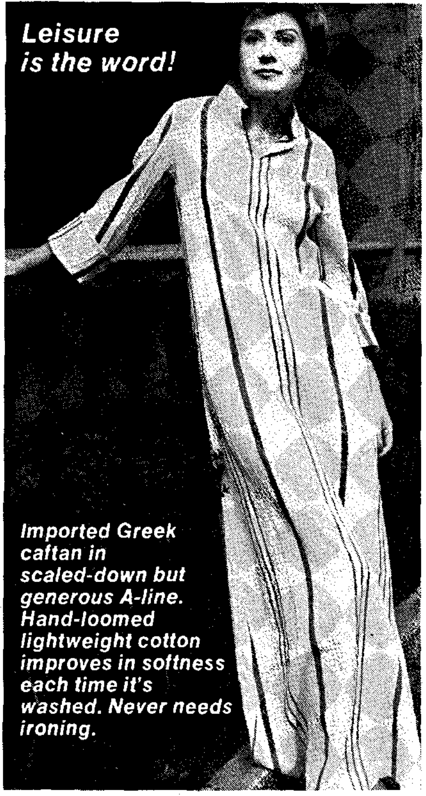

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Cossa made it sound protracted and doleful.

The production, "conceived by Frank Corsaro and Ronald Chase," is directed by the former, with films and projections by the latter. Their idea was to pack the show and its action with images of Bruges as insistently as did Rodenbach his novel. Unfortunately, this does not suit the style of the opera. Their phantasmagoria is assembled and put through its paces with great technical resource—and Korngold's calculated effects of naturalistic décor suddenly turning surreal and assuming a symbolic quality are lost amid the continuous scenic dissolution. The potency of a dream, or of a nightmare, depends on its seeming real while it lasts; in this staging, Paul's dream has no such "reality." The charm of the prelude to Act III of "Tosca" lies in its aural depiction of a whole city waking, stirring into life around the actual scene that we look at; it would not be enhanced by adding a travelogue of Roman campaniles or by bringing the shepherd boy and his flock across the stage. The corresponding prelude in "Die Tote Stadt" is diminished by being treated as a sound track for Mr. Chase's photographs and movies. Staged frankly as a period piece, an evocation as much of Vienna as of Bruges, the opera would have a better chance. Despite the skill and care that have been lavished on this ambitious production, and despite Imre Pallo's warm, stylish conducting, "Die Tote Stadt" stays dead. *Hier gibt es kein Auferstehn.* Acts I and II were run together—a procedure sanctioned by the composer but not a happy one; an hour and a half of Korngold uninterrupted is hard to swallow. A new English translation of the piece, by Ruth and Thomas Martin, made with the support of a National Endowment for the Arts Composer-Librettist-Translator Fellowship Grant, is published by Schott, represented here by Belwin-Mills, but it is not used; the all-American cast sings the opera in German.

—ANDREW PORTER

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BOOKS

Wright on Writing

WRIGHT MORRIS's "About Fiction" (Harper & Row) tackles this moot subject with the pawky, resistant prose of his own fiction: "Before they made tools, perhaps before they made trouble, men and women were busy at the loom of fiction looking for clues to becoming more human." This sentence, from the first page, demands rereading; we are put off by the folksy "before they made trouble" and the confusion of metaphors that has us looking for clues in a loom. The opening chapters have, as a whole, the air of a "big subject" essay assigned on an exam; the bright but flustered student fills his blue book with ingratiating archness:

> Fiction does play a role in what we call education and weights the arms of girls at the turn of stairways, where young men whose interests are more than literary come to their aid

—and aggressive mystification—

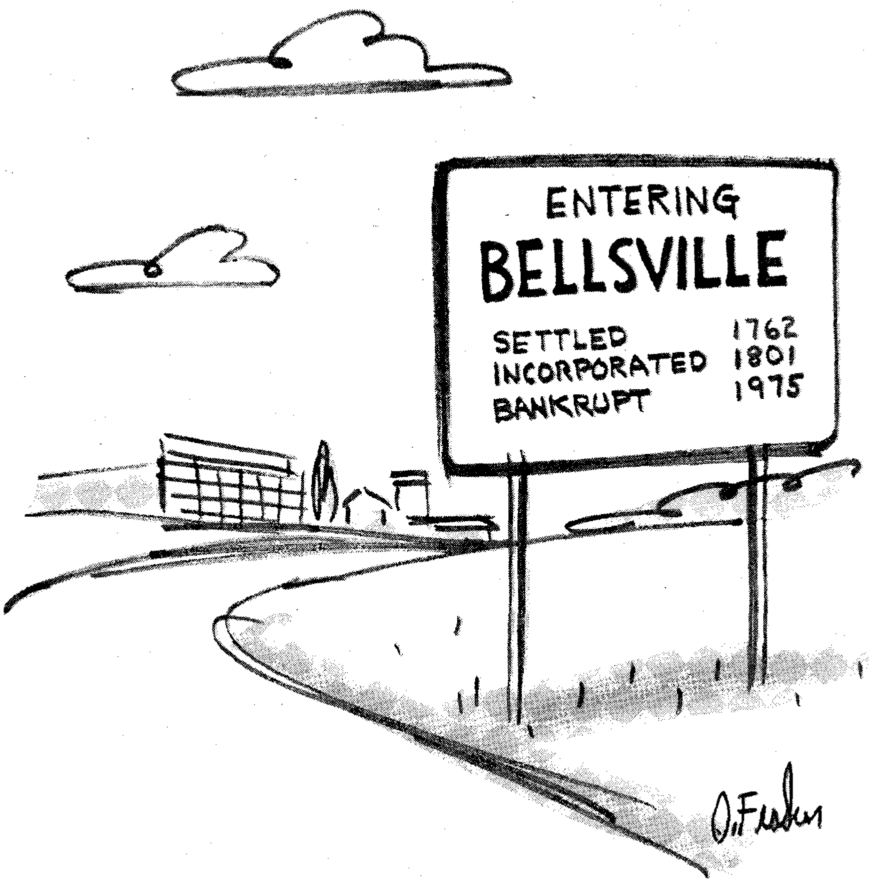
> Each time the writer creates and solves the problems of fiction, he makes it possible for men and women to live in this world. The manner in which this fiction affirms the world is a measure of its quality: the manner in which it rejects the world is a measure of its fantasy.

However, as Mr. Morris begins to examine specific authors, books, and sentences, in the kind of dry and loving light that illumines his photographs of Nebraska feed mills and bureau tops, the discussion gathers confidence and becomes a personal but credibly specific analysis of just what happened to American literature. The authors he quotes by way of illustration are a small, lean band: Stephen Crane, Mark Twain, Gertrude Stein, Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Richard Henry Dana, and some few others. Foreigners frequently cited are Joyce, Mann, Camus, Céline, Beckett. Wright Morris does not quote writers fond of Latinisms or complexly balanced sentences—no Melville, no Proust, one brief sentence by Henry James. His most favored passages—the first lines of Crane's "The Open Boat" and Camus's "The Stranger," a number of sentences from Stein's "Three Lives"—share a weathered, fondled bareness, a sun-bleached, bare-bones something that blends with his own style and leads naturally into his basic discussion, which is of the vernacular voice in fiction.

The vernacular—meaning, in the Latin, "born in one's house, native"—arose on the American frontier as "a language that departed in wondrous ways from the 'written' language of the popular novel." Coincident with the emergence of self-consciously American writing, "photography provided the writer with the assurance of an objective, irreducible reality he needed merely the talent, and the candor, to describe." The notion evolved that "an accurate rendering of what was 'real' fulfilled the possibilities of fiction." What was the instrument for rendering the real? The vernacular: "American writers were . . . the first to intuit (through Stein's example) that the catchall web of the vernacular reflected the mind at its conscious level. This new melodious tongue shaped the writer to a greater extent than he shaped the language. . . . This confidence in the language had the effect of depressing the imagination." And to this day, Mr. Morris concludes, the American writer is stuck with a depressed imagination and a debilitating dependence upon facts, upon experience. Hemingway "recouped his used-up resources by turning to wars, bullfights, and safaris;" Mailer writes a "novel-as-history [that] must make room for Mailer, since it would not be much without him." Others, after Huck Finn, tell boys' stories: "The coinage of a language suitable to a boy is at the headwater of our literature." But not even an American writer can remain a boy forever; there is "a predictable tendency to peter out. This is so common we are highly impressed by the occasional exception. Early achievement and premature recession may well be the linchpin in our cult of youth." The point, though often enough made, is stated by Mr. Morris with a heartfelt, even stricken eloquence:

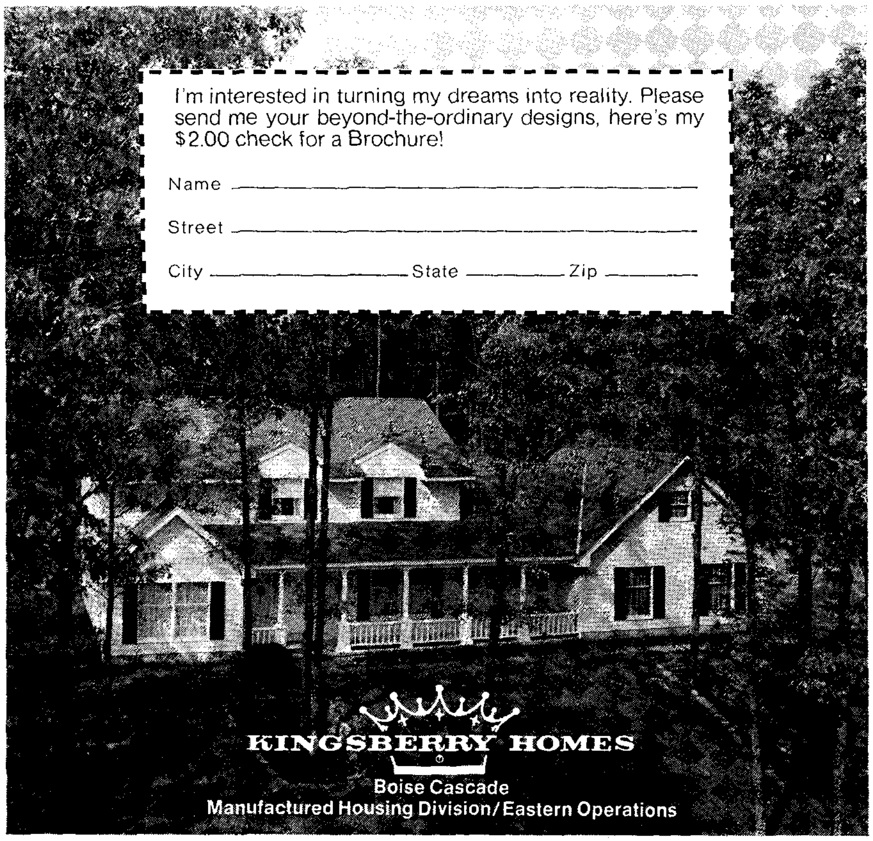
> The books we love are about growing up more than about being grown. By its very nature the vernacular is sympathetic to first love, first triumph, and first rejections, but inclined to show wear in the repeat performances.
>
> That he begins with a bang, often very large, then fades away to a repetitive whimper, can be traced to the writer's conviction that personal experience, preferably rugged, is his primary source material. When this lode of ore is depleted, he has shot his bolt. It is possible to postpone this crisis by pursuing life, as in a safari, bringing back for the stay-at-homes the loves and trophies of faraway places. But even this is at best a delaying tactic, based on the writer's virility and vigor. There is a place in it for the mature man—the big-game hunter with his female trophies—but there is no place for an old man whose life, if not his work, is behind him.

Rather surprisingly, Morris goes on to deplore, in stern sociological manner, the poor position of the elderly in American society, and to prescribe, for



the world's woes as well as literature's, a surcease of the "ego inflation" of Western man: "For some centuries now the Western ego has been culturally force-fed, like the geese whose liver is prized by gourmets, until its original and organic function has become a malfunction." Luckily, help is on the way: "A sense of the aggregate, whether we like it or not, is displacing our sense of uniqueness." The flight into space, as well as earthly overcrowding, he seems to feel, will assist this deflationary trend, which may release American—and, through its influence, Western—fiction from the trap of the vernacular/photographic/personal.

Wright Morris writes from his own long experience as an American author. The spell of Stein, Sherwood Anderson, and Hemingway still weaves about him, a scant generation younger. His rural Nebraska background gave him a perspective that is rarer now than he may suppose. "The [American] writer felt that he had gained free access to a vast and unexploited continent, comparable to a view of the plains from the eastern bluffs of the Missouri": the comparison, which would be hollow rhetoric for many, comes naturally to him. His arresting formulation of an interaction in the rise of photography and vernacular realism tells us less about literary history than about his own preoccupations; "vernacular" is often what his style too deliberately is, and no other American writer save Eudora Welty and—in his collaboration with Walker Evans—James Agee has granted more dignity and importance to the art of photography. Attempting to read one of the novels-cum-photographs that Morris produced in the forties, I was struck by what hard going they are: the fine photographs crush rather than support the prose with their superior detail and absolute sunlight. Two hugely different worlds seem juxtaposed, even when the words "I could see the front of Uncle Ed's house" face a photograph of (presumably) that very house. The light whereby we see images in fiction is not sunlight but the incandescence of a moral issue, a human progress whose pilgrim's discriminations touch details with relevance. The merely representational, in fiction, is inert. Morris senses this, yet remains—true to his American self—captive to it. He writes much of "imagination" as the antidote to our documentary habits and dependence on "raw life," though without defining "imagination" except as a dreaming, an itself raw, infantile faculty—"the faculty, in its infancy,



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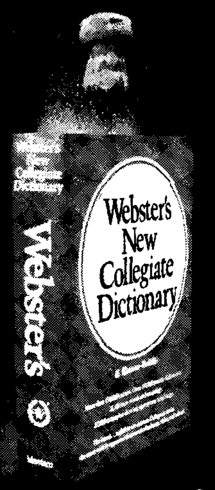

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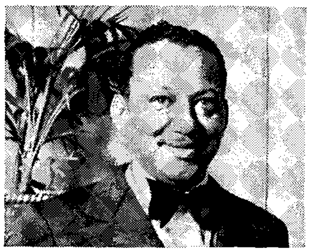

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that led [the writer] to write." He writes of "man" as if a more generous subject for fiction might be found (animals? vegetables? minerals?), and of "imagination" as if its rebirth and growth will necessarily follow from a "palpable shrinkage of . . . ego." But the faculty of imagination, as traditionally exercised in fiction, was called into strength, and led into areas beyond the reportorial and confessional, by the egoistic assumption that what men do immensely, cosmically matters. The breakup of novels into isolated sensations and facts, interesting in proportion to their accuracy, marks one stage of the displacement of "our sense of uniqueness;" the next stage is the entropy wherein even accuracy ceases to be interesting and multitudinousness and nothingness are indistinguishable. In such a situation, art longs to become propaganda; a heightened "sense of the aggregate" is less likely to produce wider and more imaginative tales than the brutally pointed "peoples' art" of collectivist countries. There is an inverse relation between the individual ego and the generic ego which Mr. Morris does not explore; in an artist as selfless and imaginative as Shakespeare, the circle of his being was completed by a host of emerging nationalistic and fading medieval assumptions. Now, even to write "Man" with a capital "M" embarrasses us. There is no scaffolding of abstraction, that is, whereupon the novel might climb away from its present condition as a disguised diary.

"About Fiction" should be read not only for its searching-out of the problematical but for its pithy appreciations of the achieved. As a responder to writing, Mr. Morris is bracingly virile—he grips each book like a man shaking hands with another—and aphoristic. He ends his long compound essay (was it ever a series of lectures?) with a sampler of modern fiction he likes; his sharp-eyed and sharp-tongued observations hold the life of truth that just evades his general theorizing. A sampler of his pith:

> There is little of this artful "distance" in Lawrence, where we are seldom free of the sound of his breathing.
>
> Ian Fleming . . . faced a problem that was subtle: he wanted to neither insult the intelligence of the reader nor, more important, stimulate it.
>
> Few books come into this world with the perfection of a bird's egg, and this ["The Great Gatsby"] is one of them.
>
> [Sherwood Anderson's] world is dimly lit, shadow-dappled by trees that line dirt roads and open out onto fields, the air

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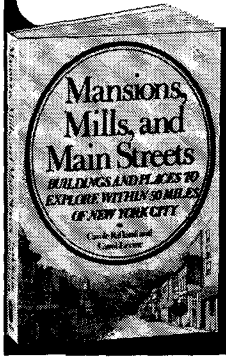
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fragrant with the smell of grass that the sunlight seldom gets to.

The sounds that too many writers hear in the night is that of their nails scratching the bottom of the barrel.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SANDITON, by Jane Austen and Another Lady (Houghton Mifflin). The tantalizing twenty-six-thousand-word fragment of a novel on which Jane Austen was working at the time of her death here stands completed (to a total of some seventy-five thousand words) by an ardent English admirer. It is a pleasure to be able to report that her attempt is as successful—as exuberantly successful—as it is audacious. The Other Lady picks up from Jane Austen in the middle of Chapter 11, but we know this only because (in an afterword) she tells us so: the exchange—in style, in manner, in direction, in tone of mind—is altogether imperceptible. The story, as all serious Janeites know, is set in an English seaside resort called Sanditon, it concerns a varied group of ladies and gentlemen of marriageable age and inclination, and there is, as always, a delicious heroine, here known as Charlotte Heywood, who combines beauty, intelligence, candor, and common sense. "Sanditon" is unmistakably a work of Jane Austen's maturity. The wit has become, if not exactly savage, at least touched with a more than amiable bite, and in the odious Sir Edward Denham we are confronted with a man whose vocabulary vividly anticipates that so recently in vogue at the White House: "There is no certainty our present procrastinatory conjuncture will culminate in the authentication of your wishes."

GENERAL

RELIGIOUS MOVEMENTS IN CONTEMPORARY AMERICA, edited by Irving I. Zaretsky and Mark P. Leone (Princeton). This large (over eight hundred pages), expensive (twenty-five dollars), scholarly study is mind-stretching. Twenty-eight contributors, whose academic specialties are anthropology, English, law, psychiatry, religion, and sociology, discuss a variety of unconventional (or, by statistics, minority) religious beliefs, from Satanism and Hare Krishna to Scientology and Pentecostalism. The work is il-

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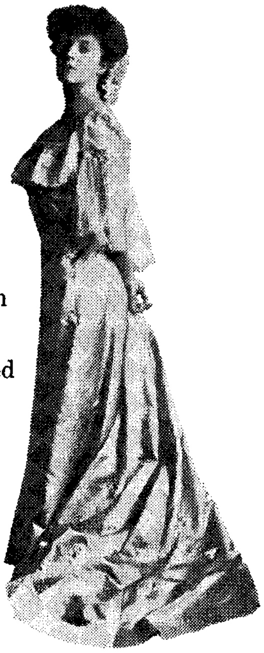

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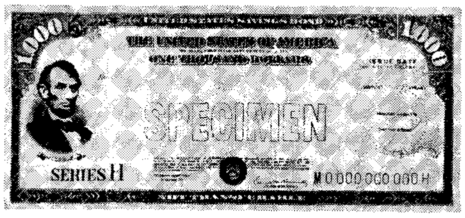

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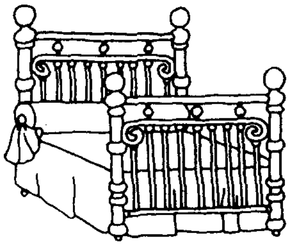

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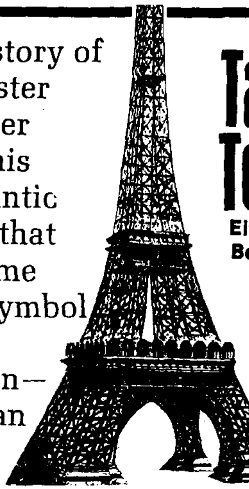

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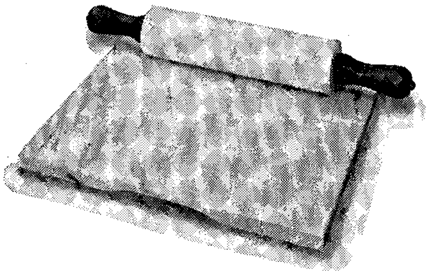

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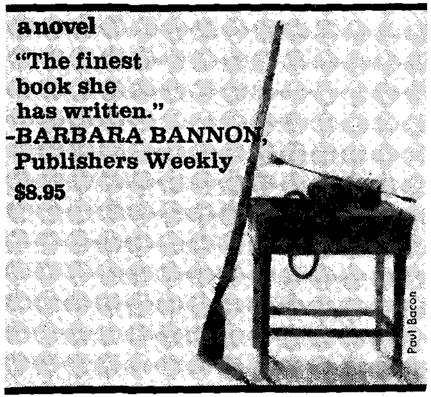

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luminating because of its approach: instead of giving way to the condescension with which, in the past, intellectuals have frequently treated atypical (or even typical) religions, these authors try to describe with accuracy the origins and the actual workings of religions that are, in the United States, as legal as any other religions, and that attract Americans who have abandoned the churches in which they were raised. The book's originality is evident in, for example, not debating the effectiveness of witchcraft but—much more fascinating—telling who American witches are, what they do, and what they think they are doing. Nor do the authors argue theology; they simple shed light on their subject.

PRISON DIARIES, by Edward Kuznetsov, translated from the Russian by Howard Spier, with an introduction by Leonard Schapiro (Stein & Day). The author is a half-Jewish Russian who, with several others—Jews and Gentiles—planned a protest demonstration against the Soviet ban on emigration; they were going to commandeer a plane and fly it to Sweden. Before they started, the group was rounded up, tried, and jailed. How these diaries emigrated is a mystery. They are nevertheless extremely important for spelling out the injustices against which the author and his colleagues rebelled, such as discrimination against many minorities, whether national (Ukrainian) or religious (Baptist). Most astonishing of all, when one considers how limited has been his access to reading material or information, Kuznetsov seems to have discovered or reinvented the ideal of freedom. All through the book, there are observations so sophisticated, so knowing, about the nature of freedom that one can only assume they have grown out of suffering. The translation reproduces a lucid, vivid style.

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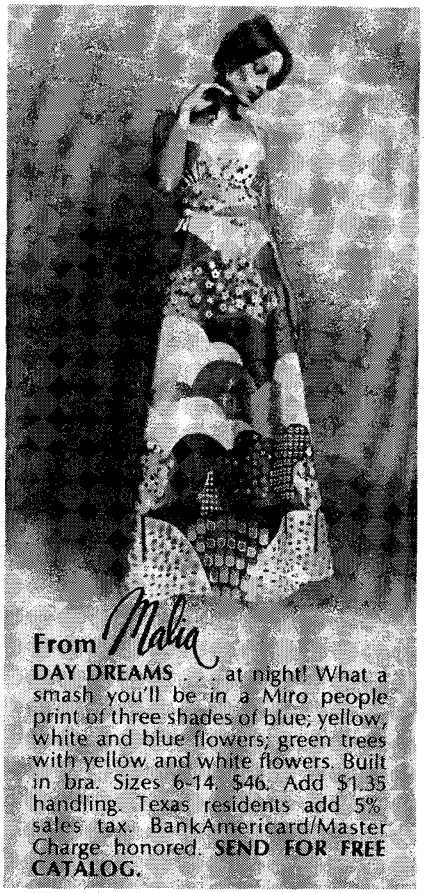

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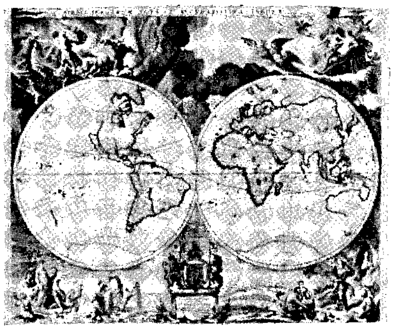

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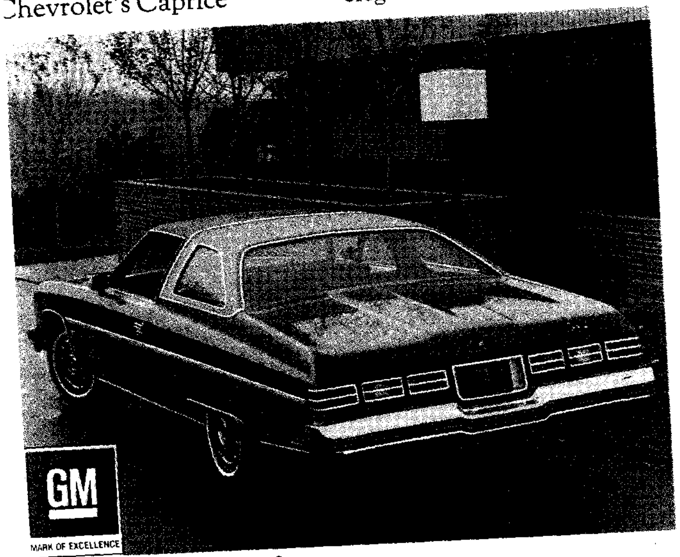

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